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OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

FRANS HALS (1584-1666).

FRANS HALS is one of the very few Dutchmen who cannot be thoroughly appreciated or studied outside the towns which claim them. To know him one must go to Haarlem, where he occupies an eminence similar to that of Rembrandt in Amsterdam, though with the advantage of being far more comprehensively illustrated. There, in the museum of the town hall, he is represented by eight large canvases varying in length from eight to thirteen feet, the figures of which are life-size. They are corporation and regent pieces, ostensibly portraits of officers of the orders of St. Andrew and of St. George, and of the lady managers and governors of the hospital for old men and women, and of the Elizabeth Hospital. They are arranged in chronological order, appertaining to all periods of the artist's life and embracing his long career. It is a rare treat to see an array of masterpieces, imposing, well lighted, and placed at a convenient height for examination, affording at a glance fifty years of an artist's labor. The first of the series is of the year 1616, and shows Hals to us at the age of thirty-two; the last, of 1664, shows him to us at the extreme age of eighty, two years before his death. These corporation pieces were much the fashion in those days, and form a not inconsiderable feature of Dutch art. Frans Hals and Rembrandt have done the finest things in this line, and their works are not merely portrait groups, but pictures—illustrations of the higher laws of composition and chiaroscuro. The example I have engraved is one of the best of the series, and displays Frans

Hals in full flower. It is of the year 1627, when he was forty-three years old. It represents the officers of St. Andrew at a banquet. Each individual may be identified, since he is numbered in the painting, and his name is affixed to the bottom of the frame. I did not engrave the numbers, for the names are of little or no account at the present day; they have, in fact, all merged in the one name of Frans Hals.

The painting is in a warm, fresh gray; the background is brownish. The various coats of arms in stained glass are indicated with delicacy and precision against the outside background of foliage. The scarfs are tawny, orange, or tender blue; the ruffs are white, and in them the artist employs touches of the pure pigment. The clothes are principally of dark stuff figured with embroidery upon the surface, the detail broadly yet delicately indicated; for Hals possessed the art of being precise without too much explanation, of making everything understood with half a word, of omitting nothing, but suppressing the useless. The hands are fine, and all well individualized. In this he is superior in judgment to Van Dyck, his contemporary, who, considering the hands of no particular importance in this respect, always used a model for them. There is a delightful harmony in the whole. It is charming to observe the rich but simple treatment; the breadth and certainty of his touch, its sharpness, promptness, and celerity; his free, bold, intelligent, supple handling, its dash and brilliancy, together with its moderation. Hals is always wise, and never insignificant; piquant, but not flippant. There is a

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J. Hals, St. Eusebius, Amsterdam, 1624

"THE JOLLY MAN," BY FRANS HALS.

buoyancy, a joyousness—in fact, a jocoseness about him that places him most in sympathy with the painters of to-day. Here are much fiber and unction; good red blood, and plenty of it. How fine and living are his heads, and how spiritually expressive, too! Moreover, the action and movement are stirring. One can feel the moral atmosphere that pervades the group of the original Orangemen, pioneers in the cause of civic and religious freedom in the Netherlands.

To the period of this picture belongs "The Jolly Man" of the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, one of those light subjects which Hals threw off in moments of relaxation; yet in point of technic it may be more remarkable than his more serious work in displaying the deftness and rapidity of his touch. In coloring it is golden and luminous. The dress is ocher, and the background is of a duller tone of the same. The hat is black, and the ruffs are white. The jolly fellow is in the act of singing; this explains the action. His face is all animation as he trolls his merry song. One outstretched hand is in the act of marking the time—a very characteristic action in a comic piece; while in the other he holds a wine-glass, grasping the lower rim.

"The Jester" is an uncertain work, though certainly displaying remarkable cleverness of handling. I had engraved this example before the others. When I had nearly completed it, the director of the museum came round to look at my work, and told me that the painting was considered by competent judges to be a doubtful example of the master, painted probably by some one of the Hals family, for Hals had sons who were skilful painters. It was not until after I had spent some six weeks at Haarlem, engraving the corporation picture, and had again confronted "The Jester," that I felt competent to pass judgment upon it myself. I could then clearly see in it the evidences of a heavier hand, something foreign to Frans Hals. The touch is conscious, and displayed apparently for its own sake. In the hand striking the strings it is bungling. In his touch Frans Hals is simplicity itself, perfectly natural and unconscious. At times it is perfectly indifferent, as in "The Jolly Man"; and again, in his more finished works, the smoothest possible rendering in engraving would be necessary to give an adequate idea of its softness, and of the subtle blending of the tints.

It is only within the last quarter of a century that Frans Hals has received the recognition due his brilliant talents. Unfortunately, the records of his life are very meager; but what we have of his history, from latest researches, shows him to us as a very different character from the mere sot his former imagi-

native biographers made him out to be. His habits were convivial, and he took no thought of the things of the morrow. His renown was great in his day; he stood high in public esteem, being a member of the Guild of Rhetoric, of the Civic Guard, and of the Guild of St. Luke, and he received a pension from the state in his old age. The Hals family occupied a place of distinction among the patrician houses of Haarlem fully two centuries before the artist's birth; but owing to misfortunes consequent upon the war of independence, his parents removed to Antwerp, where, about the year 1584, Frans was born. While he was yet a boy, however, his family returned to their native town, where the artist was mainly educated, and where he spent the rest of his long yet uneventful career. He is supposed to have received some instruction in his art before he came to Haarlem, but it is known that at this latter place he entered the school of Karel van Mander in the beginning of the seventeenth century. His master had finished his education in Italy, which country, in those days, was the goal in the education of all artists, for as yet Holland had not given birth to an art distinctively its own. Frans Hals and Rembrandt (who succeeded him about twenty-three years later) stand at the head of the Dutch school. From this time onward, for the space of forty years, follows thick and fast a procession of brilliant names, the first fruits of the young and vigorous republic. Up to this time there had existed an earlier Dutch school, of which Lucas van Leyden (1494-1533) is the principal and representative figure. It had not the unequivocal physiognomy of the brilliant school which succeeded it. It pointed to Flanders, and through Flanders to Italy, and was of a religious character. The later Dutch school, opening with Frans Hals, is characterized by the particular phase of genre painting which portrays the exterior image of the country, city and country life, home and public life, landscape, etc., and which was the program of the school from its first day to the day of its decline. It was the most local of all schools, and its sudden appearance was phenomenal, springing into existence with the recognition of the fatherland as an independent state. At last Holland had gained the freedom for which it had so long and dearly fought. The revolution had denuded the land of that ancient and religious art which had formed the model of its previous school. A clean sweep had been made of everything that savored of the Church of Rome. A new leaf was turned over that was indeed a blank. A new art naturally followed the new life and the new faith. The peace of 1609 between Holland and her tyrannical oppressor, Spain, had been concluded, and the hopeful young united states



BANQUET OF THE OFFICERS OF THE CORPS OF THE ARCHERS OF ST. ANDREW, 1622, BY FRANS HALS.
IN THE MUNICIPAL MUSEUM, HAARLEM.

began their prosperous career. Artists were born everywhere within the seven provinces, cropping up as from the soil, some even beyond the frontiers, like seed that had fallen outside the fields.

In genre painting, to which the taste of the times strongly set, Frans Hals led the way. He was the first who sought to break up the hitherto staid and serious forms, and to introduce homely reality and easy comedy. He is particularly happy in the delineation of mirth—a master, in fact, of the art of painting a laugh. The titles of many of his pictures, half-lengths of life-size and smaller, to be found in the galleries of Europe,—such as “The Jolly Topers,” “The Jolly Trio,” “A Jolly Toper Sitting at a Table,” “Laughing Women,” “Singing Boys,” “The Frolicsome Man,” “Table Company,” etc.,—are sufficiently suggestive of the good humor that has earned for him the title of “jolly Frans Hals.”

Hals was twice married, living happily for nearly fifty years with his second wife, by whom he was the father of a large family. In the Amsterdam Museum there is a portrait of him seated beside his wife upon a sylvan slope within the shade of overhanging foliage, which represents him to us quite as we should imagine him in his moments of relaxation when he is lightly mocking us. His wife, resting her hand upon his shoulder, joins him in sympathetic look and gesture. Yet beneath his debonair exterior we mark the man of depth and refinement.

In the Haarlem Museum is a picture representing the school of Frans Hals. It shows

the interior of a studio in which a number of artists are drawing from a nude model, while the aged painter, who presides, is greeting a late comer at the door. From the inscription on the back we learn that it is the atelier of Hals as it appeared about the year 1652. He was then nearly seventy. His success as a master is seen in the powerful influence he exercised over the works of his contemporaries, and in the number of celebrated men who, directly or indirectly, sprang from his studio, such as Van der Helst, Adriaan van Ostade, Metsu, and Steen.

A story is told of a visit paid to Hals by Van Dyck. The latter was then twenty-two; Hals, fifteen years his senior. As a pleasantry Van Dyck suppressed his name, announcing himself as a wealthy stranger who wished to sit for his portrait, but who had only a couple of hours to spare. Hals fell to with his usual impetuosity, and completed a portrait for the sitter's inspection in even less than the limited time, much to the satisfaction of the latter, who expressed an astonishment not altogether feigned at the speed of its execution. “Surely,” said he, “painting is an easier thing than I thought. Suppose we change places, and see what I can do.” The exchange was made. Hals instantly detected that the person before him was no stranger to the brush. He speculated in vain as to who he might be. But when the second portrait was finished in still less time than the first, the mystery was solved. Rushing to his guest, he clasped him in a fraternal embrace. “The man who can do that,” he cried, “must be either Van Dyck or the devil!”

T. Cole.

THE YEAR'S DAY.

AFTER the winter's night
From the world is withdrawn,
Out of the darkness gleams the light,—
Spring,—and the year's fresh dawn.

Blossom and leaf and bud,
And the birds all in tune:
Then in a fragrant, golden flood,—
Summer,—the year's glad noon.

Crimson the roses blow,
And the grove's breath is musk:
Then to the year the sunset glow,—
Autumn,—and hints of dusk.

Glimmer the stars of frost,
And the wind at the door
Mournfully sings of something lost,—
Winter — and night once more.

Frank Dempster Sherman.



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAUSER.

ROXY AND THE CHILDREN.

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

A TALE BY MARK TWAIN.

ADAM and Eve had many advantages, but the principal one was, that they escaped teething.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

THERE is this trouble about special providences—namely, there is so often a doubt as to which party was intended to be the beneficiary. In the case of the children, the bears and the prophet, the bears got more real satisfaction out of the episode than the prophet did, because they got the children.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

CHAPTER IV.

HIS history must henceforth accommodate itself to the change which Roxana has consummated, and call the real heir "Chambers" and the usurping little slave "Thomas à Becket"—shortening this latter name to "Tom," for daily use, as the people about him did.

"Tom" was a bad baby, from the very beginning of his usurpation. He would cry for nothing; he would burst into storms of devilish temper without notice, and let go scream after scream and squall after squall, then climax the thing with "holding his breath"—that frightful specialty of the teething nursing, in the throes of which the creature exhausts its lungs, then is convulsed with noiseless squirmings and twistings and kickings in the effort to get its breath, while the lips turn blue and the mouth stands wide and rigid, offering for inspection one wee tooth set in the lower rim of a hoop of red gums; and when the appalling stillness has endured until one is sure the lost breath will never return, a nurse comes flying, and dashes water in the child's face, and—presto! the lungs fill, and instantly discharge a shriek, or a yell, or a howl which bursts the listening ear and surprises the owner of it into saying words which would not go well with a halo if he had one. The baby Tom would claw anybody who came within reach of his nails, and pound anybody he could reach with his rattle. He would scream for water until he got it, and then throw cup and all on the floor and scream for more. He was indulged in all his caprices, howsoever troublesome and exasperating they might be; he was allowed to eat anything he wanted, particularly things that would give him the stomach-ache.

When he got to be old enough to begin to toddle about and say broken words and get an idea of what his hands were for, he was a more consummate pest than ever. Roxy got no rest while he was awake. He would call for anything and everything he saw, simply saying

"Awnt it!" (want it), which was a command. When it was brought, he said in a frenzy, and motioning it away with his hands, "Don't awnt it! don't awnt it!" and the moment it was gone he set up frantic yells of "Awnt it! awnt it! awnt it!" and Roxy had to give wings to her heels to get that thing back to him again before he could get time to carry out his intention of going into convulsions about it.

What he preferred above all other things was the tongs. This was because his "father" had forbidden him to have them lest he break windows and furniture with them. The moment Roxy's back was turned he would toddle to the presence of the tongs and say "Like it!" and cock his eye to one side to see if Roxy was observing; then, "Awnt it!" and cock his eye again; then, "Hab it!" with another furtive glance; and finally, "Take it!"—and the prize was his. The next moment the heavy implement was raised aloft; the next, there was a crash and a squall, and the cat was off on three legs to meet an engagement; Roxy would arrive just as the lamp or a window went to irremediable smash.

Tom got all the petting, Chambers got none. Tom got all the delicacies, Chambers got mush and milk, and clabber without sugar. In consequence Tom was a sickly child and Chambers was n't. Tom was "fractious," as Roxy called it, and overbearing; Chambers was meek and docile.

With all her splendid common sense and practical every-day ability, Roxy was a dotting fool of a mother. She was this toward her child—and she was also more than this: by the fiction created by herself, he was become her master; the necessity of recognizing this relation outwardly and of perfecting herself in the forms required to express the recognition, had moved her to such diligence and faithfulness in practising these forms that this exercise soon concreted itself into habit; it became automatic and unconscious; then a natural result followed: deceptions intended solely for others gradually grew practically into self-deceptions as well; the mock reverence

became real reverence, the mock obsequiousness real obsequiousness, the mock homage real homage; the little counterfeit rift of separation between imitation-slave and imitation-master widened and widened, and became an abyss, and a very real one—and on one side of it stood Roxy, the dupe of her own deceptions, and on the other stood her child, no longer a usurper to her, but her accepted and recognized master. He was her darling, her master, and her deity all in one, and in her worship of him she forgot who she was and what he had been.

In babyhood Tom cuffed and banged and scratched Chambers unrebuked, and Chambers early learned that between meekly bearing it and resenting it, the advantage all lay with the former policy. The few times that his persecutions had moved him beyond control and made him fight back had cost him very dear at headquarters; not at the hands of Roxy, for if she ever went beyond scolding him sharply for "forgitt'n' who his young marster was," she at least never extended her punishment beyond a box on the ear. No, Percy Driscoll was the person. He told Chambers that under no provocation whatever was he privileged to lift his hand against his little master. Chambers overstepped the line three times, and got three such convincing canings from the man who was his father and did n't know it, that he took Tom's cruelties in all humility after that, and made no more experiments.

Outside of the house the two boys were together all through their boyhood. Chambers was strong beyond his years, and a good fighter; strong because he was coarsely fed and hard worked about the house, and a good fighter because Tom furnished him plenty of practice—on white boys whom he hated and was afraid of. Chambers was his constant body-guard, to and from school; he was present on the playground at recess to protect his charge. He fought himself into such a formidable reputation, by and by, that Tom could have changed clothes with him, and "ridden in peace," like Sir Kay in Launcelot's armor.

He was good at games of skill, too. Tom staked him with marbles to play "keeps" with, and then took all the winnings away from him. In the winter season Chambers was on hand, in Tom's worn-out clothes, with "holy" red mittens, and "holy" shoes, and pants "holy" at the knees and seat, to drag a sled up the hill for Tom, warmly clad, to ride down on; but he never got a ride himself. He built snow men and snow fortifications under Tom's directions. He was Tom's patient target when Tom wanted to do some snowballing, but the target could n't fire back. Chambers carried Tom's skates to the river and strapped them on him,

then trotted around after him on the ice, so as to be on hand when wanted; but he was n't ever asked to try the skates himself.

In summer the pet pastime of the boys of Dawson's Landing was to steal apples, peaches, and melons from the farmers' fruit-wagons,—mainly on account of the risk they ran of getting their heads laid open with the butt of the farmer's whip. Tom was a distinguished adept at these thefts—by proxy. Chambers did his stealing, and got the peach-stones, apple-cores, and melon-rinds for his share.

Tom always made Chambers go in swimming with him, and stay by him as a protection. When Tom had had enough, he would slip out and tie knots in Chambers's shirt, dip the knots in the water to make them hard to undo, then dress himself and sit by and laugh while the naked shiverer tugged at the stubborn knots with his teeth.

Tom did his humble comrade these various ill turns partly out of native viciousness, and partly because he hated him for his superiorities of physique and pluck, and for his manifold clevernesses. Tom could n't dive, for it gave him splitting headaches. Chambers could dive without inconvenience, and was fond of doing it. He excited so much admiration, one day, among a crowd of white boys, by throwing back somersaults from the stern of a canoe, that it wearied Tom's spirit, and at last he shoved the canoe underneath Chambers while he was in the air—so he came down on his head in the canoe-bottom; and while he lay unconscious, several of Tom's ancient adversaries saw that their long-desired opportunity was come, and they gave the false heir such a drubbing that with Chambers's best help he was hardly able to drag himself home afterward.

When the boys were fifteen and upward, Tom was "showing off" in the river one day, when he was taken with a cramp, and shouted for help. It was a common trick with the boys—particularly if a stranger was present—to pretend a cramp and howl for help; then when the stranger came tearing hand over hand to the rescue, the howler would go on struggling and howling till he was close at hand, then replace the howl with a sarcastic smile and swim blandly away, while the town boys assailed the dupe with a volley of jeers and laughter. Tom had never tried this joke as yet, but was supposed to be trying it now, so the boys held warily back; but Chambers believed his master was in earnest, therefore he swam out, and arrived in time, unfortunately, and saved his life.

This was the last feather. Tom had managed to endure everything else, but to have to remain publicly and permanently under such

an obligation as this to a nigger, and to this nigger of all niggers—this was too much. He heaped insults upon Chambers for "pretending" to think he was in earnest in calling for help, and said that anybody but a blockheaded nigger would have known he was funning and left him alone.

Tom's enemies were in strong force here, so they came out with their opinions quite freely. They laughed at him, and called him coward, liar, sneak, and other sorts of pet names, and told him they meant to call Chambers by a new name after this, and make it common in the town—"Tom Driscoll's niggerpappy,"—to signify that he had had a second birth into this life, and that Chambers was the author of his new being. Tom grew frantic under these taunts, and shouted—

"Knock their heads off, Chambers! knock their heads off! What do you stand there with your hands in your pockets for?"

Chambers expostulated, and said, "But, Marse Tom, dey 's too many of 'em—dey 's—"

"Do you hear me?"

"Please, Marse Tom, don't make me! Dey 's so many of 'em dat—"

Tom sprang at him and drove his pocket-knife into him two or three times before the boys could snatch him away and give the wounded lad a chance to escape. He was considerably hurt, but not seriously. If the blade had been a little longer his career would have ended there.

Tom had long ago taught Roxy "her place." It had been many a day now since she had ventured a caress or a fondling epithet in his quarter. Such things, from a "nigger," were repulsive to him, and she had been warned to keep her distance and remember who she was. She saw her darling gradually cease from being her son, she saw *that* detail perish utterly; all that was left was master—master, pure and simple, and it was not a gentle mastership, either. She saw herself sink from the sublime height of motherhood to the somber deeps of unmodified slavery. The abyss of separation between her and her boy was complete. She was merely his chattel, now, his convenience, his dog, his cringing and helpless slave, the humble and unresisting victim of his capricious temper and vicious nature.

Sometimes she could not go to sleep, even when worn out with fatigue, because her rage boiled so high over the day's experiences with her boy. She would mumble and mutter to herself—

"He struck me, en I war n't no way to blame—struck me in de face, right before folks. En he 's al'ays callin' me nigger-wench, en hussy, en all dem mean names, when I 's

doin' de very bes' I kin. Oh, Lord, I done so much for him—I lift' him away up to what he is—en dis is what I git for it."

Sometimes when some outrage of peculiar offensiveness stung her to the heart, she would plan schemes of vengeance and revel in the fancied spectacle of his exposure to the world as an impostor and a slave; but in the midst of these joys fear would strike her: she had made him too strong; she could prove nothing, and—heavens, she might get sold down the river for her pains! So her schemes always went for nothing, and she laid them aside in impotent rage against the fates, and against herself for playing the fool on that fatal September day in not providing herself with a witness for use in the day when such a thing might be needed for the appeasing of her vengeance-hungry heart.

And yet the moment Tom happened to be good to her, and kind,—and this occurred every now and then,—all her sore places were healed, and she was happy; happy and proud, for this was her son, her nigger son, lording it among the whites and securely avenging their crimes against her race.

There were two grand funerals in Dawson's Landing that fall—the fall of 1845. One was that of Colonel Cecil Burleigh Essex, the other that of Percy Driscoll.

On his death-bed Driscoll set Roxy free and delivered his idolized ostensible son solemnly into the keeping of his brother the Judge and his wife. Those childless people were glad to get him. Childless people are not difficult to please.

Judge Driscoll had gone privately to his brother, a month before, and bought Chambers. He had heard that Tom had been trying to get his father to sell the boy down the river, and he wanted to prevent the scandal—for public sentiment did not approve of that way of treating family servants for light cause or for no cause.

Percy Driscoll had worn himself out in trying to save his great speculative landed estate, and had died without succeeding. He was hardly in his grave before the boom collapsed and left his hitherto envied young devil of an heir a pauper. But that was nothing; his uncle told him he should be his heir and have all his fortune when he died; so Tom was comforted.

Roxy had no home, now; so she resolved to go around and say good-by to her friends and then clear out and see the world—that is to say, she would go chambermaiding on a steamboat, the darling ambition of her race and sex.

Her last call was on the black giant, Jasper. She found him chopping Pudd'nhead Wilson's winter provision of wood.

Wilson was chatting with him when Roxy arrived. He asked her how she could bear to go off chambermaiding and leave her boys; and chaffingly offered to copy off a series of their finger-prints, reaching up to their twelfth year, for her to remember them by; but she sobered in a moment, wondering if he suspected anything; then she said she believed she did n't want them. Wilson said to himself, "The drop of black blood in her is superstitious; she thinks there's some devilry, some witch-business about my glass mystery somewhere; she used to come here with an old horseshoe in her hand; it could have been an accident, but I doubt it."

CHAPTER V.

TRAINING is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar*.

REMARK of Dr. Baldwin's, concerning upstarts: We don't care to eat toadstools that think they are truffles.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar*.

MRS. YORK DRISCOLL enjoyed two years of bliss with that prize, Tom—bliss that was troubled a little at times, it is true, but bliss nevertheless; then she died, and her husband and his childless sister, Mrs. Pratt, continued the bliss-business at the old stand. Tom was petted and indulged and spoiled to his entire content—or nearly that. This went on till he was nineteen, then he was sent to Yale. He went handsomely equipped with "conditions," but otherwise he was not an object of distinction there. He remained at Yale two years, and then threw up the struggle. He came home with his manners a good deal improved; he had lost his surliness and brusqueness, and was rather pleasantly soft and smooth, now; he was furtively, and sometimes openly, ironical of speech, and given to gently touching people on the raw, but he did it with a good-natured semiconscious air that carried it off safely, and kept him from getting into trouble. He was as indolent as ever and showed no very strenuous desire to hunt up an occupation. People argued from this that he preferred to be supported by his uncle until his uncle's shoes should become vacant. He brought back one or two new habits with him, one of which he rather openly practised—tippling—but concealed another, which was gambling. It would not do to gamble where his uncle could hear of it; he knew that quite well.

Tom's Eastern polish was not popular among the young people. They could have endured it, perhaps, if Tom had stopped there; but he

wore gloves, and that they could n't stand, and would n't; so he was mainly without society. He brought home with him a suit of clothes of such exquisite style and cut and fashion,—Eastern fashion, city fashion,—that it filled everybody with anguish and was regarded as a peculiarly wanton affront. He enjoyed the feeling which he was exciting, and paraded the town serene and happy all day; but the young fellows set a tailor to work that night, and when Tom started out on his parade next morning he found the old deformed negro bell-ringer straddling along in his wake tricked out in a flamboyant curtain-calico exaggeration of his finery, and imitating his fancy Eastern graces as well as he could.

Tom surrendered, and after that clothed himself in the local fashion. But the dull country town was tiresome to him, since his acquaintanceship with livelier regions, and it grew daily more and more so. He began to make little trips to St. Louis for refreshment. There he found companionship to suit him, and pleasures to his taste, along with more freedom, in some particulars, than he could have at home. So, during the next two years his visits to the city grew in frequency and his tarryings there grew steadily longer in duration.

He was getting into deep waters. He was taking chances, privately, which might get him into trouble some day—in fact, *did*.

Judge Driscoll had retired from the bench and from all business activities in 1850, and had now been comfortably idle three years. He was president of the Free-thinkers' Society, and Pudd'nhead Wilson was the other member. The society's weekly discussions were now the old lawyer's main interest in life. Pudd'nhead was still toiling in obscurity at the bottom of the ladder, under the blight of that unlucky remark which he had let fall twenty-three years before about the dog.

Judge Driscoll was his friend, and claimed that he had a mind above the average, but that was regarded as one of the Judge's whims, and it failed to modify the public opinion. Orrather, that was one of the reasons why it failed, but there was another and better one. If the Judge had stopped with bare assertion, it would have had a good deal of effect; but he made the mistake of trying to prove his position. For some years Wilson had been privately at work on a whimsical almanac, for his amusement—a calendar, with a little dab of ostensible philosophy, usually in ironical form, appended to each date; and the Judge thought that these quips and fancies of Wilson's were neatly turned and cute; so he carried a handful of them around, one day, and read them to some of the chief citizens. But irony was not for those people; their mental vision was not fo-

cussed for it. They read those playful trifles in the solidest earnest, and decided without hesitancy that if there had ever been any doubt that Dave Wilson was a pudd'nhead—which there had n't—this revelation removed that doubt for good and all. That is just the way in this world; an enemy can partly ruin a man, but it takes a good-natured injudicious friend to complete the thing and make it perfect. After this the Judge felt tenderer than ever toward Wilson, and surer than ever that his calendar had merit.

Judge Driscoll could be a free-thinker and still hold his place in society because he was the person of most consequence in the community, and therefore could venture to go his own way and follow out his own notions. The other member of his pet organization was allowed the like liberty because he was a cipher in the estimation of the public, and nobody attached any importance to what he thought or did. He was liked, he was welcome enough all around, but he simply did n't count for anything.

The widow Cooper—affectionately called "aunt Patsy" by everybody—lived in a snug and comely cottage with her daughter Rowena, who was nineteen, romantic, amiable, and very pretty, but otherwise of no consequence. Rowena had a couple of young brothers—also of no consequence.

The widow had a large spare room which she let to a lodger, with board, when she could find one, but this room had been empty for a year now, to her sorrow. Her income was only sufficient for the family support, and she needed the lodging-money for trifling luxuries. But now, at last, on a flaming June day, she found herself happy; her tedious wait was ended; her year-worn advertisement had been answered; and not by a village applicant, oh, no!—this letter was from away off yonder in the dim great world to the North: it was from St. Louis. She sat on her porch gazing out with unseeing eyes upon the shining reaches of the mighty Mississippi, her thoughts steeped in her good fortune. Indeed it was specially good fortune, for she was to have two lodgers instead of one.

She had read the letter to the family, and Rowena had danced away to see to the cleaning and airing of the room by the slave woman Nancy, and the boys had rushed abroad in the town to spread the great news, for it was matter of public interest, and the public would wonder and not be pleased if not informed. Presently Rowena returned, all ablush with joyous excitement, and begged for a re-reading of the letter. It was framed thus:

HONORED MADAM: My brother and I have seen your advertisement, by chance, and beg leave to take the room you offer. We are twenty-four

years of age and twins. We are Italians by birth, but have lived long in the various countries of Europe, and several years in the United States. Our names are Luigi and Angelo Capello. You desire but one guest; but dear Madam, if you will allow us to pay for two, we will not incommode you. We shall be down Thursday.

"Italians! How romantic! Just think, ma—there's never been one in this town, and everybody will be dying to see them, and they're all *ours*! Think of that!"

"Yes, I reckon they'll make a grand stir."

"Oh, indeed they will. The whole town will be on its head! Think—they've been in Europe and everywhere! There's never been a traveler in this town before. Ma, I should n't wonder if they've seen kings!"

"Well, a body can't tell; but they'll make stir enough, without that."

"Yes, that's of course. Luigi—Angelo. They're lovely names; and so grand and foreign—not like Jones and Robinson and such. Thursday they are coming, and this is only Tuesday; it's a cruel long time to wait. Here comes Judge Driscoll in at the gate. He's heard about it. I'll go and open the door."

The Judge was full of congratulations and curiosity. The letter was read and discussed. Soon Justice Robinson arrived with more congratulations, and there was a new reading and a new discussion. This was the beginning. Neighbor after neighbor, of both sexes, followed, and the procession drifted in and out all day and evening and all Wednesday and Thursday. The letter was read and re-read until it was nearly worn out; everybody admired its courtly and gracious tone, and smooth and practised style, everybody was sympathetic and excited, and the Coopers were steeped in happiness all the while.

The boats were very uncertain in low water, in these primitive times. This time the Thursday boat had not arrived at ten at night—so the people had waited at the landing all day for nothing; they were driven to their homes by a heavy storm without having had a view of the illustrious foreigners.

Eleven o'clock came; and the Cooper house was the only one in the town that still had lights burning. The rain and thunder were booming yet, and the anxious family were still waiting, still hoping. At last there was a knock at the door and the family jumped to open it. Two negro men entered, each carrying a trunk, and proceeded up-stairs toward the guest-room. Then entered the twins—the handsomest, the best dressed, the most distinguished-looking pair of young fellows the West had ever seen. One was a little fairer than the other, but otherwise they were exact duplicates.

CHAPTER VI.

LET us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will besorry.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

HABIT is habit, and not to be flung out of the window by any man, but coaxed down-stairs a step at a time.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

At breakfast in the morning the twins' charm of manner and easy and polished bearing made speedy conquest of the family's good graces. All constraint and formality quickly disappeared, and the friendliest feeling succeeded. Aunt Patsy called them by their Christian names almost from the beginning. She was full of the keenest curiosity about them, and showed it; they responded by talking about themselves, which pleased her greatly. It presently appeared that in their early youth they had known poverty and hardship. As the talk wandered along the old lady watched for the right place to drop in a question or two concerning that matter, and when she found it she said to the blond twin, who was now doing the biographies in his turn while the brunette one rested—

"If it ain't asking what I ought not to ask, Mr. Angelo, how did you come to be so friendless and in such trouble when you were little? Do you mind telling? But don't if you do."

"Oh, we don't mind it at all, madam; in our case it was merely misfortune, and nobody's fault. Our parents were well to do, there in Italy, and we were their only child. We were of the old Florentine nobility"—Rowena's heart gave a great bound, her nostrils expanded, and a fine light played in her eyes—"and when the war broke out my father was on the losing side and had to fly for his life. His estates were confiscated, his personal property seized, and there we were, in Germany, strangers, friendless, and in fact paupers. My brother and I were ten years old, and well educated for that age, very studious, very fond of our books, and well grounded in the German, French, Spanish, and English languages. Also, we were marvelous musical prodigies—if you will allow me to say it, it being only the truth.

"Our father survived his misfortunes only a month, our mother soon followed him, and we were alone in the world. Our parents could have made themselves comfortable by exhibiting us as a show, and they had many and large offers; but the thought revolted their pride, and they said they would starve and die first. But what they would n't consent to do we had to do without the formality of consent. We were seized for the debts occasioned by their illness and their funerals, and placed among

the attractions of a cheap museum in Berlin to earn the liquidation money. It took us two years to get out of that slavery. We traveled all about Germany, receiving no wages, and not even our keep. We had to be exhibited for nothing, and beg our bread.

"Well, madam, the rest is not of much consequence. When we escaped from that slavery at twelve years of age, we were in some respects men. Experience had taught us some valuable things; among others, how to take care of ourselves, how to avoid and defeat sharks and sharpers, and how to conduct our own business for our own profit and without other people's help. We traveled everywhere—years and years—picking up smatterings of strange tongues, familiarizing ourselves with strange sights and strange customs, accumulating an education of a wide and varied and curious sort. It was a pleasant life. We went to Venice—to London, Paris, Russia, India, China, Japan—"

At this point Nancy the slave woman thrust her head in at the door and exclaimed:

"Ole Missus, de house is plum' jam full o' people, en dey 's jes a-spi'lin' to see de gen'l-men!" She indicated the twins with a nod of her head, and tucked it back out of sight again.

It was a proud occasion for the widow, and she promised herself high satisfaction in showing off her fine foreign birds before her neighbors and friends—simple folk who had hardly ever seen a foreigner of any kind, and never one of any distinction or style. Yet her feeling was moderate indeed when contrasted with Rowena's. Rowena was in the clouds, she walked on air; this was to be the greatest day, the most romantic episode, in the colorless history of that dull country town. She was to be familiarly near the source of its glory and feel the full flood of it pour over her and about her; the other girls could only gaze and envy, not partake.

The widow was ready, Rowena was ready, so also were the foreigners.

The party moved along the hall, the twins in advance, and entered the open parlor door, whence issued a low hum of conversation. The twins took a position near the door, the widow stood at Luigi's side, Rowena stood beside Angelo, and the march-past and the introductions began. The widow was all smiles and contentment. She received the procession and passed it on to Rowena.

"Good mornin', Sister Cooper"—handshake.

"Good morning, Brother Higgins—Count Luigi Capello, Mr. Higgins"—handshake, followed by a devouring stare and "I'm glad to see ye," on the part of Higgins, and a cour-

teous inclination of the head and a pleasant "Most happy!" on the part of Count Luigi.

"Good mornin', Roweny"—hand-shake.

"Good morning, Mr. Higgins—present you to Count Angelo Capello." Hand-shake, admiring stare, "Glad to see ye,"—courteous nod, smily "Most happy!" and Higgins passes on.

None of these visitors was at ease, but, being honest people, they did n't pretend to be. None of them had ever seen a person bearing a title of nobility before, and none had been expecting to see one now, consequently the title came upon them as a kind of pile-driving surprise and caught them unprepared. A few tried to rise to the emergency, and got out an awkward "My lord," or "Your lordship," or something of that sort, but the great majority were overwhelmed by the unaccustomed word and its dim and awful associations with gilded courts and stately ceremony and anointed kingship, so they only fumbled through the hand-shake and passed on, speechless. Now and then, as happens at all receptions everywhere, a more than ordinarily friendly soul blocked the procession and kept it waiting while he inquired how the brothers liked the village, and how long they were going to stay, and if their families were well, and dragged in the weather, and hoped it would get cooler soon, and all that sort of thing, so as to be able to say, when they got home, "I had quite a long talk with them"; but nobody did or said anything of a regrettable kind, and so the great affair went through to the end in a creditable and satisfactory fashion.

General conversation followed, and the twins drifted about from group to group, talking easily and fluently and winning approval, compelling admiration and achieving favor from all. The widow followed their conquering march with a proud eye, and every now and then Rowena said to herself with deep satisfaction, "And to think they are ours—all ours!"

There were no idle moments for mother or daughter. Eager inquiries concerning the twins were pouring into their enchanted ears all the time; each was the constant center of a group of breathless listeners; each recognized that she knew now for the first time the real meaning of that great word *Glory*, and perceived the stupendous value of it, and understood why men in all ages had been willing to throw away meaner happinesses, treasure, life itself, to get a taste of its sublime and supreme joy. Napoleon and all his kind stood accounted for—and justified.

When Rowena had at last done all her duty by the people in the parlor, she went up-stairs to satisfy the longings of an overflow-meeting

there, for the parlor was not big enough to hold all the comers. Again she was besieged by eager questioners and again she swam in sunset seas of glory. When the forenoon was nearly gone, she recognized with a pang that this most splendid episode of her life was almost over, that nothing could prolong it, that nothing quite its equal could ever fall to her fortune again. But never mind, it was sufficient unto itself, the grand occasion had moved on an ascending scale from the start, and was a noble and memorable success. If the twins could but do some crowning act, now, to climax it, something unusual, something startling, something to concentrate upon themselves the company's loftiest admiration, something in the nature of an electric surprise—

Here a prodigious slam-banging broke out below, and everybody rushed down to see. It was the twins knocking out a classic four-handed piece on the piano, in great style. Rowena was satisfied—satisfied down to the bottom of her heart.

The young strangers were kept long at the piano. The villagers were astonished and enchanted with the magnificence of their performance, and could not bear to have them stop. All the music that they had ever heard before seemed spiritless prentice-work and barren of grace or charm when compared with these intoxicating floods of melodious sound. They realized that for once in their lives they were hearing masters.

CHAPTER VII.

ONE of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

THE company broke up reluctantly, and drifted toward their several homes, chatting with vivacity, and all agreeing that it would be many a long day before Dawson's Landing would see the equal of this one again. The twins had accepted several invitations while the reception was in progress, and had also volunteered to play some duets at an amateur entertainment for the benefit of a local charity. Society was eager to receive them to its bosom. Judge Driscoll had the good fortune to secure them for an immediate drive, and to be the first to display them in public. They entered his buggy with him, and were paraded down the main street, everybody flocking to the windows and sidewalks to see.

The Judge showed the strangers the new graveyard, and the jail, and where the richest man lived, and the Freemasons' hall, and the Methodist church, and the Presbyterian church, and where the Baptist church was going to be

when they got some money to build it with, and showed them the town hall and the slaughter-house, and got out the independent fire company in uniform and had them put out an imaginary fire; then he let them inspect the muskets of the militia company, and poured out an exhaustless stream of enthusiasm over all these splendors, and seemed very well satisfied with the responses he got, for the twins admired his admiration, and paid him back the best they could, though they could have done better if some fifteen or sixteen hundred thousand previous experiences of this sort in various countries had not already rubbed off a considerable part of the novelty of it.

The Judge laid himself out hospitably to make them have a good time, and if there was a defect anywhere it was not his fault. He told them a good many humorous anecdotes, and always forgot the nub, but they were always able to furnish it, for these yarns were of a pretty early vintage, and they had had many a rejuvenating pull at them before. And he told them all about his several dignities, and how he had held this and that and the other place of honor or profit, and had once been to the legislature, and was now president of the Society of Free-thinkers. He said the society had been in existence four years, and already had two members, and was firmly established. He would call for the brothers in the evening if they would like to attend a meeting of it.

Accordingly he called for them, and on the way he told them all about Pudd'nhead Wilson, in order that they might get a favorable impression of him in advance and be prepared to like him. This scheme succeeded—the favorable impression was achieved. Later it was confirmed and solidified when Wilson proposed that out of courtesy to the strangers the usual topics be put aside and the hour be devoted to conversation upon ordinary subjects and the cultivation of friendly relations and good-fellowship,—a proposition which was put to vote and carried.

The hour passed quickly away in lively talk, and when it was ended the lonesome and neglected Wilson was richer by two friends than he had been when it began. He invited the twins to look in at his lodgings, presently, after disposing of an intervening engagement, and they accepted with pleasure.

Toward the middle of the evening they found themselves on the road to his house. Pudd'nhead was at home waiting for them and putting in his time puzzling over a thing which had come under his notice that morning. The matter was this: He happened to be up very early—at dawn, in fact; and he crossed the

hall which divided his cottage through the center, and entered a room to get something there. The window of the room had no curtains, for that side of the house had long been unoccupied, and through this window he caught sight of something which surprised and interested him. It was a young woman—a young woman where properly no young woman belonged; for she was in Judge Driscoll's house, and in the bedroom over the Judge's private study or sitting-room. This was young Tom Driscoll's bedroom. He and the Judge, the Judge's widowed sister Mrs. Pratt and three negro servants were the only people who belonged in the house. Who, then, might this young lady be? The two houses were separated by an ordinary yard, with a low fence running back through its middle from the street in front to the lane in the rear. The distance was not great, and Wilson was able to see the girl very well, the window-shades of the room she was in being up, and the window also. The girl had on a neat and trim summer dress, patterned in broad stripes of pink and white, and her bonnet was equipped with a pink veil. She was practising steps, gaits and attitudes, apparently; she was doing the thing gracefully, and was very much absorbed in her work. Who could she be, and how came she to be in young Tom Driscoll's room?

Wilson had quickly chosen a position from which he could watch the girl without running much risk of being seen by her, and he remained there hoping she would raise her veil and betray her face. But she disappointed him. After a matter of twenty minutes she disappeared, and although he stayed at his post half an hour longer, she came no more.

Toward noon he dropped in at the Judge's and talked with Mrs. Pratt about the great event of the day, the levee of the distinguished foreigners at Aunt Patsy Cooper's. He asked after her nephew Tom, and she said he was on his way home, and that she was expecting him to arrive a little before night; and added that she and the Judge were gratified to gather from his letters that he was conducting himself very nicely and creditably—at which Wilson winked to himself privately. Wilson did not ask if there was a newcomer in the house, but he asked questions that would have brought light-throwing answers as to that matter if Mrs. Pratt had had any light to throw; so he went away satisfied that he knew of things that were going on in her house of which she herself was not aware.

He was now waiting for the twins, and still puzzling over the problem of who that girl might be, and how she happened to be in that young fellow's room at daybreak in the morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE holy passion of Friendship is, of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a whole lifetime, if not asked to lend money.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

CONSIDER well the proportions of things. It is better to be a young June-bug than an old bird of paradise.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

It is necessary now, to hunt up Roxy.

At the time she was set free and went away chambermaiding, she was thirty-five. She got a berth as second chambermaid on a Cincinnati boat in the New Orleans trade, the *Grand Mogul*. A couple of trips made her wanted and easy-going at the work, and infatuated her with the stir and adventure and independence of steamboat life. Then she was promoted and became head chambermaid. She was a favorite with the officers, and exceedingly proud of their joking and friendly ways with her.

During eight years she served three parts of the year on that boat, and the winters on a Vicksburg packet. But now for two months she had had rheumatism in her arms, and was obliged to let the wash-tub alone. So she resigned. But she was well fixed—rich, as she would have described it; for she had lived a steady life, and had banked four dollars every month in New Orleans as a provision for her old age. She said in the start that she had "put shoes on one barfooted nigger to tromple on her with," and that one mistake like that was enough; she would be independent of the human race thenceforth forevermore if hard work and economy could accomplish it. When the boat touched the levee at New Orleans she bade good-by to her comrades on the *Grand Mogul* and moved her kit ashore.

But she was back in an hour. The bank had gone to smash and carried her four hundred dollars with it. She was a pauper, and homeless. Also disabled bodily, at least for the present. The officers were full of sympathy for her in her trouble, and made up a little purse for her. She resolved to go to her birthplace; she had friends there among the negroes, and the unfortunate always help the unfortunate, she was well aware of that; those lowly comrades of her youth would not let her starve.

She took the little local packet at Cairo, and now she was on the home-stretch. Time had worn away her bitterness against her son, and she was able to think of him with serenity. She put the vile side of him out of her mind, and dwelt only on recollections of his occasional acts of kindness to her. She gilded and otherwise decorated these, and made them very pleasant to contemplate. She began to long to

see him. She would go and fawn upon him, slave-like—for this would have to be her attitude, of course—and maybe she would find that time had modified him, and that he would be glad to see his long-forgotten old nurse and treat her gently. That would be lovely; that would make her forget her woes and her poverty.

Her poverty! That thought inspired her to add another castle to her dream: maybe he would give her a trifle now and then—maybe a dollar, once a month, say; any little thing like that would help, oh, ever so much.

By the time she reached Dawson's Landing she was her old self again; her blues were gone, she was in high feather. She would get along, surely; there were many kitchens where the servants would share their meals with her, and also steal sugar and apples and other dainties for her to carry home—or give her a chance to pilfer them herself, which would answer just as well. And there was the church. She was a more rabid and devoted Methodist than ever, and her piety was no sham, but was strong and sincere. Yes, with plenty of creature comforts and her old place in the amen-corner in her possession again, she would be perfectly happy and at peace thenceforward to the end.

She went to Judge Driscoll's kitchen first of all. She was received there in great form and with vast enthusiasm. Her wonderful travels, and the strange countries she had seen and the adventures she had had, made her a marvel, and a heroine of romance. The negroes hung enchanted upon the great story of her experiences, interrupting her all along with eager questions, with laughter, exclamations of delight and expressions of applause; and she was obliged to confess to herself that if there was anything better in this world than steamboating, it was the glory to be got by telling about it. The audience loaded her stomach with their dinners and then stole the pantry bare to load up her basket.

Tom was in St. Louis. The servants said he had spent the best part of his time there during the previous two years. Roxy came every day, and had many talks about the family and its affairs. Once she asked why Tom was away so much. The ostensible "Chambers" said:

"De fac' is, ole marster kin git along better when young marster 's away den he kin when he 's in de town; yes, en he love him better, too; so he gives him fifty dollahs a month—"

"No, is dat so? Chambers, you 's a-jokin', ain't you?"

"'Clah to goodness I ain't, mammy; Marse Tom tole me so his own self. But nemmine, 't ain't enough."

"My lan', what de reason 't ain't enough?"

"Well, I 's gwine to tell you, if you gimme a chanst, mammy. De reason it ain't enough is 'ca'se Marse Tom gambles."

Roxy threw up her hands in astonishment and Chambers went on—

"Ole marster found it out, 'ca'se he had to pay two hundred dollahs for Marse Tom's gamblin' debts, en dat 's true, mammy, jes as dead certain as you 's bawn."

"Two—hund'd—dollahs! Why, what is you talkin' 'bout? Two—hund'd—dollahs. Sakes alive, it 's 'mos' enough to buy a tol'able good second-hand nigger wid. En you ain't lyin', honey?—you would n't lie to yo' ole mammy?"

"It 's God's own truth, jes as I tell you—two hund'd dollahs—I wisht I may never stir outen my tracks if it ain't so. En, oh, my lan', ole Marse was jes a-hoppin'! he was b'il-in' mad, I tell you! He tuck 'n' dissenhurrit him."

He licked his chops with relish after that stately word. Roxy struggled with it a moment, then gave it up and said—

"Dissenwhicked him?"

"Dissenhurrit him."

"What 's dat? What do it mean?"

"Means he bu'sted de will."

"Bu's—ted de will! He would n't *ever* treat him so! Take it back, you mis'able imitation nigger dat I bore in sorrow en tribbilation."

Roxy's pet castle—an occasional dollar from Tom's pocket—was tumbling to ruin before her eyes. She could not abide such a disaster as that; she could n't endure the thought of it. Her remark amused Chambers:

"Yah-yah-yah! jes listen to dat! If I 's imitation, what is you? Bofe of us is imitation *white*—dat 's what we is—en pow'ful good imitation, too—yah-yah-yah!—we don't 'mount to noth'n' as imitation *niggers*; en as for—"

"Shet up yo' foolin', 'fo' I knock you side de head, en tell me 'bout de will. Tell me 't ain't bu'sted—do, honey, en I 'll never forgit you."

"Well, *tain't*—'ca'se dey's a new one made, en Marse Tom 's all right ag'in. But what is you in sich a sweat 'bout it for, mammy? 'T ain't none o' your business I don't reckon."

"'T ain't none o' my business? Whose business is it den, I 'd like to know? Wuz I his mother tell he was fifteen years old, or wuz n't I?—you answer me dat. En you speck I could see him turned out po' en ornery on de worl' en never care noth'n' 'bout it? I reckon if you 'd ever be'n a mother yo'self, Valet de Chambers, you would n't talk sich foolishness as dat."

"Well, den, ole Marse forgive him en fixed up de will ag'in—do dat satisfy you?"

Yes, she was satisfied now, and quite happy and sentimental over it. She kept coming

daily, and at last she was told that Tom had come home. She began to tremble with emotion, and straightway sent to beg him to let his "po' ole nigger mammy have jes one sight of him en die for joy."

Tom was stretched at his lazy ease on a sofa when Chambers brought the petition. Time had not modified his ancient detestation of the humble drudge and protector of his boyhood; it was still bitter and uncompromising. He sat up and bent a severe gaze upon the fair face of the young fellow whose name he was unconsciously using and whose family rights he was enjoying. He maintained the gaze until the victim of it had become satisfactorily pallid with terror, then he said—

"What does the old rip want with me?"

The petition was meekly repeated.

"Who gave you permission to come and disturb me with the social attentions of niggers?"

Tom had risen. The other young man was trembling now, visibly. He saw what was coming, and bent his head sideways, and put up his left arm to shield it. Tom rained cuffs upon the head and its shield, saying no word: the victim received each blow with a beseeching "Please, Marse Tom!—oh, please, Marse Tom!" Seven blows—then Tom said, "Face the door—march!" He followed behind with one, two, three solid kicks. The last one helped the pure-white slave over the door-sill, and he limped away mopping his eyes with his old ragged sleeve. Tom shouted after him, "Send her in!"

Then he flung himself panting on the sofa again, and rasped out the remark, "He arrived just at the right moment; I was full to the brim with bitter thinkings, and nobody to take it out of. How refreshing it was! I feel better."

Tom's mother entered now, closing the door behind her, and approached her son with all the wheedling and supplicating servilities that fear and interest can impart to the words and attitudes of the born slave. She stopped a yard from her boy and made two or three admiring exclamations over his manly stature and general handsomeness, and Tom put an arm under his head and hoisted a leg over the sofa-back in order to look properly indifferent.

"My lan', how you is growed, honey! 'Clah to goodness, I would n't a-knowned you, Marse Tom! 'deed I would n't! Look at me good; does you 'member ole Roxy?—does you know yo' old nigger mammy, honey? Well now, I kin lay down en die in peace, 'ca'se I 's seed—"

"Cut it short, — it, cut it short! What is it you want?"

"You heah dat? Jes de same ole Marse Tom, al'ays so gay and funnin' wid de ole mammy. I 'uz jes as shore—"

"Cut it short, I tell you, and get along! What do you want?"

This was a bitter disappointment. Roxy had for so many days nourished and fondled and petted her notion that Tom would be glad to see his old nurse, and would make her proud and happy to the marrow with a cordial word or two, that it took two rebuffs to convince her that he was not funning, and that her beautiful dream was a fond and foolish vanity, a shabby and pitiful mistake. She was hurt to the heart, and so ashamed that for a moment she did not quite know what to do or how to act. Then her breast began to heave, the tears came, and in her forlornness she was moved to try that other dream of hers—an appeal to her boy's charity; and so, upon the impulse, and without reflection, she offered her supplication:

"Oh, Marse Tom, de po' ole mammy is in sich hard luck dese days; en she 's kinder crippled in de arms en can't work, en if you could gimme a dollah—on'y jes one little dol—"

Tom was on his feet so suddenly that the supplicant was startled into a jump herself.

"A dollah!—give you a dollah! I 've a notion to strangle you! Is *that* your errand here? Clear out! and be quick about it!"

Roxy backed slowly toward the door. When she was half-way she stopped, and said mournfully:

"Marse Tom, I nussed you when you was a little baby, en I raised you all by myself tell you was 'most a young man; en now you is young en rich, en I is po' en gitt'n' ole, en I come heah b'lievin' dat you would he'p de ole mammy 'long down de little road dat 's lef 'twix' her en de grave, en—"

Tom relished this tune less than any that had preceded it, for it began to wake up a sort of echo in his conscience; so he interrupted and said with decision, though without asperity, that he was not in a situation to help her, and was n't going to do it.

"Ain't you ever gwine to he'p me, Marse Tom?"

"No! Now go away and don't bother me any more."

Roxy's head was down, in an attitude of humility. But now the fires of her old wrongs flamed up in her breast and began to burn fiercely. She raised her head slowly, till it was well up, and at the same time her great frame unconsciously assumed an erect and masterful attitude, with all the majesty and grace of her vanished youth in it. She raised her finger and punctuated with it:

"You has said de word. You has had yo' chance, en you has trompled it under yo' foot. When you git another one, you 'll git down on yo' knees en beg for it!"

A cold chill went to Tom's heart, he did n't know why; for he did not reflect that such words, from such an incongruous source, and so solemnly delivered, could not easily fail of that effect. However, he did the natural thing: he replied with bluster and mockery:

"You 'll give me a chance—you! Perhaps I 'd better get down on my knees now! But in case I don't—just for argument's sake—what 's going to happen, pray?"

"Dis is what is gwine to happen. I 's gwine as straight to yo' uncle as I kin walk, en tell him every las' thing I knows 'bout you."

Tom's cheek blanched, and she saw it. Disturbing thoughts began to chase each other through his head. "How can she know? And yet she must have found out—she looks it. I 've had the will back only three months, and am already deep in debt again, and moving heaven and earth to save myself from exposure and destruction, with a reasonably fair show of getting the thing covered up if I 'm let alone, and now this fiend has gone and found me out somehow or other. I wonder how much she knows? Oh, oh, oh, it 's enough to break a body's heart! But I 've got to humor her—there 's no other way."

Then he worked up a rather sickly sample of a gay laugh and a hollow chipperness of manner, and said:

"Well, well, Roxy dear, old friends like you and me must n't quarrel. Here 's your dollah—now tell me what you know."

He held out the wild-cat bill; she stood as she was, and made no movement. It was her turn to scorn persuasive foolery, now, and she did not waste it. She said, with a grim implacability in voice and manner which made Tom almost realize that even a former slave can remember for ten minutes insults and injuries returned for compliments and flatteries received, and can also enjoy taking revenge for them when the opportunity offers:

"What does I know? I 'll tell you what I knows. I knows enough to bu'st dat will to flinders—en more, mind you, *more!*"

Tom was aghast.

"More?" he said. "What do you call more? Where 's there any room for more?"

Roxy laughed a mocking laugh, and said scoffingly, with a toss of her head, and her hands on her hips—

"Yes!—oh, I reckon! *Co'se* you 'd like to know—wid yo' po' little ole rag dollah. What you reckon I 's gwine to tell you for?—you ain't got no money. I 's gwine to tell yo' uncle—en I 'll do it dis minute, too—he 'll gimme *five* dollahs for de news, en mighty glad, too."

She swung herself around disdainfully, and started away. Tom was in a panic. He seized

her skirts, and implored her to wait. She turned and said, loftily—

"Look-a-heah, what 'uz it I tole you?"

"You—you—I don't remember anything. What was it you tole me?"

"I tole you dat de next time I give you a chance you 'd git down on yo' knees en beg for it."

Tom was stupefied for a moment. He was panting with excitement. Then he said:

"Oh, Roxy, you would n't require your young master to do such a horrible thing. You can't mean it."

"I 'll let you know mighty quick whether I means it or not! You call me names, en as good as spit on me when I comes here po' en ornery en 'umble, to praise you for bein' growed up so fine en handsome, en tell you how I used to nuss you en tend you en watch you when you 'uz sick en had n't no mother but me in de whole worl', en beg you to give de po' ole nigger a dollah for to git her sum'n' to eat, en you call me names—*names*, dad blame you! Yassir, I gives you jes one chance mo', and dat 's *now*, en it las' on'y a half a second—you hear?"

Tom slumped to his knees and began to beg, saying—

"You see I 'm begging, and it 's honest begging, too! Now tell me, Roxy, tell me."

The heir of two centuries of unatoned insult and outrage looked down on him and seemed to drink-in deep draughts of satisfaction. Then she said—

"Fine nice young white gen'l'man kneelin'

down to a nigger-wench! I 's wanted to see dat jes once befo' I 's called. Now, Gab'r'el, blow de hawn, I 's ready . . . Git up!"

Tom did it. He said, humbly—

"Now, Roxy, don't punish me any more. I deserved what I 've got, but be good and let me off with that. Don't go to uncle. Tell me—I 'll give you the five dollars."

"Yes, I bet you will; en you won't stop dah, nuther. But I ain't gwine to tell you heah—"

"Good gracious, no!"

"Is you 'feared o' de ha'nted house?"

"N-no."

"Well, den, you come to de ha'nted house 'bout ten or 'leven to-night, en climb up de ladder, 'ca'se de sta'r-steps is broke down, en you 'll fine me. I 's a-roostin' in de ha'nted house 'ca'se I can't 'ford to roos' nowher's else." She started toward the door, but stopped and said, "Gimme de dollah bill!" He gave it to her. She examined it and said, "H'm—like enough de bank 's bu'sted." She started again, but halted again. "Has you got any whisky?"

"Yes, a little."

"Fetch it!"

He ran to his room overhead and brought down a bottle which was two thirds full. She tilted it up and took a drink. Her eyes sparkled with satisfaction, and she tucked the bottle under her shawl, saying, "It 's prime. I 'll take it along."

Tom humbly held the door for her, and she marched out as grim and erect as a grenadier.

(To be continued.)

Mark Twain.

LOVE'S RIVALS.

I.

LOVE, who devoutly lovest me,
I knew well when I wedded thee
That, soon or late,
Death would come knocking at the gate,
Our happy breath to separate;
And thou or I
Some by and by
Would hear throughout an empty heart
The awful echo—"Till Death part."
I knew how idly one must wait
Were either laid in stony state,
Where lid nor lip is stirred,
The great Divorcer's voice once being heard.

II.

Ah, me! why did I never think
How often I must touch the brink
Of such a woe?
For lovely Sleep I count a foe!
When in her arms thou liest low,
Deaf, blind, and dumb
Dost thou become.
My eyes may beam on thee in vain
When thine have felt Sleep's lotus-chain;
Unheeded I may come or go
Whenever she will have it so.
True Love, I doubly weep,
Seeing I have two rivals, Death and Sleep.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

GARFIELD AND CONKLING.



I fell to my lot at one time to be one of a "Committee of Conciliation" which was the outcome of a memorable struggle. Much has been written concerning the origin and merits of the Garfield-Conkling controversy, and no one cares at this day to reopen or reargue it. But there were incidents and interesting features in it which, in the absence of any report of that committee, or of what it brought to light or accomplished, may contribute to a better understanding of the inside history of that most remarkable as well as most unfortunate controversy. It becomes necessary, however, for the better understanding of the part taken by that committee, to restate some things already familiar.

Garfield's nomination for President was due to the Blaine-Conkling quarrel, and many other serious consequences followed not in all respects so evident. There were those who believed that the assassination itself was indirectly due to that fight. Garfield stepped between the combatants in a fierce and bitter struggle for mastery, unremitting for years, and increasing in bitterness and intensity every hour of its continuance. He carried off the prize they fought for, but their weapons passed through his body.

General Grant was brought forward for a third term, to make sure the defeat of Mr. Blaine. Mr. Conkling was then the master spirit in New York politics. His State was entitled to seventy votes in the convention which was to nominate the candidate. They would all be necessary to effect the result upon which Mr. Conkling was bent. Through his influence the New York Republican Convention had instructed the entire delegation to vote as a unit, the choice to be determined by a majority. But nineteen of them, under the lead of William H. Robertson, refused to be bound by these instructions, and cast their votes for Mr. Blaine. This was sufficient to prevent the nomination of General Grant, but not enough to secure that of Mr. Blaine, for Mr. Sherman was receiving a considerable support. The balloting continued in the convention without any material change in relative strength until, after many ineffectual trials, the friends of Blaine and Sherman, under instructions from their leaders in Washington, joined forces and nominated Garfield. Both combatants had been beaten—Conkling had defeated Blaine, and Blaine had defeated Grant. The effect of this discomfiture upon the two

men was totally different in accordance with their different natures. Conkling sulked in his tent, while Blaine sent his congratulations to the successful candidate, and was early and ardent in his support. Before the canvass closed, however, Conkling was persuaded by General Grant himself to enter into the campaign, and did most important and effective work, especially in the State of New York, contributing largely to a result in that State, and thereby in the nation, favorable to Garfield. But he never forgave the nineteen, and swore especial vengeance upon Robertson, their leader.

During the winter preceding the inauguration, and while the excitement always attendant upon cabinet-making was at its height, the rumor got abroad that Mr. Blaine was to be Secretary of State. The mere rumor was enough to kindle anew into fresh flame all the fire of the old hate, and to summon the old foe to arms. This disturbance of that party harmony which is ever essential to administrative success was little heeded, if it was not welcomed; for hot blood begets hot blood, and the old Adam seldom confines his work to one side of an ancient feud. Neither of these men meant harm to the political party in which they were both great leaders, but neither of them could be made to see that their fight was reaching its very heart's blood. Each of them seemed to think that the great and acknowledged services he had rendered the party entitled him to call upon it to crush out his enemy. I do not think that either of them knew himself in this controversy, for each had come to believe that the surrender of the other was essential to the continuance of Republican supremacy.

I first heard of the purpose to call Mr. Blaine to the premiership from Mr. Blaine himself, who, taking me into his confidence, told me that it had been offered him, and proceeded to sound me upon the advisability of his acceptance. This information produced a shiver. Mr. Blaine never had a warmer friend than I had been from the day he entered Congress, nor Mr. Conkling one more true to him; but I had never felt called upon to pass judgment upon the merits of a controversy between these two friends of mine, which I had seen begin in empty trifles and grow by perpetual feeding till it had come to be a menace, and therefore I had refused many opportunities proffered on both sides to listen to or aid in redressing grievances that had arisen out of it. I could not, however, shut my eyes to the direct tendency and probable fatal consequences of its presence. I early saw that it must be buried, or it would itself

bury not only these two men, but also the political party to which they belonged. I warned Mr. Blaine that if he entered the cabinet with the intent or hope of circumventing his rival, it would be fatal to him and to the administration of Garfield, and I expressed the opinion that it would be impossible for him to keep the peace if he took the office. He replied with frankness and, I have no doubt, with entire sincerity that it would be his purpose if he accepted office to ignore all past differences, and so to deport himself in it as to force reconciliation. He said also that he could not agree with me, even if the effect should prove otherwise, that he should for that reason be debarred from the great opportunity, for which he felt himself qualified, to administer the Foreign Office on the broad and grand scale he did afterward undertake, but was not permitted to perfect. I foresaw the rocks all too plainly, and advised him to remain in the Senate. But he determined otherwise, and accepted the position.

After the report got abroad and before the official announcement, and while a change of policy was still possible, nothing was done to smooth the way for this important movement. On the contrary, bitterness of speech on both sides had free course, and the clans, ready for the fray, began to take their places under their respective leaders before Inauguration Day. Conkling refused to consider the proposed appointment of Blaine as other than a premeditated attempt to humiliate him, and those who had been with him in past controversies readily accepted his interpretation of it. Garfield, of whose great brain-power political sagacity formed no part, could not be made to see in the opposition anything but an attempt by dictation to trench upon his constitutional prerogatives in the free choice of his own councilors; and all "Blaine men" agreed with him. All was made worse, and the opposition was both intensified and confirmed in its belief, by the appointment to the cabinet of a Secretary of the Treasury from New York, not only without consultation with the Senator, but against his earnest recommendation of another. The administration was thus organized, not only without recognition of the Conkling "wing," but over it, and, as he and his friends insisted, in defiance of him. It is no part of my purpose to argue the question whether there might not have been right as well as wrong on both sides, nor on which was the preponderance. I am only putting on paper what I saw and heard (and, I might as well admit, part of which I was), and what I knew, of the political blindness which seemed to come over all who had to do with this affair.

After the inauguration and the selection of

the leading places in the cabinet in the manner I have indicated, the Senator made one more attempt to regain that influence in the conduct of affairs, especially in the appointments to office in the State of New York, to which he and his following claimed that he was entitled. It was his claim that such appointments should not only be exclusively from among his friends and those who were with him in the late movement to renominate Grant, but that he should have the naming of them. To this President Garfield would not submit. Politically he considered himself under obligation equally to those who under the lead of Robertson had made his nomination possible, and to Conkling and his following for the great service they had rendered in making his election sure. In short, he believed it to be his duty to keep out of sight the lines of division upon which Mr. Conkling insisted, and furthermore that it was his prerogative to make the selections himself. There is no doubt that in this position he was sustained by Mr. Blaine, and the evidence is equally clear to those who were on the ground and familiar with the different stages of this progressive fight, that in the selection of appointees afterward made, on which the administration foundered, the Secretary had no part. Frequent interviews between the President and Mr. Conkling before the nominations were finally made failed to move either from the position he had taken. Mr. Conkling would listen to no name having any connection with the faction led by Robertson in the ante-election struggle, and insisted upon naming the men, according to a usage then prevalent. The President declared his determination to treat all political friends in New York alike, but indicated his willingness, so far as the public good would in his opinion permit, to accede to the wishes of Mr. Conkling in the selection between individuals. But Mr. Conkling would listen to nothing short of the adoption by the administration of the warfare of extermination which he was waging in New York; and there they parted company, and thereafter during the life of Garfield the New York senator had no further intercourse with the White House. It did not matter that when the New York appointments were made, to Mr. Morton, the warm friend of Mr. Conkling, whom he had presented for the Treasury portfolio, was given the second diplomatic office,—that of minister to France,—so long as Robertson, like Mordecai, sat at the port of New York. Even Morton lost much of the friendship of Conkling by accepting the office thus offered to him.

A declaration of war, if not as formal and high-sounding, yet as positive and as unrelenting as ever opened actual hostilities between

belligerent nations, followed immediately upon the sending of the New York nominations to the Senate. A little preliminary skirmishing formed a prelude to the more serious trial of strength. Friends identified with each side, and those who were friends of both, took the matter up, and strove for peace. Both sides desired peace, but on their own terms or not at all. Each was confident that it could win in the fight—Garfield with the power of a four years' administration before him, and Conkling through his influence with the Senate and with the Republican party of New York, of which he was the acknowledged leader. It was at this stage of the controversy that the Committee of Conciliation already alluded to came into being. Five persons, representing as well as could be all sides of this controversy, were requested to act as that committee; and at the suggestion, I believe, of the Senator himself I acted as its chairman. Mr. Conkling appeared before that committee in behalf of himself and the party grievances he represented, and was heard in one of the committee-rooms of the Senate at great length in recounting wrongs, and insisting upon the drastic remedy of extermination of the hostile faction in New York as the only cure. On that occasion he surpassed himself in all those elements of oratorical power for which he was so distinguished. I had heard him in all his great efforts from the day he entered Congress, more than twenty years before, but I had never heard anything which equaled this effort for flights of oratorical power—genuine eloquence, bitter denunciation, ridicule of the despised faction in New York, and contempt for its leader. He continued for two hours and a half to play with consummate skill upon all the strings known to the orator, and through all the notes, from the lowest to the highest, which the great masters command, and concluded in a lofty apostrophe to the greatness and glory of the Republican party, and his own devotion to its highest welfare. "And," said he, "I trust that the exigency may never arise when I shall be compelled to choose between self-respect and personal honor on the one side, and a temporary discomfiture of that party on the other; but if that time shall ever come, I shall not hesitate in the choice, and I now say to you, and through you to those whom it most concerns, that I have in my pocket an autograph letter of this President who is now for the time being its official head, which I pray God I may never be compelled in self-defense to make public; but if that time shall ever come, I declare to you, his friends, he will bite the dust."

This closed the interview, and the committee was left in a great state of excitement, produced not alone by the remarkable character of the entire speech, but especially by the

concluding sentences, which seemed to imply that he held the life of the administration in his hand, and would not hesitate to take it if frustrated in his purposes in regard to New York politics. It was deemed absolutely necessary to get possession of this letter, or at least to learn the contents of a missive thus held over the head of the President. A time had been fixed to hear the President's side of the controversy, and it was arranged that I should in some way, without violating the confidences of the conference with Conkling, if there were any such, ascertain from the President himself the nature of this mysterious document. I accordingly went to the White House for that purpose a half hour in advance of the committee, and, without disclosing our interview with the Senator, sought to ascertain whether the President was aware of such a use of any such letter. Almost my first inquiry brought out this response: "Oh, you allude to a letter Conkling is saying that he has of mine, and which he represents to be a pretty bad one. I know what it is, and have a copy of it." He treated the whole matter lightly and as of no consequence; and remarking that he had heard of this before, took the letter from his pocket and handed it to me. Upon perusing it, I discovered that it was one of those indiscreet epistles, like the Jay Hubbell letters, which he had written during the Presidential campaign, aiding the efforts to collect from clerks and other government officials subscriptions to campaign expenses. Although by no means a good letter, I was satisfied that its chief harm to Garfield at that late date lay in the ability to create a mystery about its contents by keeping them from the public eye while still talking about it. I therefore advised its immediate publication, thereby doing away as early as possible with any bad impression which the scene before the committee might make when it came to be known, as it was sure to be—if indeed that had not been its design. I urged that he should not permit it to be held over his head as a menace for a single moment, and that whatever harm was possible from its publication would be less if it came from his friends promptly than if it waited on the opportunity of his enemies, after they had made whatever could be made by withholding its contents. I urged him to let me take it to the Associated Press that very night. As he was about to hand it to me for that purpose, Mr. Blaine entered the room. The President, turning to him, remarked: "Here, Blaine, is where I have been stopping over again. Here is a copy of one of my letters which Conkling has got hold of and is threatening to use against me. Dawes advises me to let the Associated Press have it to-night, and forestall him." Blaine read the letter, and shook his head, advising strongly against its publica-

tion. And so the letter never saw the light until such time as Mr. Conkling thought most opportune for his purpose. But he had waited too long, and its effect had been discounted before he used it.

The committee, arriving according to appointment, then proceeded to hear from the President, after the withdrawal of Mr. Blaine, the other side of the story, much of which has been already outlined. He stated his position to be that he could not ignore, much less taboo, either of the parties to this quarrel in New York, and for him to do so would be base ingratitude and the worst of politics. The one of them had been a potent factor in his nomination in spite of the other; while the other at the end of the canvass had caused the scale of popular favor to turn securely to his side. Both had the right to say that their claim to recognition could not be gainsaid in that forum where party fidelity and party service are the test. Equally clear was it to him that sound politics required him to take no share in party divisions which involved no political principle. He then recounted the pains he had taken in his attempt to apply these principles to the case in hand, and his failure to enlist coöperation; and said that, though compelled to take the course he had pursued unaided by those from whom he had hoped for assistance, he had been guided in it strictly by the principles here indicated. And to this course he must adhere. Thus nothing came of this effort at adjustment.

I had one more interview with Mr. Conkling after this, and before his resignation and his appeal from a Republican administration in Washington to the Republicans in New York. It was of his own seeking, and occurred only the Saturday afternoon before the resignation was made public. He hailed me from a carriage as I was turning a corner on the sidewalk, and, leaving his carriage, came to where I was standing "for a few minutes' talk." This interview on the corner of the street lasted nearly an hour. Both of us became very earnest, though with entire good feeling, he in rehearsing his grievances, and presenting them in new dress, and I in an attempt to point out to him a way not only of settlement but of triumph over his enemies—a view I thought most likely to prevail with him. I said to him: "Suppose all you say is true,"—I always believed that more was his due than he had credit for,—“nevertheless this is your opportunity, by a stroke of magnanimity, to win a victory over those who are thus arrayed against you. Go into the Senate on Monday morning, and present your indictment, if you choose—as strong

a case as facts will permit, the stronger the better for the conclusion. And let that conclusion be a declaration to the Senate and the country that there is something higher in the mission of the Republican party than the redress of personal grievances; that the cause must not be jeopardized by dissension, nor any one relieved from duty at his post, however grievous the wrongs and injustice he has encountered in its discharge: and then call on all friends and foes alike to put the past behind them, and close up the ranks with their faces to the future." I assured him of my belief that such a speech on Monday morning, made in sincerity and with his power, would send a thrill of joy through every Republican heart in the country, and that he would be hailed as the deliverer of the party from the perils which threatened its integrity. Such a course, I ventured to say, would, I believed, put him at once in popular favor a hundred miles ahead of those who were wronging him, and would lift the party out of the dangers which beset it.

He turned upon me with a discouraged and disgusted look, remarking: "Your medicine, Dawes, is much easier to prescribe than to take. Suppose I should say to you, 'Go home to Massachusetts, and in the spirit of meekness and peace embrace Ben Butler.' Why, you have no idea of the bitterness of the feeling in New York in condemnation of these men. If I should take the course you suggest, I should myself go under, and should be burned in effigy from Buffalo to Montauk Point, and could not be elected a delegate to a county convention in Oneida County."

And so we parted. On Monday he resigned, and appealed for indorsement to the Republican legislature of New York, then in session. They decided against him, and he went into retirement. But the struggle rent the party in twain, and the wounds have never healed. To it more than all else may be traced the present condition of Republican politics in New York. Bitterness and hate, born of this strife, outlived the actors themselves. Disappointed office-seekers turned in wrath upon the appointing power. In two short months from the retirement of Conkling, the President himself was shot by the madman Guiteau, possessed with the idea that in some way his own failure to get office grew out of this unfortunate and fatal quarrel.

And, as if to make a dramatic climax, it is said, with how much truth I do not know, that Mr. Conkling did afterward actually fail of an election to an Oneida County convention.

Henry L. Dawes.



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER.

HEAD OF A MOOSE KILLED IN MAINE IN 1880, SHOWING EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENT OF ANTLERS.

THE VANISHING MOOSE,

AND THEIR EXTERMINATION IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

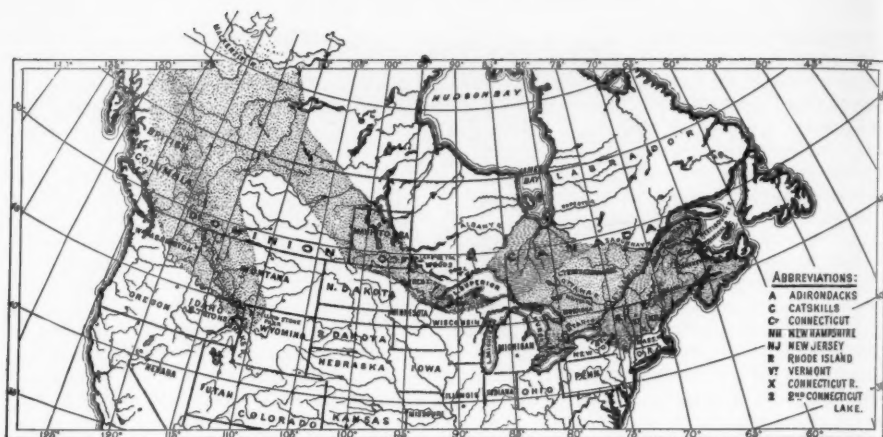
SO much has been written of late, especially in this Columbian year, of the great achievements and rapid development of the United States that sometimes we lose sight of the fact that we are still in a period of transition. The old order of things has largely passed away, but we are yet within sight of the primeval state of a savage and beautiful wilderness, and can obtain some idea of what this country once was by the untouched or only partly mutilated corners that remain. The end, however, is near, and before many years we shall have to cultivate trees as is done in Europe, and the only hunting will be in private parks. Of the great forests that absolutely covered the Eastern and Northwestern States, and served as the home of vast numbers of animals, scarcely anything is left. That little will be destroyed by fire and ax within two decades, and with the trees will vanish the last of the game.

It is really appalling to compare the enormous amount of game on this continent at the beginning of the century with the wretched remnant of to-day. At that time the American buffalo roamed the prairies in countless thousands, and was probably the most numerous large animal in the world, and now—but all Americans know the shameful story of its extermination.

Little more than a hundred years ago great herds of elk swarmed in the Kentucky and Illinois hunting-grounds, and even as late as 1820 a few could be found in the district north of the Ohio River. To-day their fast-diminishing bands are confined to the mountains of the Northwest. The same sad story of fast-approaching extinction is true of the other game

animals, the antelope, bighorn, mountain goat, and the various kinds of deer; in fact, it is true of all our larger mammals. Many persons living to-day will see their final disappearance in a wild state; so, in view of this destruction in the flora and fauna of our land, it would be wise to consider carefully the most important of the American animals that remain while yet we can gather the facts from those who actually know them, and need not rely on the wretched compilations which pass for natural histories, and which are based, perhaps, on a few badly mounted specimens.

The largest and most interesting of our native quadrupeds is the moose, an animal but little known to the average inhabitant of the United States. Oftentimes, in old settled countries, deer, bear, and a few other animals linger on, and become well known to the inhabitants of the more thinly populated districts, passing into the literature of the people, as has been the case in Europe. Not so the moose and caribou. They shrink back before the most advanced outpost of civilization, and soon vanish altogether, leaving behind the names of lakes, rivers, and mountains as the only evidences of their existence. So complete in some instances has been the disappearance of moose that one actually hears people question the fact that they ever lived in the Adirondacks, where forty years ago they were well known. The comparative mystery that has always clung to moose has caused a great deal of nonsense and error to be written about them. It often begins with their name, and in this way much confusion has been caused by would-be naturalists between the moose (*Cervus alces*) and our Ameri-



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

MAP SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE MOOSE. IN THE DOTTED TERRITORY THE MOOSE STILL EXISTS. IN THE LINED TERRITORY THE MOOSE IS EXTINCT.

can elk, or wapiti (*Cervus canadensis*). The moose closely resembles the European elk, an animal well nigh extinct, but which in Cæsar's time abounded in the lands about the Baltic, and thus the name "elk" has been sometimes applied to the moose. Long usage, however, in this country has confined the term "elk" to the wapiti deer of the West, and it can create only obscurity to use it in any other sense. So, also, by reason of a resemblance to the Scottish stag (*Cervus elaphus*), or red deer of Europe, the wapiti has been termed "red deer" by Englishmen. The word moose is the Indian word "moosoa," meaning "wood-eater," in allusion to the fact that the animal lives on twigs and the bark of young trees rather than by grazing, for which its short neck is not adapted.

The moose is distinctively a forest-loving animal, and lives only in wooded countries where the winters are long and severe. There seem to be in its geographical distribution two distinct ranges, one in the northeast and the other in the northwest of our continent. These two territories are at the present day separated by the strip of land between Lake Superior and James Bay, where no moose are found. They have always been less numerous in the West than in the extreme East, where the forests and lakes are singularly well fitted to their habits, and it is here that they are still hunted with the most success. In northern Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington, and, perhaps, Dakota, northward to the Mackenzie River, moose are moderately abundant in the mountain districts, but very inaccessible to the hunter. Their southernmost limit in this section is the junction of the Snake River with the Three Tetons in Idaho. There are a few in the Yellowstone Park, but here the best moose

country is imperiled by the Segregation Bill now before the Senate, which threatens to open up half of the Timber Land Preserve, including nearly all the moose district, and which should be vigorously opposed by every true sportsman. They extend through the mountains of British Columbia into Alaska, where the coast Indians tell of gigantic moose which come down from the unexplored interior in severe winters. Their extreme eastern limit north of the Canadian border is the Lake of the Woods and Dog Lake in Manitoba, around which they are numerous. South of the line they extend farther east, and are rather plentiful (that is, for moose, which is everywhere a scarce animal) in the tamarack swamps of northern Minnesota around Red Lake. A very few are found in Wisconsin and the north peninsula of Michigan. In 1875 a number were killed near Superior City in the extreme northwest of Wisconsin, but they probably wandered down from the lake country just mentioned. Beyond the St. Lawrence they are found from points north of Lake Huron as far east as the Saguenay, which seems an almost absolute boundary. There are none in Labrador. At the present day they extend northward to the "height of land" or watershed of Hudson Bay, but formerly they pushed northward to the great bay itself. In the country immediately north of Lake Superior none are found, although at one time they extended as far north and west as the Albany River.

South of St. Lawrence they were once very numerous in all the country, roughly speaking, between this river, the sea, and the 43d parallel in New York. There is no trace known of them in Pennsylvania, or immediately south of the great lakes, in historic times, but remains

of moose and elk found in the shell-heaps of New Jersey show they formerly existed there. At the first settlement of this country they ranged throughout nearly the whole of New England, and in New York as far south as the Catskills. In Canada proper they are numerous, but are going fast, in spite of the nominal protection of the law. They are still hunted in Maine with success, but they have utterly vanished from what were once their favorite haunts—the northern parts of New York and Vermont. In 1871 there were said to be some in northern Vermont, and in the extreme north of New Hampshire around the sources of Connecticut River there still may be a few individuals. Even as late as 1879, near the Second Connecticut Lake, they were rather numerous, and in 1884 five were killed at that place. The following year some were there, and an old bull was frequently seen, but was left undisturbed.

count of that district published early in the century speaks of them as subjects of tradition only.

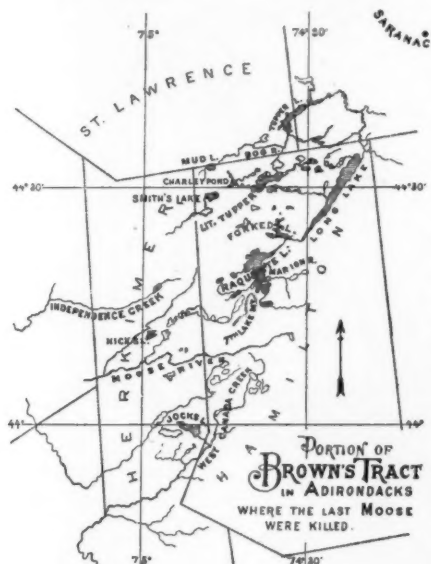
With the exception of the remarkable fact that about twenty years ago the wolves all vanished from the North Woods in one season without any known cause, the similar disappearance of moose from the same region is the strangest incident in the natural history of New York. Before the advent of the white hunter, the moose are believed to have exceeded in number the deer in that beautiful country of mountain, lake, and forest, and yet to-day in all the settlements and hunters' cabins in the North Woods, or in the towns on its borders, there is not a single set of moose antlers said to be from that region.

The Adirondacks were once the hunting-grounds of the Six Nations and of the Canadian Indians for their winter supply of moose meat, and the bones of many a dusky warrior, slain in the savage combats between the rival tribes, lie under the pines and spruces by the lakes he loved so well. Many, too, were the tragedies enacted later between the red man and the white trapper, both seeking moose-hides in what was then an ideal hunting-country.

The tradition of the mighty moose will be preserved to all time by the names throughout this district, which abounds in Moose rivers, creeks, lakes, and ponds. Raquette Lake received its name from the circumstance that the Canadian Indians resorted there to get hides for their snow-shoes (raquette), and State Naturalist De Kay, writing as late as 1841, says moose still frequented that vicinity. In fact, the last authentic moose were killed there. They lingered long in what is still the wildest part of the hunting region, viz., the country south of Mud Lake, which was their headquarters long after they had vanished from the surrounding territory. Here, too, their memory flourishes, and all yarns of moose tracks are now referred to that lake. They still figure on the statute-book in mockery of the tardiness and impotence of the law to protect them, and fifty dollars is the fine for killing one.

The extremely wary character of the moose, and his dislike for the vicinity of man, render it very probable that although some were killed for their hides and meat, the great majority left the country and fled northward as settlements pressed in. The last stragglers killed seemed to have been shut off in the southwestern part of the wilderness, and so had no choice but to stay.

This tendency of game, and particularly of moose, to retire northward on the approach of man is seen to-day in the region of the upper Ottawa River. Moose are now abundant around Temiscamingue, where a few years ago none were to be found.



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

At one time they pressed close to the Atlantic, for we read that a pair were sent to England from Fisher's Island. There is, however, no trace of them since the settlement in Connecticut and Massachusetts, except in the Berkshire Hills, where a few once existed, probably only as migrants from the North. The early settlers in Vermont and New Hampshire found in their meat a most welcome source of food; in fact, the numbers of moose alone enabled the colonists at first to keep from starvation during the long winters. They seem to have left the Catskills about a hundred years ago, for an ac-



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

BULL MOOSE. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.

ENGRAVED BY G. P. BARTLE.

A deer when started by a hunter or driven by hounds usually returns in a few days to the same hill or mountain-side where he was first found; but a moose, when once thoroughly alarmed, will start on a long swinging walk, and, taking with him his entire family, leave for good. It is one of the greatest difficulties—and there are many—in still-hunting this animal, to avoid getting him under way, for then the hunter may as well break camp and try other fields, since not a moose will be found within miles. They scent a moccasin track or the smoke of a fire at an incredible distance. A fresh trail may be found one day, and arrangements made to follow it at daybreak on the morrow. During the night the moose, returning to his old haunts, detects the danger-signs, and all the hunters find in the morning is a trail six or eight hours old leading for parts unknown in an almost perfectly straight line. The moose is at that moment, perhaps, twenty miles off, and still going.

Although moose cannot be driven to water by hounds like a deer, but will turn savagely to bay, still they will not remain in a locality where dogs are running; so that when the white hunters became numerous in the North Woods, and especially when they introduced hounding, the moose simply left the country, and passed either eastward to Maine or northward to Canada.

It is a well-authenticated but little-known fact that they practically left in one season. They were numerous in the Adirondacks, especially in Brown's Tract,—a large district in what is now the southwestern part of the wilderness—until the period between 1850 and 1855 (probably near the latter year), when they suddenly disappeared. Before this several had been killed yearly. Scattered ones were shot later, but 1855 marked their exit from the annals of New York game. Years later, four or five were brought back to Saranac, but would not stay.

An account of the localities in which moose were killed during the last few years of their existence in the Adirondacks will be interesting, and in time prove of great historical value. The data have been collected with great care.

From the following facts 1861 appears to be the year of their final disappearance, although so high an authority as Mr. Verplanck Colvin asserts that the year 1863 is more correct, and that for several seasons after the latter date their browsings and tracks were seen.

John Constable, a well-known sportsman and hunter, killed two moose near Independence Creek, Herkimer County, in 1851, and in the winter of 1852-53 shot his last one west of Charley Pond. That same season Alonzo Wood and Edward Arnold shot two moose,

and found another dead, in the forest back of Seventh Lake Mountain in Hamilton County. In the summer of 1855 the last moose captured alive was taken by Charles L. Phelps, who killed a cow moose in Brown's Tract and brought her calf out of the woods with him. It died the following year. A moose was killed at Mud Lake in 1856, and Edward Arnold at Nick's Lake in the same year killed another. The next year a man named Baker shot one in the same vicinity.

It was long thought that Governor Horatio Seymour had killed the last moose in the Adirondacks, but several others have better claims to that honor, if honor it be. Governor Seymour did shoot a fine bull in 1859, just north of Jock's Lake, not far from West Canada Creek, Herkimer County. The horns were kept for years at his farm at Deerfield, near Utica.

In 1860, however, Alva Dunning killed several on West Canada Creek, and Reuben Howard, an old moose-hunter, killed his last the same year. Howard states that he heard of two being shot a little later, which may refer to the two that Chauncey Hawthorne claims to have killed about this time. The year 1861 saw at Raquette Lake the destruction of the last family of moose, and, in all probability, of the last individual in the State. In July a Mr. Blossom killed a cow moose on the south inlet of Raquette Lake, and later in the same month his companion, Mr. Tait, while jacking on Marion River, wounded a young moose, but lost him in the dark. Early in August a bull calf was killed near the same place by a guide named William Wood. It had been wounded, and was unquestionably the one hit by Mr. Tait. Marks of a bull were seen in the neighborhood.

But the last positively authentic moose killed in the Adirondacks was in the autumn of the same year, on the east inlet of Raquette Lake. A party of sportsmen, guided by Palmer of Long Lake, was canoeing down Marion River toward the lake. On turning a bend in the river they were surprised to see a huge creature start up among the lily-pads and plunge wildly toward the shore. Several charges of shot were fired with no visible effect, when Palmer took deliberate aim with his rifle, and killed the animal on the spot. It proved to be a cow moose, the last known native of its race in New York State. Most fitting was it that the final death-scene should be at Raquette Lake, which for centuries had been their favorite haunt—a worthy subject for a painter to match with the "Last Buffalo."

Tales like the following are rife in the North Woods, and show how strong a hold this great animal has on the popular imagination:



DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.

TRAILED DOWN.

ENGRAVED BY H. BAKER.

In the summer of nineteen years ago a sportsman was jacking on Bog River, when suddenly the light flashed on two moose among the lily-pads stupidly staring at it. The guide, not relishing the idea of additional loads over the carries, joggled the boat, and the astonished hunter missed with both barrels full of buckshot.

About twenty-five years ago a party of hunters were hounding back of what is now Paul Smith's, and one of the watchers, an old guide, had taken his watch-ground on Mountain Pond, about five miles from lower St. Regis Lake, when he was so frightened at seeing a huge animal plunge into the pond and swim over that he did not even dare to move from his post, much less to use his rifle. From the description given by the thoroughly scared hunter, it must have been a moose.

One of the Saranac guides, Reuben Reynolds, remembers hearing his father tell of helping to kill a bull moose which was mired in Fish Creek on the Lower Saranac Lake, near the present Hotel Ampersand. This is interesting as an example of the manner in which many prehistoric animals, notably the Irish elk, have been buried in the bogs, and their remains thus preserved to future ages. A number of similar stories exist, most of which relate vaguely back to a period at least twenty-five years ago. The moose had gone long before

that, but it is possible that solitary individuals lingered on in the Bog River country even later.

In 1877, tracks of moose were reported near Great Sand Lake, and nearly ten years later, in October, 1886, a young bull weighing three hundred and fifty pounds was shot on Long Lake. This last was unquestionably one of several which had been turned loose by a game club near Lake Placid. They had imported three or four to stock their preserves, but on discovering that the moose did not breed well in confinement, set them all free in the woods.

It seems well nigh incredible that, if this young moose was native to the Adirondacks, no authenticated instance had been recorded of seeing either a moose, or even undoubted moose-signs, during the quarter century since 1861. Their tracks, and other indications of their presence, were occasionally reported, but in a well-known country like the Adirondacks a moose could be trailed—or his yard found, if in winter—by a persistent hunter. From the eagerness and perseverance shown in hunting down a panther whenever a track of one is found, one can readily imagine how much chance a moose would have of escaping. Moose-signs are unmistakable, and the marks where they have yarded may show for years. Nothing but doubtful tracks, which may have been made by a lost cow, or lopped twigs have been proved, so we may be

tolerably certain that at least for twenty years there has not been a native moose in New York.

Strange tales are told, however, that lead even a very cautious hearer to think that perhaps somewhere in the woods there is something bigger than the ubiquitous "big buck"—perhaps by some strange chance a stray caribou, for a caribou was killed there a few years ago, and it has since been proved that it was one turned loose by a game club. Better still, let us call it by the term used by the guides in describing the antlers of the mysterious beast—a "brush heap."

The southern watershed in New Brunswick was once a grand place for moose, and around the head-waters of the Miramichi and Restigouche rivers many are still to be found. North of the latter river, in the peninsula of Gaspé and in the county of Rimouski, they existed in great quantities until the winter of 1862, when, during the deep snows, they were almost entirely exterminated by Indians sent out to get hides. Moccasins were needed for the British troops just arrived in Canada, in consequence of the threatening aspect of the Trent affair. Gaspé was the last place where they were very numerous, and this indiscriminate slaughter sealed the doom of the moose in the East. A few may still be found in the once-famous Muskoka deer country, a locality that has been several times suggested as an excellent place for a moose preserve. The best place for a good hunter to get a moose head is now the country on each side of the Ottawa River above Mattawa.

The moose, while totally lacking the grace and ease of movement of the deer, is appallingly grand as he stands swinging his immense antlers like feathers as he turns to catch a taint in the breeze. In the rutting season, when they are at their best, the body is rusty black and the legs grayish. The shoulders and broad chest show tremendous strength, and the hips are stout and clean cut; but the great height of a moose is owing chiefly to his long legs and bristling mane.

When a bull moose lies dead in the forest, he looks like some strange antediluvian animal, with his square prehensile muffle and horns spreading laterally—a peculiarity which he shares with the prehistoric Irish elk and the nearly extinct European elk of later times. The huge form tells of strength and swiftness, and, withal, the still dangerous gleam of the eye, glazed in its last stare, bids the hunter pause and feel almost guilty of a crime in the destruction of so much that is grand and weird, a feeling very different from the sentiment supposed to attend the slaughter of a deer. But the triumph of mastering the warriest and bravest animal in the woods by fair still-hunting, and by grimly

sticking to the track for many a weary mile, amply atones for any regrets.

One can form only a very erroneous idea of the true appearance of a moose from the stuffed heads usually seen. Few, if any, taxidermists have ever seen a live moose, and with only the loose hide to work on, they make a monstrosity of it, giving him a decidedly misshapen nose, and filling out to the utmost the immense nostrils, which in repose are in a collapsed state. The ears come above the horns, not behind them, as is usually the case in mounted specimens.

In the living animal the nose is a marvel of ugliness, and the surface covered by the olfactory nerves so great that it is doubtful whether there is any other animal whose sense of smell is so highly developed. Like most other deni-

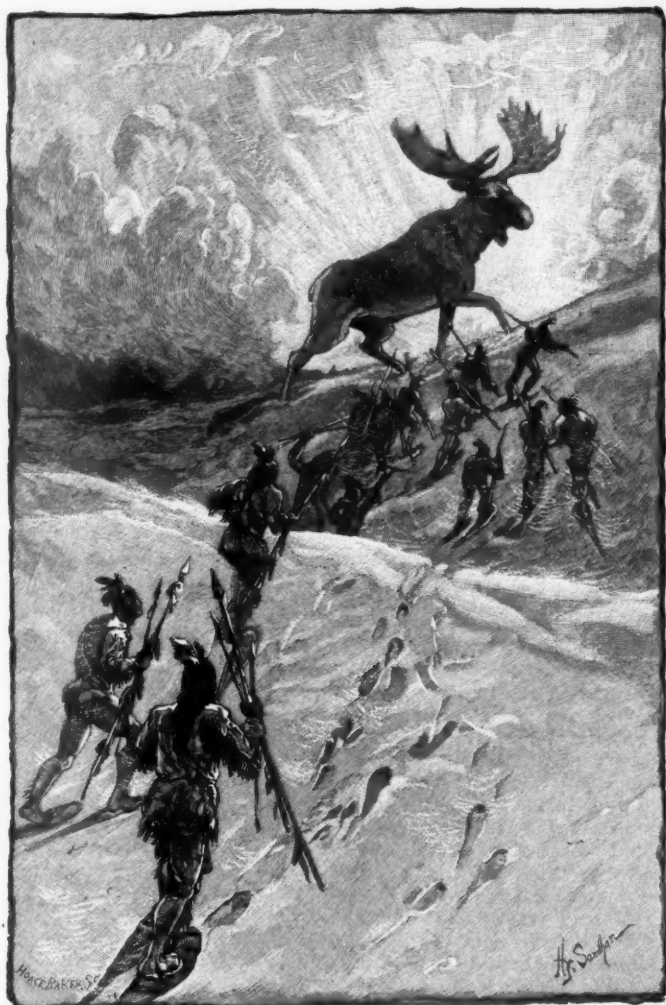


DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

HEAD OF A MOOSE KILLED ON THE UPPER OTTAWA RIVER IN 1891, SHOWING THE "BELL."

zens of the forest, it relies far more on its scent than on its sight. The eyes are small and wicked, snapping and gleaming on the slightest provocation, and betray at once the ugly character of their owner.

When captured young, moose prove most interesting pets, and become very tame, remaining so except in the autumn, when the bulls are apt to give trouble. Taken later in life, however, they are extremely hard to domesticate; still, they have been broken in to harness and used for draft purposes. In confinement they are dangerous from a little trick they have of striking with their fore feet, not straight out, as a horse sometimes strikes, but first lifting the



DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM. ENGRAVED BY H. BAKER.
 "THE SIOUX INDIANS BELIEVED IN A MONSTROUS MOOSE WHICH COULD STRIDE WITH EASE
 THROUGH EIGHT FEET OF SNOW."

hoof almost perpendicularly above their head, and then cutting forward and down—a blow that would tear a man nearly in two. The lightning-like quickness of the movement does not give time to dodge, and there is no warning. In the autumn, when wounded in the body or brought to bay, a full-grown bull is a very dangerous animal; by some hunters of wide experience they are thought to excel the grizzly bear in downright ugliness. A case occurred in Maine in 1885 of a bull attacking two men on sight, and keeping them treed for hours, a not uncommon event when they are wounded.

The battles between the bulls—the only occasion when their huge antlers come into use—are described as being simply terrific, and often result in the death of one or both of the combatants. The double fenders or brow-antlers do the most damage, although the whole horn, so massive and firmly supported by the stout neck, deals fearful blows. The shock between two of these animals can safely be left to the imagination, for a large bull usually weighs about 1000 pounds, and they are sometimes killed weighing from 1200 to 1500 pounds, which is about the limit. Cases, how-

ever, apparently authentic, have been reported when 2000 pounds have been claimed. The great difficulty is to find anywhere near their haunts scales which can weigh so huge an animal, for if gralloched and carted out, much of the original weight is lost.

They begin their battles early in life, for a four-year-old bull, shot last autumn on the Ottawa, when skinned showed on one side a fresh wound with a shattered rib beneath it, and on the other, the scars of an old wound where another rib had been broken the year before. His latest combat had evidently been successful, for when shot he had two cows with him as proof of triumph. Whether in his maiden battle of the year before he had been victorious over his rival it would be interesting to know, for he was a brave brute, who met his death from pure love of a fight. Hearing the approach of hunters, and probably thinking the noise came from another bull, he turned back to defend his charge, freshly wounded as he was, and deliberately stalked up to within thirty yards of his enemy, only to fall with a bullet below his ear.

Early in September, before they are mated, in a good moose country it is no uncommon thing to hear their challenging calls, which sound precisely like a man chopping, and their combats are of daily, or rather nightly, occurrence. Indian hunters say that when they hear in the twilight the breaking of the undergrowth and the crash of antlers in one of these mighty battles, they slip up close and shoot the cow as she stands placidly at one side watching the result with languid interest. When she falls the bulls fight on with redoubled fury, and so intent are they on the duel that both can be killed with ease. If, however, a bull is shot first, the survivors take to the bush at the report. As in the case of battles between deer or elk, the horns are said sometimes to become so interlocked that they cannot be pulled apart, and both animals perish miserably. From the structure of the horns, however, this must be a very rare event, but a pair of interlocked horns were found in Oxford County, Maine, about 1845.

There are two varieties of moose, according to experienced hunters, the chief difference being in the antlers. The smaller, the kind most often found in Maine and New Brunswick, has small antlers, inclined upward, with wide palmations and having many points. This is a dark-colored, short-legged swamp breed. The other, which ranges further north and west, and in Ontario about equals in numbers the former kind, has the grand antlers we occasionally see — wide-spreading, more symmetrical, and with from eight to twelve points, and very massive brow-antlers. As the palma-

tion, or webbing, is not so wide as in the first variety, the points are longer. This kind is browner in color, and has longer legs than the other. Like the antlers of other deer, those of the moose are not constant in shape or size, and vary from year to year, and even one blade from its mate. The size is probably in great degree dependent on the way the animal wintered, for the drain of the system must be very great to produce such a mass of bone. If the preceding season was an open one, so that plenty of good food could be found, the moose of course would be in condition, and the horns consequently would appear early in the spring and attain their full development. If a severe winter should follow, the next set of horns might be very backward and much smaller.

A large pair measures from three to four feet from tip to tip. Now and then a pair will exceed five feet. One killed in 1881 measured five feet six inches from the extreme points. Mr. Albert Bierstadt, the artist, is in possession of an immense pair of moose antlers measuring five feet five inches at the widest point. The webbing is remarkably wide. A gentleman of Mattawa, Ontario, has a pair which measures five feet eleven inches from tip to tip. This seems to be the limit. An interesting theory has been advanced to account for the palmation of the horns: that being placed below and behind the ears, they act as a sounding-board and give the animal his great quickness of hearing.

The height of moose at the withers is a source of much dispute, and this variation largely grows out of the different ways of measuring one as he lies on the ground. An ordinary bull stands fully six feet, and a very large one seven feet at the shoulders. There are many authenticated cases where they ran as high as seven feet two inches and seven feet four inches. In October, 1880, George Ross killed in Muskoka a moose which, when carefully measured by several persons, stood eight feet two inches at the shoulders! His antlers alone weighed eighty-four pounds! This seems beyond the possible limits, but gigantic moose do occur, especially in this part of Canada. Indian legends abound in stories of moose of fabulous size. The Sioux Indians believed in a monstrous moose which could stride with ease through eight feet of snow, and which no single hunter dared attack. Alaska and Rupert's Land furnish material for similar tales. At all events, the moose is the largest quadruped on our continent, and with his strength and swiftness has only man to dread, as the bear lacks both the courage and agility necessary, and the wolf or panther would scarcely dare to attack any but a very young calf.

Of the various modes of hunting moose, the most destructive is "crusting" in the deep

snow, when the surface has melted and refrozen hard enough to support a man on snow-shoes. The heavy moose of course cuts through, and is soon exhausted by plunging, and his legs are terribly lacerated, so that he can be safely approached and killed with an ax. In this way the lumbermen slaughter numbers of them for their meat, and even more are killed every year for their hides by the Indians and half-breeds. One Indian on the Ottawa killed twenty in the spring of 1891. The law is apparently helpless to prevent this indiscriminate destruction, and in fact does little except annoy sportsmen, who as a rule kill very few, and then only bulls and in the proper season. If this hunting in the deep snow could be severely punished, and the law enforced in Canada and Maine, the natural increase would fully compensate for those killed by other methods; but it is useless to expect this amount of foresight among legislators until, as was the case with the buffalo, there is no game left to protect.

Maine and New Brunswick need a long, close season like that in force in Ontario, until the number of moose increases again. This, if rigidly enforced, would be effective to preserve them for a time at least.

No true sportsman would kill a bull in summer, or a cow at any time, except in case of actual need of food, and then only when no deer or other game could be had. The antlers at that season are in the velvet, and useless to mount, and the skins are of little value as rugs. Still, many are shot on the borders of the lakes and rivers while feeding on the roots of the water-lily.

"Jacking," or "floating," for moose is seldom practised, from the difficulty found in getting close enough to flash the light on the game. Deer will stand and watch a light until they see the boat or scent its occupants, but in the case of moose a light would drive them back into the bush. So a lantern fastened to the hat, and provided with a powerful reflector and quick-working slide, is used. Generally the animal can be located from his splashing in the water near the shore as he tears up the roots of the water-lily, his favorite food. He can be very closely approached by listening carefully and advancing only when his head is underwater. When very near, the lantern is flashed suddenly on him, and a shot fired at the same moment. The light must be instantly extinguished, and the canoe drawn noiselessly back; otherwise a charge will instantly follow, probably with fatal results to one or both hunters. If, however, the animal hears or sees nothing after the flash and report, he retires to the bank, and attributes his wound to some unknown agency. If disturbed again, he will fight, or run for miles without stopping. If left alone, he will not go far, and can be easily

trailed in the morning, when he will be found stiff and weak from the loss of blood.

"Calling" is a perfectly legitimate but rather lazy way of hunting, practised in September, chiefly in Maine and New Brunswick. The long call of the cow is imitated by the Indian guide at night with the aid of a birch trumpet, and the cry repeated at intervals until answered by the bull. Great caution is then necessary to prevent giving alarm, and sometimes most of the night is passed by the bull in circling around the supposed cow to catch the wind. It is exciting, and requires strong nerves and a steady hand, for the bull is very close before he can be seen clearly enough to afford a good mark, and he sometimes charges if only wounded.

By far the noblest way for a real sportsman to secure a set of antlers is the still-hunt. It requires strength and nerve, and calls into play great knowledge of woodcraft and of the habits of the quarry. None but a true hunter is capable of the persistency needed, and the result is in proportion to his patience and shooting qualities. After locating his camp in a good moose country, the hunter first carefully inspects the neighborhood for moose-signs. This is done by taking a wide circle, crossing over the tops of the hardwood ridges, if there are any, to find indications of a yard. They do not, properly speaking, yard up until the deep snow comes; but immediately after the rutting season they appear to locate the future yard, and to frequent the vicinity. Like all other deer, early in September they leave the watercourses and lakes and retire to the hills. In winter the yards often cover several acres, and have beaten paths radiating in every direction. The snow is trampled, and the twigs are cropped close. The smaller saplings are ridden down, and the tops and bark torn off. A yard usually contains a family—an old bull, sometimes a half-grown bull, and several cows and yearlings. At times several such groups yard together.

Throughout the following summer, and often much longer, the evidences of an old moose-yard are easily seen in the mutilated condition of the branches and bark, and sometimes, but rarely, by the presence of a single antler-blade, cast off in midwinter. It is very strange that horns are found so seldom, especially in yards; but the truth is, almost as soon as dropped they are eaten by mice and other small rodents which abound in the woods.

Another excellent plan to find moose-signs in the early fall before the freezing of the small waters is to examine the edges of the ponds or marshes in abandoned beaver meadows, where the moose come at night to drink or wade in the mud. As soon as a fresh track is located, and followed for a short distance until his general route is clear, the hunters are satisfied for

the day, and return to camp. An experienced Indian or half-breed can tell from the direction and character of the trail about where the game is. To him the woods are an open book, with the tracks for words.

The next day before sunrise the hunters are off, and starting from a new direction make a wide circle around the spot where the fresh track was last seen. Presently the guide stops, and, after looking earnestly at the ground for a moment, turns disgustedly away. The hunter questions him, and he points to the leaves. "Two moose — cow and calf — two days old." Sure enough, there are the two tracks, looking not unlike cattle-marks, only rather more pointed in shape, one large and the other small. The leaves fallen into the prints show they are old. Swinging the butts of their rifles over their shoulders again, the two move on in silent Indian file, winding now over the top of some hill with an open glade of birch, maple, and beech, now through some hemlock swamp; walking logs in preference to the ground, a feat easily performed when one wears moccasins; now out on some *brûlée* in hideous contrast to the surrounding forests. Mile after mile in this way — the guide stopping often to examine a trail, where perhaps the blunted character of the prints shows that some big bull has passed there many hours before. Finally the fresh track of the day before is found miles from where last seen. It can be identified by the general direction of the trail, and the number, sex, and age of the moose that made it. All this is an open secret to the guide, who grins silently as he points to the trail, which the other had long since given up as hopelessly lost. Now it is time for lunch. A little fire is built, the inevitable tea cooked, and cold pork or venison eaten in silence.

The hunter, when the halt was called, was so exhausted that he could scarcely stagger under the weight of his rifle. The rest and lunch make a new man of him, and he takes the trail again as fit and enthusiastic as when he left camp. Now the real work begins. The track is an hour or so old. The twigs crushed under the heavy foot have scarcely begun to straighten out, as they will in a few hours. Perhaps a little snow still shows the clean-cut outlines that last so short a time. The game cannot be far off, and is apparently moving slowly along, feeding on the tops of the moosewood, which grows abundantly in their favorite haunts.

It would never do to follow directly down trail, for the moose would catch the scent. So they circle down wind — that is, leave the track and, taking a long swing round, turn up wind again and approach the trail with great caution at a point a mile or so beyond where it was last seen. The prints now show very fresh. Water, perhaps, from a puddle is still trickling

into a half-filled mark. Other signs indicate his nearness. He has stopped lopping the twigs, and his uncertain and wandering course shows that he is looking for a comfortable place to lie down. The track is at once abandoned, and in the same way as before a smaller circle is made. Every step is studied, not a twig must snap, not a bush be disturbed, not a bough scrape against moccasin or gun. Foot by foot the hunters again get down wind, and even more slowly turn back. The moose is now in front, lying down. He has himself made a half-circle on his own trail, and is now to leeward of it, so that anything passing along his back track will scent the wind as it blows to him. Then, too, he is lying facing his footmarks, and can see anything approaching him from that direction. Thus the necessity of not following directly on the track is apparent. The hunters are now to leeward of the moose, and are working slowly toward him with every nerve on the stretch, starting at the slightest noise, peering anxiously in every direction, expecting to see the huge beast rise from behind each fallen tree-top. Every hillock is carefully mounted, and the surrounding woods are inspected. Panting with excitement, forgetful of the weariness and the long road home, the hunter sees phantoms of immense antlers and charging bulls, figures to himself a thousand times the deliberation with which he will shoot, just where on the shoulder he will "hold," and sees in every movement of the spruce boughs a dim and vanishing form, and hears in every squirrel's chattering around him the sound of departing hoofs. Thus on and on, praying for a clear shot and a big pair of horns, till suddenly the guide stops and looks reproachfully back, and then turns sadly to the hunt again. A rotten root has broken underfoot with a muffled sound so slight that the hunter himself had not noticed it. Fifty rods further, and for the last time the guide stops and points to the bed of a huge moose faintly outlined in the wet leaves, still warm. "Too much hurry" is his only comment. The broken root has done its work and told its story to the ready ears, and the immense creature has risen, and, stepping over a log some three feet thick without touching it, has passed noiselessly into the dense bush from under the very eyes of his pursuers.

Then comes the long tramp back to camp in the growing dusk. Tired out and disgusted with hunting, they pick their way through the woods by some short cut which the guide finds and follows with the instinct of a hound, until at length the welcome gleam of the camp-fire is seen. Back at last, they eat a hasty supper and sink into a dreamless sleep, only to waken on the morrow with fresh determination to find more tracks. So the hunt goes on, until at last the stalk is successful, and the game is started

up in plain sight, or is found quietly browsing. A well-sent ball ends the chase, and the labor and fatigues of perhaps weeks are fully recompensed. A still-hunt of this description, in the skill required, infinitely outranks the much-vaunted "stag-stalking" in Scotland, and is the noblest of American sports.

Here, truly, is grand game, and one which could be restored to its former haunts in the Adirondacks with a little intelligent outlay. Native American game abounded in that beau-

tiful region at no far distant time, and may again, if the men who have charge of the forest commission, and who appear to know nothing of game, would abstain from silly plans of introducing the European boar—a most unattractive and destructive creature, entirely out of keeping with American surroundings. Perhaps some day the example of private preserves may induce the legislature to attempt a restoration in a State park; but until that day comes, the work of destruction in game and forest will go on.

Madison Grant.

POEMS OF WINTER.

THE STILLNESS OF THE FROST.

OUT of the frost-white wood comes winnowing through
 No wing; no homely call or cry is heard.
 Even the hope of life seems far deferred.
 The hard hills ache beneath their spectral hue.
 A dove-gray cloud, tender as tears or dew,
 From one lone hearth exhaling, hangs unstirred,
 Like the poised ghost of some unnamed great bird
 In the ineffable pallor of the blue.
 Such, I must think, even at the dawn of Time,
 Was thy white hush, O world, when thou lay'dst cold,
 Unwaked to love, new from the Maker's word,
 And the spheres, watching, stilled their high accord
 To marvel at perfection in thy mold,
 The grace of thine austerity sublime!

Charles G. D. Roberts.

A WINTER LOVE-SONG.

THE sad fields, veiled in falling snow,
 They are not sad to me;
 Not chill, to me, the winds that blow,
 However chill they be:

The eddying flakes that speed away,
 With music they drift down,
 Through myriad, lacing branches gray,
 On dead leaves, crisp and brown.

No bloom upon the whitening hill,
 No green leaf on the tree;
 The music is sad music: still
 It is not sad to me.

For song, with my heart's muffled might,
 Keeps measure, blow for blow;
 My love's warm breast is pure and white,
 And softer than the snow.

Robert Burns Wilson.

OUT OF HER CLASS.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.



HE Eltons had gone South to see less of their friends and more of each other.

Since his father's death Arthur Elton had found it necessary to devote all the time to the office he could possibly spare from dinners and dances. Occasionally he saw his mother at breakfast, and his sister at dinner—that is, when they happened to be dining out at the same house. Yet, like most small families, they were peculiarly united in their affections, although circumstances had kept them constantly apart.

Elton had regarded his sister Alice much as he would a growing plant. Her development from a girl in short dresses to a thorough girl of society was a never-failing source of interest and amusement to him. When she had been much younger she used to come to his room to see him add the finishing touches to his evening toilet, and to listen to the unpleasant things he said about his ties and washerwoman, and the terrible errors committed by girls he knew which had quite ruined their social career. This was his idea of telling her what not to do. He knew that when Alice did come out the sort of time she had would materially affect his own enjoyment. He did not fancy spending the entire evening with her at dances, and he was also anxious that she should add credit to the family name. When she did come out, and women told him his sister was a success, and he saw her surrounded by the right sort of men, there was no one who enjoyed her success as much as he did.

Alice and her mother went South in June, with the understanding that Arthur was to join them a month later. They settled themselves in a small cottage which stood in a wood a few hundred feet from the hotel. They had not expected to find many people who would interest them, and they were not disappointed. The men and women at the hotel were gathered together from every corner of the South. Along with representatives of the best of the old families was a sprinkling of the sort that wear a good deal of jewelry, and who in the eyes of the Eltons were very much overdressed. There was dancing from eleven until dinner-time, which was at one o'clock, and after dinner the men who had traps took their fa-

vorites driving, and those who did not have traps, or were not favorites, had a very good time standing on the piazzas and making remarks about those who were more fortunate. After supper the dancing was resumed to the strains of a very bad quartet of violins, a piano, and a shrieking cornet.

In all of this the Eltons took little or no part. A few of the women at the hotel called at the cottage, and the calls were promptly returned, but no intimacies followed. The Eltons were not popular. The girls at the hotel said Alice was a nice, quiet young thing who was good to her mother, and there their opinion rested. They presumed the mother was an invalid, and the girl not sufficiently intelligent to enjoy their amusements. This was very well as long as the mother and daughter were alone, but they knew that the head of the family was fond of other society than their own, and they did not believe that he would be content to remain forever in the cottage.

And yet among all the girls they could see no one whom they thought it worth while to adopt for his special benefit. There were pretty girls who were very stupid, and girls who were not pretty, and who had enough sense to know it, and had adopted certain artificial virtues of which the Eltons did not approve, but there were none whom they thought sufficiently attractive to take into their confidence. Mrs. Elton was less hopeful than her daughter. Alice had seen her brother in society, which his mother had not, and very often she did not agree with her brother's choice as to the girls to whom he chose to devote himself. Her greatest fear was that he would be attentive to some one to whom her mother or herself could not be polite.

"Arthur is always finding virtues in a girl," she said, "that exist for no one but himself. I should not be surprised to see him devote himself to the worst flirt at the Springs."

She spoke in generalities, but she was really afraid of one girl. Her name was Zoë White, and she was admitted to be easily the belle of the Springs. Tall and well-built, with big gray eyes and a mass of fluffy brown hair, she was at least a girl about whom every man was sure to express an opinion. Her complexion varied with the tone of her gowns, which were well made and rather accentuated her well-developed figure. Alice Elton objected to her because her

gloves were usually slightly soiled, and there was an air about her clothes, especially about her throat, that looked as if she had dressed hurriedly and for men, and not, as most girls do, for other women. She had been engaged to half a dozen men, and boasted of the fact to every new man she met. At the time of the Eltons' arrival an insignificant gentleman named Crowley was her accepted suitor. Both of them had horses at the Springs, and they drove each other out on alternate afternoons. He was rich, and had the prestige of an array of love-affairs almost equal to that of Miss White herself. The people at the hotel said that when two such celebrities as Zoë White and young Crowley got together something had to come of it, and the date of the marriage was variously fixed at from one to six months.

Miss White was at her best when perched on the box seat of her high cart. The close-fitting cloth dress and the trap had been imported from New York, and the effect was very smart. Alice Elton suggested to her mother that the cart, dress, and all had been bought in a set, just as croquet and tennis sets are bought—"all complete," and she was fearful of the result when a part of the outfit should wear out, and Miss White should attempt to replace the loss without consulting the manufacturers.

The two girls seldom met. Miss White had made numerous advances to Alice, but they were not received with much enthusiasm. It was not usual for Zoë White to be persistently polite to any one. She occasionally stopped to speak to a group of old ladies knitting on the piazza, but this was only a plea to be treated gently in their garrulous talks. To her rivals she was perhaps more than civil, because by long experience she found it paid. These were the women she feared. Old ladies could talk only of what they heard. It was the girls of her own age and her own set, who saw her commit the follies which had made her famous, that she dreaded. Perhaps she saw that Alice Elton had certain dangerous attractions which she and the other women at the Springs did not have, or it may have been from a certain goodness of heart which had been kept under for some time past, but certain it is that she tried to be very kind to Alice, and that Alice politely but positively refused such kindness.

Once or twice Alice had gone over to the hotel with her mother, and had accepted the attentions of some of Miss White's lovers with apparent pleasure. Why she did this she probably did not know herself, unless it was an undefined desire for the admiration she was so used to in the city. After leading a man on for an evening she always woke up the next morning with a keen regret for her behavior,

and with a feeling that she had done something unworthy of her. Then she went over to the hotel to breakfast, and utterly ignored her admirer of the evening before. The only effect produced was slightly to reduce the young man's opinion of himself, and seriously to annoy Miss White, to whom he was sure to open his heart and say he was going to cut Miss Elton hereafter for good and all.

It was late in July when Arthur Elton joined his family at the Springs. When he left New York for the South he thought that he had been very much overworked, and was run down in consequence. He decided that when he reached the Springs he would lie down on a lounge in his mother's cottage, and stay there until his month's vacation had come to an end; but when he left the train at the little station in the Virginia hills, and had climbed to the top of an old stage-coach, he drew in a long breath of the fresh mountain air and felt quite himself again. He at once decided that he would send for his riding-clothes by the first mail, and spend the next month riding over the mountains with Alice for his companion. He sat on the front seat of the stage with the driver, and discussed the horses that were pulling them over the rough mountain roads, the crops, and all the other subjects which he thought the driver's bucolic mind was capable of grasping. When all the subjects of conversation had at last been exhausted, he relapsed into a silent admiration of the beauty of the high hills, with their splendid growth of fir and hemlock, and of the sky, which seemed bluer to him than he had ever seen it before. While the stage was still at some distance from the hotel, in a narrow turning in the road it came suddenly upon Zoë White in her cart, with the faithful Crowley at her side. If a fairy princess in a gauze skirt and with a silver wand had suddenly stepped out from one of the high rocks that lay along the road, young Elton could not have been more surprised than by the sudden appearance of Miss White. Before he reached his mother's cottage he had decided that he would not send for his riding-clothes, but would probably do a great deal of driving.

He did not broach the subject of the girl he had seen in the cart until he saw her enter the dining-room on the evening of his arrival. Then he told his family how he had met her on the road, and asked them why they had failed to mention her in their letters. It was not difficult to see that Miss White was not a favorite. While his sister acknowledged her supremacy as the belle of the Springs, her dislike for the girl was ill-concealed.

"Why," said Elton, "what is the matter with her?"

"Oh, I don't know," said his sister; "she

pencils her eyebrows, and rouges, and generally makes herself unnaturally fascinating."

"What if she does?" said her brother. "Lots of girls do that down here. It is just as right and natural for her to put on rouge as it is for you to put on your skirt."

Mrs. Elton, who had regarded what her children were saying with the seriousness that mothers usually attach to the remarks of their offspring, suddenly broke into the conversation.

"I 'm very sorry, Arthur," she said, "but Alice and I never thought you would like her at all, and this morning we refused an invitation for you to a supper that she gives to-night."

"You and Alice don't seem very fond of the belle of the Springs, but I suppose suppers are plentiful. I 'm not sure that I sha'n't give her one myself."

"It 's very simple," said the sister; "all you have to do is to tell Miss White to ask ten of her friends, and then get a case of champagne. The hotel supplies the crackers."

The coming of Arthur Elton to the Springs was a matter of much moment. The fact that he was Mrs. Elton's son was a sufficient guarantee as to his sound financial condition, and that he was from the North did not detract from his popularity among the women. He was a good-looking, athletic young man, whom the world, which had become acquainted with his position long before he had, had treated very well. If he had one decided advantage over other well-to-do young men, it was in the fact that he never tired of the pleasures that money brought him, and never grew callous to the fact that he had advantages which very few of his fellow-men ever enjoyed.

After supper it was the custom of the entire hotel to adjourn to the little office and wait for the mail. Elton took advantage of the opportunity to meet Miss White, and did not leave her until he had promised to devote himself to her during the entire evening. Then he joined his people, and told how the belle of the Springs stormed at young men's hearts at a first meeting, instead of wasting time in preliminary skirmishes.

When the dance began, the three Eltons sat outside of the window and watched the people inside. There was much that was very new and interesting to them. Some of the dresses were distinctly odd, and the manœuvres of several gentlemen in the square dances were of the kind to be found only in a country hotel.

Elton left them presently, and went to dance with Zoë White, while the mother and sister watched them from the window. It would be difficult to say which interested them more, the apparent efforts of the girl to ensnare her partner's affections, or his apparent amusement

at them. When he returned to his mother and sister he told them that he had been entrapped, and was going to supper with Miss White after all. The sister laughed, and the mother tried to look amused, and then they went off to a corner of the piazza, where he told them all that he and the other men had done since they had left the city.

Elton had never attended a supper just like the one given to Miss White that evening, and when it was through, and he had gone out on the porch, he thought the night air had never seemed so pleasant. There was a refreshing purity about it, and he was glad to be alone.

The morning after the supper Elton ate a lonely breakfast, and then went outside to look for his people. He saw them sitting alone at the end of the porch. He nodded and bowed to his friends of the previous evening, and stopped for a moment to speak to Miss White.

"Mr. Elton," she said, "I have a very fair pair of cobs down here, and if you have nothing better to do, would you care to drive this afternoon?"

Elton glanced at his mother, who was some distance away, and could see that both she and his sister were smiling at him.

"Yes," he said; "I should be only too glad to go. What time would suit you best—shall we say four?"

"Very well," she said, and then he moved on through the little groups of women and their admirers until he reached the place where his people had settled for their morning's sewing.

The hot summer day dragged through its weary length as only a summer day can in Virginia. He had a chat with Miss White in the morning, and found her far more proficient in the art of flirtation than most young ladies that he had known. Later in the day they drove through the winding roads of the mountains. He had never before been in so picturesque a country, and by the time he returned to the hotel he felt that he was launched in an affair that could scarcely end before the breaking up of the season.

Much to the disgust of his rival, Crowley, he danced many times with Miss White that evening, and drove with her the next day. Indeed, for the next three days he saw little else at the Springs than Miss White. Once or twice he stopped to wonder exactly how it would end, but he had great confidence in his ability to break off affairs easily, and he saw no reason why this should prove an exception. It was on the evening of the third day that they left the ball-room together, and went to the corner of the hotel which Miss White said she had made her own by right of discovery. It was a little porch leading off from the second floor hallway, and was very dark and isolated.

It had been part of Elton's education to make love to women who wished to be made love to. In the few days that he had known this girl it was very easy to see that this was what she was used to; and it was not very difficult, for she was pretty, and he to a certain extent was susceptible. He had told a dozen women before that he loved them, and the conditions on this occasion were certainly favorable to such a falsehood. It was what she liked, it was what she courted, and so he told her that even in the short time that he had known her he had learned to care for her as he never had for any other woman. When he began he knew he did not mean it; he knew that she knew he did not mean it. But as he whispered to the girl the words he had so often before spoken to pretty women, he almost forgot for the time that he was not telling the truth. In the dim light he thought he had never seen any one half so pretty. The fact that he had only just met the girl was proof against any danger; so he ran on without a thought of the consequences. He told her all the silly lies that a man tells this sort of woman. But in such an affair, to the man of the world, there is a point at which there is a danger-signal, and he never passes this point. But Elton was very young, and did not see the danger-signal; he flew past it.

In his feigned eagerness he said something that might have been construed into a proposal. The second the words were out of his mouth he saw his mistake, and would have given anything to recall them. He was about to hurry on and save himself, when the girl suddenly drew her hand away from his, and looked directly into his eyes. With an effort he kept his eyes fastened on her, but he knew that he had grown absolutely cold. In that second he was aware that he had thrown away his life, and that he had made his mother and his sister miserable for the rest of their days. And then there came a sudden revulsion against the woman who sat beside him; the pretty face that in its pretended innocence had been listening to his silly words had turned into one of a hardened woman of the world. Even in the dim light he could see that her face was rouged, and her eyebrows absurdly blackened. Then he heard her say something about "meaning it," and "so sudden," and he knew he had had his chance and had thrown it away.

To a certain extent she had taken advantage of him, but he believed that he deserved it. He had made a mistake, and he must take the consequences. Whether she loved him or not he had no idea, but there could be no doubt that if she did not really care for him she made a very good pretense of doing so.

That night he spent tossing about in his narrow bed; he could think of nothing but his

mother and sister waiting for him in the morning. He repeated many times what he had to tell them, and he knew that it was going to break their hearts and make them unhappy always.

The next morning after breakfast he took them to a quiet corner of the porch, and told them all that had happened, all—except the fact that he did not love the girl. There was no use in telling them this, and making their pain the greater. He would try to deceive them as he would the girl; for how long he did not know.

Later in the day he was congratulated by half the people in the hotel. It seemed to him the girl might have waited until they had decided together when the engagement should be officially announced, but in his present state of mind he really did not care much what she or any one else did.

The next day and the next he drove and walked with her in the daytime, and danced with her at night. His mother and his sister treated her with civility, and that was all. They avoided the subject as much as possible, and when other people broached it they said as little as they could. There is nothing so conducive to positive affection or absolute hatred between a young man and a young woman as to put them together in a small place where they are each the most interesting of their sex that that particular place can boast of.

In a week Elton's mother and sister saw what Elton himself did not see, and that was that he was happy only when he was with Zoë White. He dropped his family entirely, and fretted and worried when they insisted on his occasionally dining with them alone. They would not believe that he was with Zoë White so constantly with so much apparent pleasure only because he had no one with whom to compare her.

Elton did sometimes compare her with his sister, but he knew that Alice had been brought up differently from other girls, and it would not have been fair to any one of them to make such a comparison. Once or twice he stopped to wonder at the change that had come over him, but his thoughts were always interrupted by the appearance of Miss White, on which occasions serious thoughts were entirely out of the question. The mother and sister made a desperate effort to overcome their aversion to the girl, and decided that the boy had found something in Zoë White which other people had failed to find; that there must be another side which she had never shown. That Arthur was falling honestly in love with the girl the two women had no doubt, and if she was not the one they would have chosen for a daughter and sister, at least there must be something in her to have gained such a hold on Elton.

It was nearly two weeks after the engagement had been announced that the two girls met one



"IN HIS FEIGNED EAGERNESS."

afternoon in the woods near the house. All the day Alice Elton had been upbraiding herself for the way in which she had treated Zoë White, and she was glad to be alone with the girl, that she might try to make amends, and to make it more easy for the future.

"Zoë," she said, "I'm very glad to find you alone, for I want to speak to you, and beg your pardon for the mistake that mother and I have made. It is n't an easy thing to do,

unless you choose to make it so. We were not friends before, because—well, because we did n't seem to have the same tastes. I misunderstood you, and I showed it. Then Arthur came, and he was cleverer than we were, and he liked you; and Zoë, we want to like you, too." Miss Elton held out her hand, but the other girl was looking at the ground. "Of course Arthur was the only brother I had, and I should n't have liked any one he cared

for as much as he does for you; that is, until I became used to it. I know that I was brutally rude to you, but I want you to forget that, and let us not be enemies any longer—just sisters, as we should be.”

The Southern girl had listened to Alice's long, faltering apology without a word of help or forgiveness. Once or twice she had smiled, as if unconsciously, but for the most part the words seemed to fail in fulfilling their purpose. But now it had become necessary that she should say something, and she stopped knocking pebbles into the little stream that ran by her feet, and turned to look at Alice.

“Do you know, Miss Elton,” she said, “I’ve waited for this for a long time, and I had almost given up the hope that it was ever going to come. I know it has been a pretty hard thing for you to say, for you don’t like or understand me, whichever way you choose to put it; and so I appreciate it all the more. As for all the hard, unkind things you said about me before Arthur—before your brother came, they were uncharitable, and I was n’t used to them, and they cut me, and they made me hate you as I believe I never hated any one before. But that is your forte; that has been part of your Northern training. They like it up there; we don’t down here. I did n’t think of that then—I was too angry, I suppose; but it’s all over now, and—well, I reckon we’re quits.” Alice Elton stepped to the side of the girl and tried to take her hand, but Zoë drew it away, and quickly rose to her feet. She was very nervous, and the tears were coming to her eyes. “You must forgive me, but I must go now. I promised to meet your brother at the hotel. We’re going for a walk, and I’m late now.” She started in the direction of the hotel, but when she had gone a few steps she turned suddenly about, took both of Miss Elton’s hands in hers, and smiled in her face with the superiority with which a mother might look at her child. “Thank you, my dear,” she said; “you have been very good; I won’t be ungrateful. Good-by.”

In another moment she had gone to meet her lover, and Alice was left alone with her book, and to wonder how Miss White meant to be grateful.

Elton and Zoë White walked up the steep hill, and wandered along a narrow path facing a deep valley. They did not talk much, for, like all lovers, their happiness was in being together. Sometimes they stopped to say something about the trees or the hills that lay in front of them, and sometimes it was only to allow him to pull a briar that had caught her skirt; but it always ended by some remark on his part which would have seemed very unnecessary to outsiders, but which was nevertheless very pleasant to her ears.

When they reached a turn in the path they

stopped for lack of breath. The girl sat on the edge of a low flat rock, and Elton threw himself at full length on the ground at her feet. For a few minutes neither of them spoke. They were looking at the green hills across the cañon. The air was so clear that they could see the hills and valley stretching out for miles in front of them.

“I wish,” he said, “that our life would always be as clear ahead of us as that valley, and that the right thing to do would always stand out as clearly as that fir-tree over there does against the sky.” She looked at him questioningly, but he was still looking away and did not see her.

“I don’t think it is very hard for a man or woman who has been well brought up to see the right thing to do. Do you?” she said.

“No,” he said, without raising his eyes. “I suppose that is what stamps a man or woman of good breeding, to be able to choose the one right thing from the dozen wrong ones.”

“Do you think I could always choose the right one?” she said.

Elton did not reply, but, reaching out, took her hand. She did not draw it away, but let it lie in his as cold and unresponsive as if it belonged to the dead. He looked up suddenly into her face, and saw a look there which he had never seen before. Her lips were tightly closed, and she was looking across the valley with a hard, determined expression that he feared without knowing why.

He pressed her hand, and called her “Zoë” several times, but she seemed unconscious of his presence, and paid no attention to him. Then, without taking her eyes from the hills across the valley, she began to talk as if to herself, and as if the man beside her might have been a great many miles away.

“No,” she said; “I don’t think I can make a mistake, and that is what I wanted to speak to you about to-day. When you came here some weeks ago you heard me spoken of as a summer girl; you heard that I made love to men, and that dark corners and buggy-rides were my only source of amusement. Well, they were right, in a way. I sat in corners, and I drove with men in buggies, because I was taught that that was the most profitable way to spend my time.

“Don’t you suppose that I tired of all that long ago? Do you think I get any pleasure out of men who know no more than I do; who give up their lives to talking a lot of lies to girls whom they have been brought up with as children, and should treat as sisters? But what is a girl going to do? I’m like every other woman that ever breathed: I like attention from men, and I’m going to get it even if I have to do the things I most detest.

“Do you, and your mother, and your sister,



"ONCE OR TWICE SHE HAD SMILED."

think I am going to lead the life your sister does just because you think in the North that your sort of life is right and ours is wrong?

"Why, I know perfectly well all the unkind things your sister said about me. If it had been one of these girls down here I should n't have cared, for I could have taken the men away from her. But it was different with her. She did n't care for these men here, and was glad to be left alone. The only way I could strike her was through you, and I did it. I have made her and your mother suffer as probably they have never suffered before. But I reckon it has gone far enough, and I am going

to let up on all of you. You can go home now and tell them that I—or you, if you choose—broke off the engagement. It is all over. I have had my revenge, and every one is happy again. You can go back to the North and make love to your cold Northerners, and I shall go back to the dark corners. It seems strange though, after these two weeks, does n't it?"

The man had been looking into her face, but it was only as she finished her last sentence that her eyes met his. She looked at him for several moments until the tears slowly filled her eyes. "Zoë," he said, "you are talking nonsense. I don't care what idea you may have

had in the first place. I know how much I love you now, and I think I know how much you care for me."

The girl brushed the tears away, but did not again look at him. "Arthur," she said, "as you say, there is one right thing to do in this and in all cases, and a lot of wrong ones. I won you under false pretenses, and I am going to give you up. I owe it to you. I owe it to myself. I owe it to your family for all the pain I have given them. Then, I think, perhaps they will see there was something under the rouge after all.

"There is but one favor I still have to ask you, and if you love me as you say you do I don't see how you can very well refuse me. You must leave me here now, and never try to see me again. I am to leave the Springs tomorrow, and you can spend the rest of the summer unmolested with your mother and your sister."

"And wherever you go," he said, "I am going with you."

"I would n't if I were you," she said, "because Crowley is going with me."

"Crowley?"

"Yes, Crowley. I am going to end my notorious career by running away with the richest man at the Springs. If you come back here a year from now, or later, you will find me a gay married woman. The rouge will be a little thicker, and my hair perhaps a little lighter, but I shall still be the same old Zoë White you used to know."

"And is this the girl," said Elton, "that I

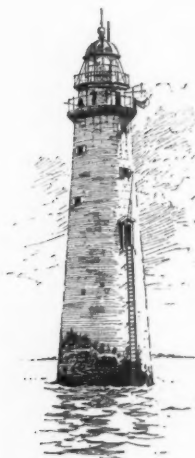
have heard talk as I have heard you talk of what a girl could do with her life and the life of the man that loved her?" She sat for a long time resting her chin in one hand, and looking across the valley.

"Yes," she said; "it's the same girl. She talked that way under very peculiar conditions. Did you ever notice those cobs of mine? Well, if you have, you will remember that Tatters is n't nearly as good as Rags; but drive them together, and Tatters can hold up his end every time: drive him single, and he is n't even fit for the roads about here. I don't know whether you see what I mean, but I've watched those horses so closely I see a likeness to them in everything. I was being driven at an unnatural gait, that's all. It could n't last, because I could n't stand the strain any more than old Tatters. It just showed me what a chance some girls have. But that is all over now forever."

Elton tried to put his arm about her and say something to her, but she angrily pushed him away, and then all the flush left her face just as suddenly as it had come, and she put her hand on his shoulder just as one man does to another when he wants to show his affection for him.

"Yes," she said; "you may kiss me again, but it is for the last time. I don't belong to you any more. You must go back at once. I've thought of this so long and so much, and I know it is best for both of us. For heaven's sake, Arthur, leave me now—won't you? Don't forget I am only a woman."

Charles Belmont Davis.



LIFE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

(MINOT'S LEDGE.)

WITH PICTURES BY W. TABER.

AS the billows roll in from the Atlantic toward the rocky shores of Cohasset, on the south side of Boston Bay, their onward sweep is checked by a round, gray, ancient-looking tower that rises out of the sea. On a calm day the waves swash around its base, meeting on the lee side in a spout that quivers in the air, a column of liquid porphyry, to fall back again and be lost in a hundred eddies

among hidden rocks, like the Little Minot and East Shag, that lie between the tower and the shore. In a stiff breeze each billow, as it strikes, sends a shower of glittering spray half-way up the tower's height of a hundred and fourteen feet, and a long breaker sweeps shoreward, its gleaming crest, which seems about to pour like a cataract into the trough of the sea, held in suspense by the mighty onrush of the wave from which it overhangs. But right in its course lies the Little Minot; and lo! the bold front of the breaker, with the power of the Atlantic at its back, is broken to foam as it closes in upon the ledge. Its crest, so long proudly poised, pours into the hollow; there is a moment of hissing and seething; a thou-

sand white tongues are licking the jagged outcropping of rock; they meet, pass over and under one another in their undulations, swish up and swash back again, separate into countless miniature whirlpools—and then there is nothing left of the great wave but a circle of froth.

savagely upon the tower, dashing tons of spray high into the air above it—the shattered remnants of the heaving mass that a moment before struck the granite courses. For the sea meets its match in the lighthouse on Minot's Ledge. Yet the shattered wave has not spent

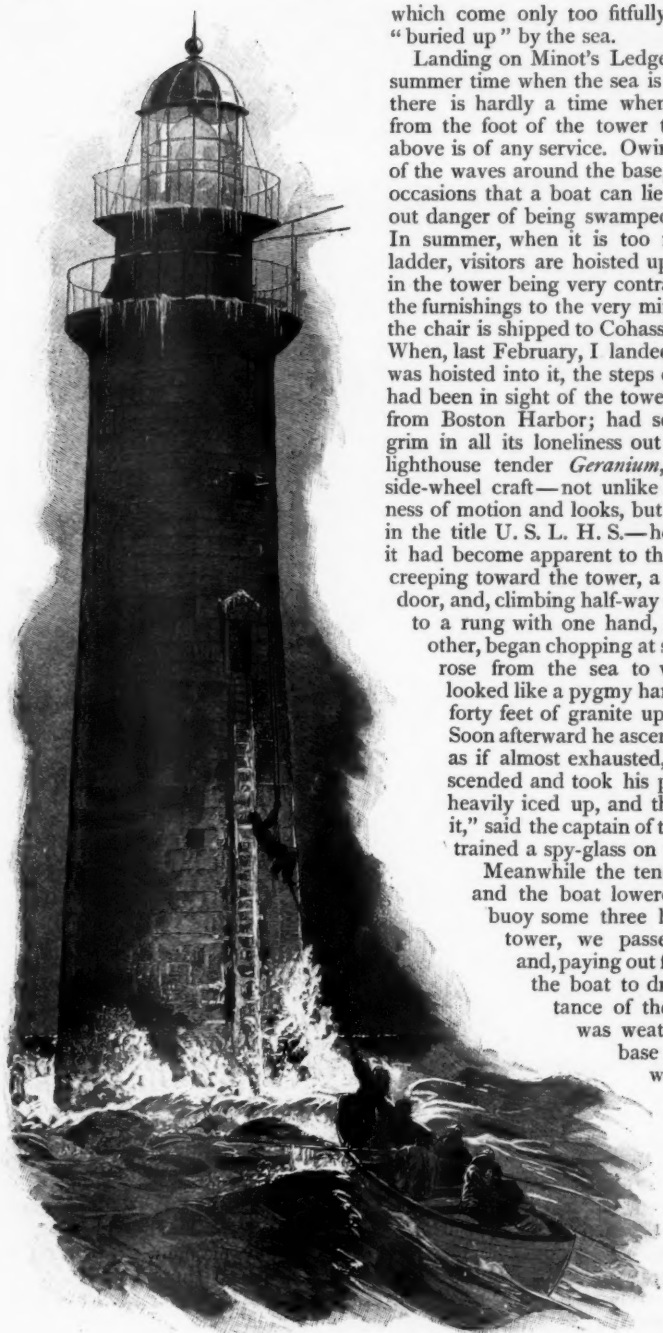


IN A NORTHEASTER.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

But it is in a northeasterly storm that the old gray tower most grandly maintains its battle with the sea; for then the billows have had the broad expanse of storm-swept ocean over which to gather force. Long livid lines of breakers rush out from behind the threatful storm-clouds that lower upon the horizon, like the battalions of an army marshaled by the powers of the air and the sea against the structure that man has reared in defiance of their prerogative. Each wave hurls itself

its fury all in vain. It, too, can boast its moment of triumph, for it has struck terror into some hearts—not into those of the lighthouse-keepers, for throughout the shock and confusion of the storm the vigil in the watch-room is faithfully maintained; but in the keepers' dwellings on shore, between which and Minot's Ledge gleam three miles of white water,—the winding-sheet of ships,—anxious faces at the windows are watching through the night for reassuring glimpses of the light,



A WINTER LANDING.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STARR.

which come only too fitfully when the tower is all "buried up" by the sea.

Landing on Minot's Ledge is easy enough in the summer time when the sea is smooth; but in winter there is hardly a time when the ladder that runs from the foot of the tower to the door forty feet above is of any service. Owing to the peculiar wash of the waves around the base, it is only on very rare occasions that a boat can lie near the ladder without danger of being swamped or dashed to pieces. In summer, when it is too rough to land by the ladder, visitors are hoisted up in a chair; but space in the tower being very contracted, the keepers limit the furnishings to the very minimum, and in the fall the chair is shipped to Cohasset, where it hibernates. When, last February, I landed at Minot's, or rather was hoisted into it, the steps could not be used. We had been in sight of the tower since we had put out from Boston Harbor; had seen it rising gray and grim in all its loneliness out of the waves. As the lighthouse tender *Geranium*, a low, broad, black side-wheel craft—not unlike a beetle in deliberateness of motion and looks, but nevertheless rejoicing in the title U. S. L. H. S.—headed for Minot's, and it had become apparent to the keepers that she was creeping toward the tower, a figure appeared at the door, and, climbing half-way down the ladder, hung to a rung with one hand, and, with an ax in the other, began chopping at something white which rose from the sea to where he stood. He looked like a pygmy hanging there against the forty feet of granite up which the ladder ran. Soon afterward he ascended the ladder slowly, as if almost exhausted, and another man descended and took his place. "The ladder is heavily iced up, and they're trying to clear it," said the captain of the *Geranium*, who had trained a spy-glass on the tower.

Meanwhile the tender had been hove to and the boat lowered. Pulling to a spar-buoy some three hundred feet from the tower, we passed a line around it, and, paying out from the buoy, allowed the boat to drift within hailing distance of the keeper. The tower was weather-streaked, and its base up to high-water mark was covered with a greenish black ooze. Around the base the sea was gurgling. Occasionally a breaker swept threateningly toward the boat, and the mate in the stern would haul her in by the cable toward the buoy, while the crew

backed water clear of the combing crest, which would have swamped her but for this maneuvering. Out of the ocean before us rose course after course of solid masonry to a deep, narrow doorway far above us, where, his hands grasping iron supports, he himself leaning out over the water, stood what seemed from our distance a diminutive human figure in dark blue. The answer to our hail came back faintly above the noisy sea. It was too rough to land at the ladder, and even if it were not, the lower half was so thickly incrustated with ice that no one could retain a foothold on it; but if the block and tackle could be rigged before the sea roughened, I might be hoisted into the tower. The assistant inspector had told me before I left the tender that this might be the only way of landing me, adding, "If you don't like the looks of the rig, come back, and we'll try some other day"; so that I had determined to make the attempt, no matter at what risk. In a deep port-hole two stories above the door a spar had been rigged. To this was attached a block through which ran a rope ending in a loop. A coil of line fastened to the loop was held in the hand of the keeper, who stood in the doorway. The boat was paid out from the buoy, the keeper threw the line, and as it fell across the boat one of the crew seized it and hauled it in. Straddling the loop, and grasping the rope above it with both hands, I gave the signal, and the keepers began hoisting, while one of the boat's crew slowly paid out the line to which the loop was attached. I was literally hanging between sea and sky, being hoisted upward and at the same time across toward the tower. It was a gray day. Where the sea below me shallowed over the jagged rocks around the base of the tower, I saw a tangle of slimy seaweed swirl half-way up to the surface and sink slowly out of sight. The little craft was now rising upon the waves, now lying in the trough of the sea, now backing toward the buoy, now moving away from it, according to the changing condition of the sea—and at Minot's it is ever changing. An accident to the boat or to the man who held the line attached to the loop, and no earthly power could have prevented my being dashed against the tower. But at last I had been raised to a level with the door, and was allowed to swing slowly into the arms of the keeper, who hauled me in, and was apparently as glad as I was to see me safely landed.

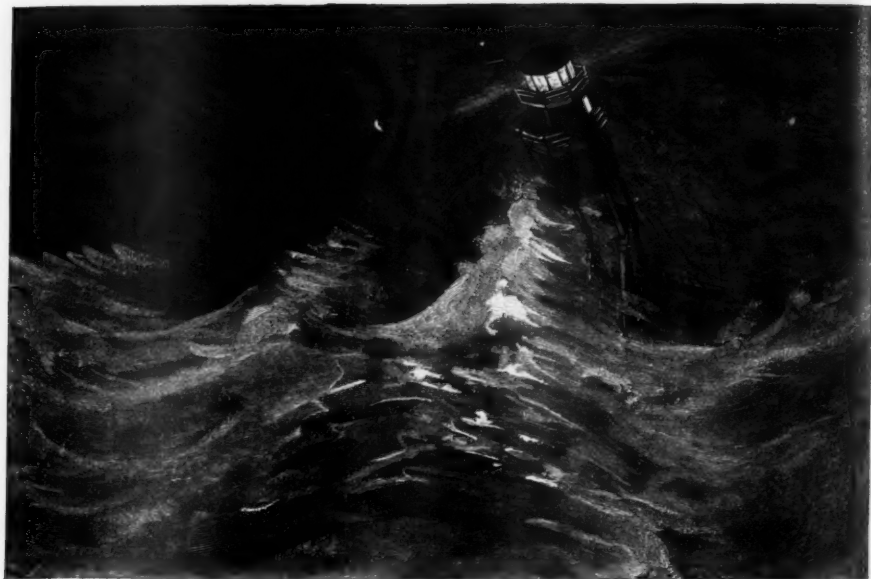
I found myself in a circular, brick-lined room, or rather cell, which received its only light through the deep, narrow door so high above the base of the tower that, as one looked out through it from the center of the room, it framed in nothing but a distant vista of heaving sea and gray, scurrying clouds. In the wall opposite



A SUMMER LANDING.

the door was a small, deep window, like the port-hole in a casemate. Its heavy wooden shutter was securely bolted, yet water was dripping from the granite recess into a bucket on the floor, with such force does the sea strike the tower on Minot's Ledge. An iron stairway curved along the wall through an iron ceiling to the story above. The granite floor was wet from spray that had been blown in through the doorway, and the roar of the sea reverberated within the confines of the room.

By all who are familiar with the dangers to which it is exposed and the difficulties which had to be overcome in its construction, the Minot's Ledge Lighthouse is considered a great work of engineering—greater, many experts think, than the famous Eddystone, because outlying ledges somewhat protect the latter against the assaults of the sea, and the rock on which



THE WRECK OF THE FIRST LIGHTHOUSE.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

it stands, being all above water, offers a better foundation surface than Minot's. The Outer Minot, the most exposed rock among the ledges on which the Minot's Ledge Lighthouse stands, is entirely submerged at high tide. Not until three quarters ebb do the first jagged points jut out above the water, and preliminary surveys showed that a surface only thirty feet in diameter was exposed at extreme low tide.

The lighthouse on Minot's Ledge stands within the shadow of a tragedy. It is the second structure erected upon the ledge. The first lighthouse and the lives it held were claimed by the sea. Begun in 1847 and completed in November, 1848, it was overwhelmed in April, 1851. Its destruction was the most tragic event in the history of our lighthouse establishment. The structure was an octagonal tower supported upon wrought-iron piles strengthened by braces. The piles penetrated five feet into the rock. On the braces, thirty-four and a half feet above the rock, the keeper had constructed a platform for the storage of bulky articles, and had fastened to the lantern-deck, sixty-three feet above the rock, a five-and-a-half-inch hawser which he had anchored to a seven-ton granite block. Along this hawser articles were hoisted up to the platform, and there landed. These "improvements" were convenient—and fatal; not, however, to the keeper who made them, for he was on shore when the storm which has

become historic for its fury burst over the coast.

On Monday, April 14, 1851, there was a strong easterly gale blowing. At that time there were on the tower two assistant keepers and a friend of the principal keeper. The visitor became frightened at the first indication of a storm, and, in response to a signal from the tower, a boat put off from Cohasset and took him ashore. On Tuesday the wind swung around to the northeast, the most dangerous quarter from which the elements can hurl themselves upon Minot's, as they then rejoice in the accumulated fury of miles of wind-torn sea. By the 16th it had increased to a hurricane, and the tower was so completely buried in the heavy seas that nothing of it could be seen by the group of anxious watchers at Cohasset. About four o'clock in the evening of the 16th the platform was washed ashore. Then the watchers knew that the water had risen to within seven feet of the tower. At nightfall it was seen that the light was burning. It was observed at fitful intervals until ten o'clock that night, when it was finally lost to sight. At one o'clock on the morning of Thursday, April 17, just at the turn of the flood, when the out-streaming tide and the inrushing hurricane met at Minot's, a violent tolling of the lighthouse bell was heard. After that no sound rose above the din of the storm. About six o'clock in the morning a man walking along the shore

saw a chair washed up a little distance ahead of him. Examining it, he recognized it as having been in the watch-room of the tower. After this discovery no one had any doubts of the tragedy which had been enacted behind the curtain of the storm. When it lifted, naught was seen over Minot's Ledge but the sea, its white crests streaming triumphantly in the gale.

It is believed by those competent to judge of such matters that the destruction of the tower was due to the surface which the platform constructed by the keeper offered to the waves, and to the strain of the hawser upon the structure. Every time this hawser was struck by a sea it actually tugged at the tower. There seems also little doubt that the sum appropriated by Congress for the building of the lighthouse was insufficient by about two thirds for such a structure as the perilous situation called for.

When the site was visited after the disaster, the bent and broken stumps of the iron piling were found in the rocks. Their appearance indicated that before the tower fell it had been bent to leeward until it actually hung over the wild and crested waters. This brought to mind the sudden violent tolling of the bell at one o'clock in the morning of that fatal 17th of April. No other conclusion seems possible than that when the tower heeled over to leeward each wave, as it swept over the parapet, struck the bell and set it swinging, so that the sea itself tolled the knell of the souls it was about to claim.

There is an incident in the tragedy of Minot's Ledge that should always be remembered. Up to the last moment the men on the tower kept the light, for its gleam was seen through the storm-scurd until the hurricane closed in too thick for the light to be visible. Of the men who thus did their duty face to face with death for the honor of the lighthouse service of the United States, one was a German, the other a Portuguese. No monument has been erected to these brave fellows; probably the idea of one has never been broached. Not even their names are remembered; for if you attempt to discover something of these humble heroes in Cohasset, all you will learn is that one was a "Dutchman" and the other a "Portugee."

"They hung to duty to the last," said the present keeper of Minot's Ledge Lighthouse, concluding his story of the tragedy to me one night in the watch-room, while a northeaster roared around the lantern, and the spray came rattling down upon it, the old tower meantime shaking the water off like a dog that has had a wetting. Such nights our thoughts naturally reverted to the men who had perished at their posts on the very spot where the tower in which

we sat was built. The body of one of them was found among the seaweed around East Shag. The other was never recovered.

Of these two whose spirit is it that is believed to revisit Minot's Ledge? For there have been keepers of the present tower who have affirmed that one of those who perished with the old lighthouse haunts the spot. Strange noises have been heard in the oil-room—sudden rattling of cans and clinking of glass, as if some one were at work there. Stories are also current of the mysterious filling of the lamp and cleaning of the lens and lantern. In the old tower, when a watch was at an end, the keeper in the watch-room summoned the keeper below by rapping on the stovepipe which ran up from the lower room, and the other keeper would rap in reply to notify the watch that he had heard the signal and would be up immediately. In the present tower the watch is called and the answer given by electric bells. One night, as the midnight watch was drawing to a close, the keeper in the watch-room, who had been brooding over the destruction of the old tower, quite unconsciously leaned forward and rapped with his pipe. A few minutes later he was startled to hear an answering rap from below. Every moment he expected the other keeper to appear and relieve him. After waiting in vain, he pressed the button of the electric bell, and after the usual interval the bell in the watch-room rang the reply from below, and the steps of the relieving watch were heard on the iron stairs. He had not heard the rapping, and therefore had made no reply, his first intimation of the change of watch having been the ringing of the bell!

The Minots are off the southeastern chop of Boston Bay. Vessels standing in for Boston Harbor, and losing their bearings in a northeaster, would be apt to be driven on the ledges, unless warned off by a friendly beacon. Indeed, here was, before the establishment of the light, a veritable ocean graveyard. Even since then there have been heartrending disasters, such as the breaking to pieces of the ship *St. John* on the Hogshead, when all but one of the hundred and sixty people aboard her were lost, the survivor being a woman who, lashed to a spar, was washed ashore in a half-frozen condition. Many corpses, among them women with children clasped to their breasts, drifted in on the "porridge-ice" with which the harbor was filled.

After the destruction of the first lighthouse, Congress made an appropriation for the building of another. The tower which now stands upon Minot's Ledge was designed by General J. G. Totten, and erected by Captain Barton S. Alexander, both of the Engineer Corps of the United States army. Captain Alexander's

work on the tower is considered second in importance only to that of the designer; for, owing to the exposed site, many difficulties had to be overcome in the course of construction. Work could be carried on only from April to September, the sea being too rough at other times to admit of the workmen gaining a footing on the ledge, or even of approaching it with safety. The first blow was struck Sunday morning, July 1, 1855. The building of Minot's Ledge Lighthouse was a work for humanity, and therefore Sunday, the first day the weather had been propitious for beginning operations, was utilized. The weather allowed of only one hundred and thirty working hours at the ledge that entire season. Preparing a partly submerged rock to receive the foundations of a granite tower is quite a different matter from digging a hole in the ground on shore. Guards in boats constantly plied around the ledge to pick up workmen who might be washed off into the sea, and their services were frequently required. Not until July 9, 1857, could the first stone be laid. During that season there were again only one hundred and thirty working hours at the ledge. Anticipating such a contingency, Captain Alexander had picked out a force of good all-round workmen, so that when work had to be suspended on the ledge the morale of his force would be maintained by keeping the men occupied on shore in shaping the granite blocks for the tower, and fitting the courses on a model, so that no time would be lost in correcting errors after the blocks had been shipped to the ledge. As a matter of fact, work on the model disclosed several miscalculations which would have caused annoying delay had they not been discovered in time to be rectified on shore. The tower was completed September 16, 1860, in 1102 hours and 21 minutes, at a cost of \$300,000. In shape it is the frustum of a cone, one hundred and fourteen feet and one inch in height, including the lantern. The first full course of masonry is thirty feet in diameter. Except for a narrow well running down through the center to the rock, the tower is a piece of solid granite masonry to the store-room, forty feet above. The well, besides storing water for the keepers' use, serves as an indicator of danger; for should there be a crack in

the masonry, it would leak. The store-room is one of five stories above the solid base. Each consists of one circular room lined with brick, and has a deep port-hole. All the stairways in the tower are iron, and so are the ceilings, except that of the fifth story, which is granite, is arched, and forms the top of the tower proper. These rooms are fourteen feet in diameter. The watch-room, lantern, and



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

WATCHING THE LIGHT.

dome are built above the tower proper, the cornice of which forms a parapet around the watch-room, while part of the bronze metal ceiling of the latter serves the same purpose for the lantern-deck. The lantern is framed in iron, and iron supports slant from the edge of the lantern-parapet to the top of the framework.

The masonry work of the base is strengthened by eight iron shafts set in the rock at the same points as the piling of the first tower; there are dowels between each course in the base, and the courses above the base are dovetailed. Indeed, the whole tower is so closely bolted and knit together that it seems destined to last as long as the rock on which it stands.

Over the store-room is the kitchen, where the keepers also eat their meals. Above this is the bedroom of the assistant keepers, that of the keeper being on the third floor. Though furnished with only the most necessary articles, there is little moving room left. Toilet is made at the kitchen sink, an arrangement which experience has proved to be the simplest and the best adapted to the circumstances. The fourth floor is the oil-room, where the nights' supply of oil for the lamp is kept, the annual consumption being about 875 gallons. The watch-room—the drawing-room of Minot's Ledge Lighthouse—is above this. Here the keepers sit when they are not busy during the day, and from here they watch the light at night, the watches lasting from 4 P. M. to 8 P. M., 8 P. M. to 12 M., 12 M. to 4 A. M., 4 A. M. to 6 A. M.

The routine of duty on Minot's Ledge is the same as in any other lighthouse, but it is gone through under somewhat different circumstances. At the end of the dog-watch at 6 A. M., the assistant keeper, who also officiates as cook, prepares breakfast. This is usually ready by half-past six. The electric bell rouses the other keeper from his sleep in time for him to make his toilet. This is a very simple matter on Minot's Ledge—at least in winter. It does not take a man long to put on his clothes there, because, on account of the dampness and cold of the sleeping-rooms, he usually goes to bed with most of his clothes on. I remember one night, when the tower was "sweating" inside, as it often does in winter, we divested ourselves only of jackets and shoes, piled sheets, blankets, and quilts over us, and even then had difficulty in keeping thoroughly warm. I have referred to the bucket which stood under the store-room window to receive water which might drip from the sill. A bucket stands under every window in the tower. The windows on the northeast side are always kept closed in winter, and the heavy wooden shutters bolted, yet the seas strike the tower with such searching power that it was found necessary to run a little gutter along each sill, and to lead a rubber tube from it into the pail; and during severe storms the pails on the weather side often require emptying once an hour. No one thinks of going to bed on Minot's Ledge in winter without a cap or other warm head-covering.

By the time one is dressed—if putting on one's shoes and jacket can be called dressing—

and has washed in the icy water from the well in the granite base, the breakfast is steaming on the table; and a very good breakfast it usually is, for Minot's Ledge is bountifully stocked with provisions. Good food and a pipe of good tobacco are the only luxuries that tend to ameliorate life in this tower.

Breakfast over, and the dishes washed (neatness is of course scrupulously observed), the lamp is trimmed and polished, the lens wiped, and the lantern cleaned. As regards the lamp-chimney, if you ask a lighthouse-keeper the best way to wash lamp-chimneys, he will tell you the best way is not to wash them at all. Rubbing with a dry cloth is the correct method. There is considerable brass-work about the lamp to keep as bright as a mirror, and the care of the lens is a delicate matter. To those whose idea of a lens is derived from a camera or a telescope, the lens which surrounds a lighthouse lamp will be a novelty. It is a veritable structure in itself, consisting of rings of glass, many of them prismatic, built around the lantern. In a second-order light like Minot's, the lens stands four feet high. Not a breath must dim the clearness of



CLEANING THE LANTERN, OUTSIDE.

this beautiful glass-work, which on a bright day reflects all the hues of the rainbow, and at night causes the lamp to cast its grateful rays fifteen and a half miles out to sea.

Cleaning the lantern is at times an arduous

task, and not infrequently a perilous one. The spray is apt to freeze upon it, and no matter how savagely the gale may be blowing, the keepers are obliged to brave it outside upon the lantern-deck, nearly ninety feet above the sea, while washing the ice off the glass with glycerin. As the upper part of the lantern cannot be reached from the deck, it is necessary for the keepers to stand upon the narrow rail of the parapet and, leaning forward, grasp an iron support with one hand, while washing the glass with a cloth in the other. The cold and danger to which the keeper is exposed while performing this task during a winter gale can readily be imagined. A misstep would precipitate him into the riotous sea far below.

When lamp, lens, and lantern have been cleaned, and the yellow shades inside the lantern lowered, the lens is carefully covered with a white cloth, and the keepers do chores, such as making their beds,

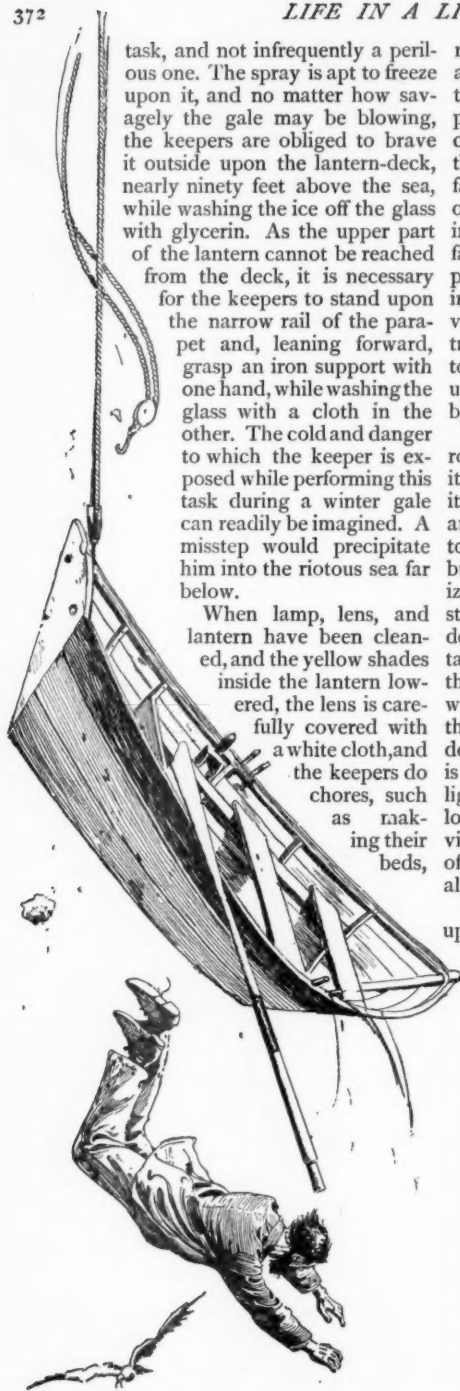
renovating the white paint on the brick lining, and putting on necessary little touches here and there to maintain the scrupulous neatness of the premises which is embraced within the meaning of the phrase "keeping a good light." That is the test by which a lighthouse-keeper stands or falls. It means that he must not only get out of the lenticular apparatus and its accessories in his care a ray that will pierce the darkness as far as the full capacity of the apparatus will permit, but also that he must keep the premises in perfect order. The *esprit de corps* that prevails in the lighthouse service is well illustrated by the fact that the keepers of the first tower on Minot's Ledge "kept a good light" up to the moment the tower was overwhelmed by the sea.

The leisure hours are spent in the watch-room. In size it is little more than a cell, but it has the advantage over the rooms below that it receives daylight through the lee port-hole and through a manhole in the ceiling leading to the lantern-deck. It is ten feet in diameter, but not even all of this small space can be utilized. There are a manhole in the floor for the stairway from below, the stairs to the lantern-deck, the columnar support of the lamp, which takes up the center of the room, and at one side the incased machinery for striking the fog-bell, which stands on the parapet outside. Add to these a stove, two chairs, and a high, shallow desk, and it may easily be realized that there is little moving room left. On the desk is the lighthouse journal, which takes the place of the log-book on a vessel. Herein are noted the visits of the inspector, the coming and going of the keepers, and similar details. You may also read such entries as:

"Broke ice from lantern. Tower heavily iced up. . . . A lonesome, snowy day."

The present keeper does not enter items like the last. "Every day here is lonesome," he said, "so that I might just as well enter, 'A lonesome, sunny day.'"

An entry that tells of breaking ice from the lantern and of the icing up of the tower is usually made after a heavy northeaster—one of those storms during which the lighthouse is so completely buried by the heavy seas that from the shore the tower by day and the light by night are invisible, except perhaps at fitful intervals; and the keepers' families take turns standing watch at the windows of the dwellings, fearful of a repetition of the calamity of April, 1851. During such storms the heavy seas strike the tower about twenty feet above the base with such force as to send tons of spray some twenty-five feet above the dome,—or over a hundred feet into the air,—and the great mass, not losing its onward rush, comes crashing down



THE ACCIDENT TO THE KEEPER.

upon the lantern, and streams over it on to the parapet and into the ocean beyond. Hanging from davits on this side, with some ninety feet of rope coiled near each davit, is a small life-boat. Though it is swung eighty feet above the sea, it would be dashed to pieces against the parapet if it were on the weather side. Even as it is, the water pours into the boat with such force that it would probably be broken from the davits were it not kept unplugged.

I shall never forget my sensation when the first heavy sea struck the tower during my stay there last February. I was sitting with the assistant keeper in the watch-room. Both of us were reading. At the head of three of the staircases in the tower are heavy iron doors. Suddenly there was a clangorous shock, as if these ponderous doors had crashed to in unison, and a moment later all the demons of the storm seemed to be let loose around the top of the tower, such was the confused roar of wind and water above and about us, the only rhythmic sound being the dismal striking of the fog-bell. "She's taking on a sea," was all the keeper said. After one of these storms the tower is covered with ice, and tons of it hang from the side of the parapet. As the weather moderates, heavy pieces break off with a loud report, and plunge into the ocean.

Even in perfectly calm weather sounds of the sea eighty feet below rise to the watch-room. The store-room door is kept open as much as possible for ventilation, and the swash of the waves around the foot of the tower travels up through the five stories to the watch-room like a long-drawn gurgle. This, varied with the turmoil of the storm, is all the keepers of Minot's Ledge hear in winter besides their own voices. About their only diversions are reading, and playing games, like cards and draughts, and of these they naturally weary. Even in playing games they cannot make themselves comfortable; for as there is no space for a table in the watch-room, they are obliged to stand up to the bell-casing. "The trouble with our life here," said the keeper, "is that we have too much time to think." Not many years ago one keeper thought so much that he left the watch-room, went below, and cut his throat. Instances when keepers new to life on Minot's have been so frightened by the shock of only moderately heavy seas against the tower that they have left it the first chance possible, have not been uncommon. "No money 'll hire me to stay on Minot's," exclaimed one of these deserters, as he followed his gripsack down the line into the boat.

On the lantern-deck above the watch-room is a spy-glass, and frequently the keepers train this glass upon their dwellings ashore. The principal keeper has children who are attend-

ing school, and at the hour for their leaving or returning home he will invariably be found glass in hand in the lantern or on the parapet. In some respects this proximity to shore adds to the loneliness of life on Minot's. The keepers see what they crave constantly before them without being able to attain it. If, for instance, the keeper's children go to or return from school at some unusual hour, and he misses seeing them, he worries until he catches



THE FOG-BELL.

a glimpse of them again. The keepers are also alarmed if they see a small boat putting out from shore in winter time, apprehensive that it means bad news from home.

Pacing the parapet is the only outdoor exercise Minot's Ledge affords. It may readily be imagined that neither a tennis-court nor a base-ball diamond can be laid out on it. It is a few feet in width, and encircles a room only ten feet in diameter. One cannot walk clear around because the fog-bell obstructs the passage on one side, and in winter the gale is usually so savage that one dare not venture on the weather side.

During my stay at Minot's I often went out on the parapet at night, and peered over the rail into the blackness below me, out of which issued the voice of the sea. There was something indescribably grand in this surging of the unseen ocean. One night, after a gray, threatening day, as I was standing upon the parapet, I heard a sudden rush of wind, and through the halo that surrounded the lantern there scurried what seemed to be myriads of white, ghost-like birds without a twitter or even

the rustle of a feather, driven before the storm, and vanishing into the darkness as suddenly as they had emerged from it. Cold, feathery flakes blown into my face told me that this weird effect was produced by a snow-squall whirling around the tower. Another night, as I came out upon the parapet, I was startled to find the sky ribbed with black lines that formed the framework of a huge dome centering directly above the tower. A fog had closed in, and against it were projected the vastly elongated shadows of the iron supports that run from the lantern-deck to the dome above it, while the light, as it was thrown upon the fog by the lens, filled in the spaces with a dun glare that was unearthly in its effect.

The boat that swings from the parapet eighty feet above the sea is lowered only in emergencies. It is remembered of a former keeper that when a small craft was capsized near the tower, he leaped into the lighthouse boat, cast off the lines, and let it descend at full speed. Fortunately, neither cable fouled, otherwise the boat would have remained hanging, stern or bow up, as the case might have been, and the keeper would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks; for, as it was low tide, the ledge was not wholly submerged. At one time a dory was swung from the parapet. While a keeper was letting himself down in it the wood-work in the bow gave way, and the dory hung by its stern, the keeper falling from a great height headlong into the water. Luckily it was flood-tide, but he struck with such force that he penetrated the water far enough to feel the seaweed on the rocks, and he suffers from the effects of the shock to this day. It was discovered that some one had tampered with the dory—with the purpose, it is supposed, of creating a vacancy in the lighthouse service, repulsive as the thought may be.

There are four keepers at Minot's Ledge, or, to be more exact, one keeper and three assistants. They alternate two and two on the tower every fortnight, excepting when stormy weather forbids a landing at the ledge. Keepers have been storm-bound there seven weeks, and when the storm abated sufficiently for them to be lowered by the rope, have discovered, when the boat came out for them, that the door was so heavily iced up they would be unable to

open it for several days. It may seem that, with every other fortnight ashore, the keepers of Minot's Ledge have an undue proportion of vacation. But as a matter of fact the two weeks on the tower drag like two years, while the two weeks ashore glide by like two hours. The time ashore is not a holiday, for there is much work to be done about the dwellings and grounds. Yet the position of keeper or assistant on Minot's Ledge is eagerly sought for—by those who have never tried it. Were I asked after my experience on Minot's Ledge to define a sea-rock lighthouse, I should reply, "A prison surrounded by water."

The keepers' dwellings are prettily situated on the Cohasset shore. In an emergency the men on the tower set a signal, in response to which the keepers on shore put off in a small boat. Several days elapsed after I had finished my work on Minot's Ledge before the keeper thought the sea had gone down sufficiently to warrant him in setting the signal. By the time the boat was half-way out the waves had roughened up so that he was obliged to lower the signal, and the little craft turned back. I was detained for three days longer before the boat, after the fourth attempt to reach the tower, succeeded in taking me off by means of the block and tackle. No wonder that days before their tour of duty on the tower ends, the keepers anxiously watch every change of the weather. I experienced the sensation of joy that must thrill through them when they reach shore, when at last I sprang from the gunwale of the little boat to *terra firma*.

Passing up the road that led to the village, I turned as it wound away from the shore for a last look out to sea. On a rocky slope near the dwellings stood one of the keepers, spy-glass in hand. About him, and looking anxiously seaward, was a group of women and children. Beyond the low land of the little harbor the sea was boiling over innumerable rocks and ledges. Against the background of ominous storm-clouds stood the gray tower, the waves, as they dashed against it, tossing the spray high up toward the parapet, from which only a few hours before I had watched the keepers' boat put out from shore. Such was my last glimpse of Minot's Ledge Lighthouse.

Gustav Kobbé.





DRAWN BY BURRE MURDOCK.

ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLE.

ANDREW LANG.

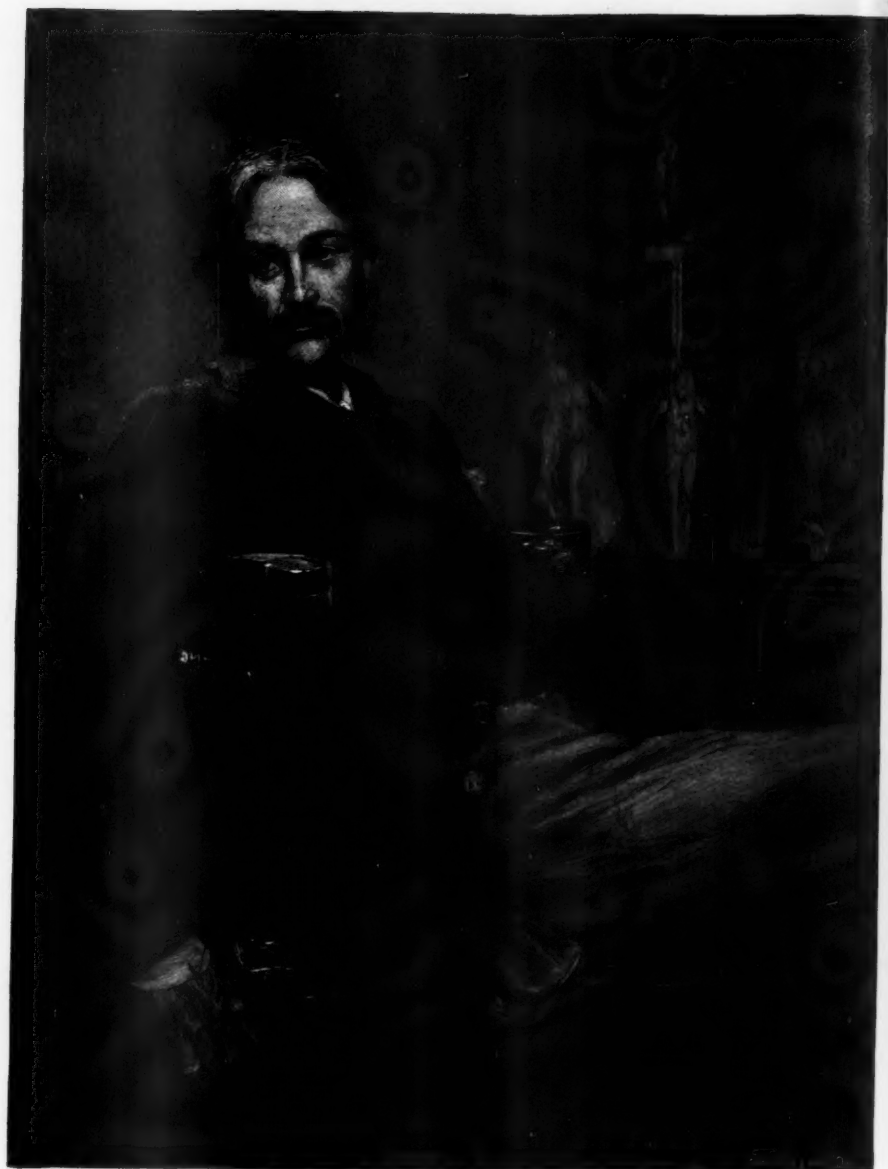
THE most lifelike photograph of a friend is no more than a reminder of what we have seen for ourselves, since the camera has neither insight nor imagination; a portrait by a true artist may bring out qualities but doubtfully glimpsed before, or it may even reveal depths of character hitherto unsuspected. In one of the London exhibitions during the season of 1885, amid many a "portrait of a gentleman," there was at least one portrait of a man—nervous, significant, vital. At a glance it was obvious that the man here depicted was a gentleman and a scholar, although the picture had none of the prim propriety of the ordinary academic portrait. There was an air of distinction about the sitter, twisted around in his chair, with his frankly humorous gaze. The casual stranger whose eye might fall on the painting could not but feel that the restless attitude was inevitably characteristic, and he could not but confess the charm of a most interesting personality. And, indeed, Mr. Richmond's picture of Mr. Andrew Lang seems to me one of the most successful of modern portraits.

Perhaps the first effect it made on the beholder was to suggest the extreme cleverness of its subject—an effect which does but scant justice to Mr. Lang, for cleverness is best as an extra, as the superfluity of him who has some quality other and better. Molière was not clever, and M. Sardou is clever beyond belief. When cleverness is all a man's having, though he make a brave show for a while, he is poor indeed. Cleverness Mr. Lang has, and a plethora of it; but he has also a richer endowment. He may be called the Admirable Crichton of modern letters; and he is a graduate of St. Andrew's, that ancient Scottish university where the original Crichton was once a student, three centuries earlier. Thence he went to Oxford, where there lingered memo-

ries of Landor and Shelley, where he took the Newdigate prize for poetry, and where in due season he was elected a Fellow of Merton, the college of Anthony Wood. Herein, I think, we may grasp the clue to Mr. Lang's character, and to his career: he is a Scotsman who has been tinctured by Oxford, but who still grips his stony native land with many a clinging radicle.

Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson are the two Scottish chiefs of literature to-day. Both live out of Scotland, yet both are loyal to the land of their birth, and love it with all the ardor of a good son's love. Neither is in robust health, but there is no taint of invalidism in the writings of either, no hint of morbid complaint or of unwholesome self-compassion. Both are resolutely optimistic, as becomes Scotchmen. Both are critics, with sharp eyes for valuing, and with a faculty of enthusiastic and appetizing enjoyment of what is best. They have both attempted fiction, and both belong to the romantic school. In differing degrees each is a poet, and each is master of a prose than which no better is written in our language nowadays. Mr. Lang's style has not the tortured felicity of Mr. Stevenson's; its happiness is easier and less wilful. The author of "Letters to Dead Authors" is not an artificer of cunning phrase like the author of "Memories and Portraits"; his style is not hand-made nor the result of taking thought; it grows more of its own accord. The style of each is transparent, but while Mr. Stevenson's is as hard as crystal, Mr. Lang's is fluid like water; it flows, and sometimes it sings as it flows, like the beautiful brooks he longs to linger beside, changing with the sky and the rocks and the trees, but always pure, and limpid, and delightful.

American readers, annoyed at the slovenli-



PAINTED BY W. S. RICHMOND, A. R. A.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ANDREW LANG.

ness of most modern British essayists, are struck by the transparent clearness of Mr. Lang's style; for though he was born north of the Tweed his pages are spoilt by no Scotticisms, and though he dwells by the banks of the Thames they are disfigured by no Briticisms. They are free from the doubtful English which has "the largest circulation in the world." A constant perusal of the fine prose of the great Frenchmen whom Mr. Lang admires may have tended to keep his own paragraphs free from blemish; and a devoted study of the great Greeks whom he loves may have helped to give his pages their dignified ease.

In his pellucid prose, as in his intellectual alertness and in his lightness of touch, Mr. Lang is rather French than English. He is a nephew of Voltaire, and a cousin of M. Jules Lemaitre. As we read his graceful and nervous sentences sometimes our ear catches an echo of Thackeray's cadences: and it was in France that Thackeray served his apprenticeship to the trade of author. Sometimes our eye rejoices in the play of a humor always lambent and often Lamb-like; and it is perhaps from Charles Lamb that Mr. Lang has got the knack of the quotation held in solution. Like Dryden and Burke and Bagehot, three masters of English prose, Mr. Lang quotes abundantly and from a full memory, and not always exactly. "Verify your quotations" is not a warning that he has taken to heart. The books from which he can draw illustrations at will are numberless, and they are to be found in every department of the library. In Greek literature, and in French as well as in English, he has the minute thoroughness of the scholar; but his main reading seems to have been afield, as happens to every man who loves books, and who likes to browse among them without let or hindrance.

The equipment of a critic Mr. Lang has, and the insight, and also the sympathy, without which the two other needful qualities lose half their value. There are limits to his sympathy, and he tells us that he does "not care for Mr. Gibbon except in his autobiography, nor for the elegant plays of M. Racine, nor very much for Mr. William Wordsworth, though his genius is undeniable"; but the range of his knowledge and of his understanding seems to me wider than that of any other contemporary British critic. He is unflinching in affection for Homer, Herodotus, Theocritus, and Lucian, for Virgil and Horace, for Rabelais, Molière, and Dumas, for Shakspeare, Fielding, Miss Austen, and Thackeray, for Scott and Burns. He delights in the skittish writings of the lively lady who calls herself "Gyp," while for the psychologic subtleties of M. Paul Bourget he cares as little as does "Gyp" herself. He was

prompt in praise of the author of "King Solomon's Mines"; in fact, Mr. Haggard's tales of battle, murder, and sudden death have found no warmer eulogist than the author of "Bal-lades in Blue China."

Longfellow declared that "many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings, as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil; that being considered the best which fairly prostrates the purchaser." Mr. Lang's taste is too refined for this saying to be justly applicable to him; but he does not think the worse of a book because it tells a tale of daring-do. He is eager for a story of

. . . battles, sieges, fortunes,

Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach.

He is quick to give a cordial greeting to a traveler's history of "antres vast and deserts idle," of "Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." In other words, Mr. Lang is a romanticist to the bitter end. Broad as his sympathy is, it is not broad enough to comprehend realism. He is restive when realism is lauded. Unconsciously, no doubt, he resents it a little, and he does not quite understand it. Mr. Lang can enjoy Rabelais, and praise him for the qualities which make him great in spite of his wilful foulness; but in M. Zola Mr. Lang sees little to commend. Quite the most perfunctory essay of Mr. Lang's that I ever read was one on the author of "L'Assommoir," which did but scant justice to the puissant laborer who is toiling unceasingly on the massive edifice of the "Rougon-Macquart" series, as mightily planned and solid in structure as a medieval cathedral, and, like it, disfigured and defiled by needless and frequent indecencies. Tolerant toward most literary developments, Mr. Lang is a little intolerant toward the analysts. Amiel delights him not, nor Marie Bashkirtseff either; and it irks him to hear Ibsen praised, or Tolstoi, though the pitiful figure of Anna Karénina lingers in his memory. And as for Mr. Howells, it is hard to say whether it is as novelist or critic that he irritates Mr. Lang more. Mr. Howells once spoke of the critical essaylets which issued monthly from the "Editor's Study" as "arrows shot into the air in the hope that they will come down somewhere and hurt somebody." Enough of them have hit Mr. Lang to make him look like St. Sebastian, if only he had not plucked them out swiftly, one by one, and sent them hurtling back across the Atlantic. Fortunately, the injuries were not fatal on either side of the water, and there was no poison on the

tips of the weapons to rankle in the wounds. Sensitive as most British writers are to the darts of transatlantic criticism, it has seemed to me sometimes that Mr. Lang is even tenderer of skin than are most of his fellow-sufferers.

The ocean that surges between Mr. Howells and Mr. Lang is unfordable, and there is no hope of a bridge. There is no common standing-ground anywhere for those who hold fiction to be primarily an amusement and those who believe that it ought to be chiefly a criticism of life, as Matthew Arnold said all literature should be. The romanticist considers fiction as an art, and as an art only; whilst the extreme realist is inclined to look on it almost as a branch of science. Kindly as Mr. Lang may be in his reception of a realistic book, now and then, he stands firmly on the platform of the extreme romanticists. "Find forgetfulness of trouble, and taste the anodyne of dreams—that is what we desire" of a novel, he declares in his cordial essay on Dumas. And in another paper he calls again for a potion against insomnia:

Pour out the nepenthe, in short, and I shall not ask if the cup be gold-chased by Mr. Stevenson, or a buffalo-horn beaker brought by Mr. Haggard from Kakuana-land—the Baron of Bradwardine's Bear, or "The Cup of Hercules" of Théophile Gautier, or merely a common café wine-glass of M. Fortuné du Boisgobey's or M. Xavier de Montépin's. If only the nepenthe be foaming there,—the delightful draught of dear forgetfulness,—the outside of the cup may take care of itself; or, to drop metaphor, I shall not look too closely at an author's manner and style, while he entertains me in the dominion of dreams.

Here Mr. Lang is in accord with Mérimée, who wrote in 1865 that "there is at present but one man of genius: it is Ponson du Terrail . . . No one handles crime as he does, nor assassination. *J'en fais mes délices.*" But Mérimée's humorous exaggeration is not in accord with his own practice; however abundant in imaginative vigor his stories might be, nothing could be more rigorously realistic in treatment. Mr. Lang seems to me happiest as a story-teller when his practice departs from his theory. His longest story, "The Mark of Cain," is as who should say a tale by M. Xavier de Montépin, but by a Montépin who was a Scotsman, and had been to Oxford, and did not take himself quite seriously. Now, for a romanticist not to take himself seriously is to give up the fight before the battle is joined. Mr. Lang has balladed the praises of "Miss Braddon and Gaboriau," and he may be sure that these masters of sensation believed in themselves, else would they never have held thousands breathless. If an author once lets his readers suspect that he is only "making be-

lieve," instantly he loses his grip on their attention, and may as well put away the puppets, since few spectators will care to wait till the fall of the curtain.

The one fault that Mr. James found with Trollope—that "he took a suicidal satisfaction in reminding the reader that the story he was telling was only, after all, a make-believe"—Mr. Lang never commits of malice prepenze; but though he does not confess this unpardonable sin in so many words, yet his tone, his manner, his confidential approach, make the confession for him, and readers find themselves glancing up from the printed page to see if the author has not his tongue in his cheek or is not laughing in his sleeve. And the crime is the more heinous in story-telling according to the romantic tradition than in fiction of the realistic school. Mr. James reminds us that "there are two kinds of taste in the appreciation of imaginative literature; the taste for emotions of surprise, and the taste for emotions of recognition." It is the latter that "Barchester Towers" gratifies, and it is to the former that the "Mark of Cain" appeals, and the taste for the emotion of surprise is not satisfied if it suspects the writer of treating tragic moments with levity, or even of being capable of such treatment. But perhaps the real reason why a public that accepted the tawdry "Called Back" did not take kindly to the "Mark of Cain" is that Mr. Lang's story was too clever by half—a thing resented by most of those who have a taste for the emotion of surprise.

Perhaps the same criticism applies to some of the stories in the collection called "In the Wrong Paradise"—to the Poe-like tale of "A Cheap Negro," for example. But others of the stories in this volume, especially the uncanny tales of spooks and of medicine-men, are most delicious fooling—and fooling founded on the impregnable rock of modern science. What could be better in its way than the "Great Gladstone Myth"?—wherein the grand old man is resolved into his elements in the fashion familiar to students of sun-myths. Equally amusing, and quite as pregnant in suggestion, is the description of the poor souls who found themselves each "In the Wrong Paradise"—the scalped Scotchman dwelling with the Apaches in their happy hunting-grounds, and the wretched cockney esthete desperately out of place in the Fortunate Islands of the Greeks. And in the volume of pleasant papers on "Books and Bookmen" there is an eery tale of painful and humorous misadventure in "A Bookman's Purgatory." Akin to these in method, and even superior to them in charm, is the story of "Prince Prigio," which of all Mr. Lang's

fictions I like best, unhesitatingly proclaiming it the most delightful of modern fairy-tales since the "Rose and the Ring"; and if any one should tell me that he found no fun in the awful combat between the Firedrake and the Remora, I should make answer that such an one, waking or sleeping, does not deserve ever to receive as a gift, or even as a loan, the seven-leagued boots, the cap of darkness, or the purse of Fortunatus—all properties of fairy-lore with which Prince Prigio was duly accoutered.

From fairy-land to the doubtful region of folklore is no seven-leagued stride, and Mr. Lang is master in both territories. He stands ready to trace the kinship of Barbarossa and Barbe-bleue, and to insist that neither is a child of the sun. In defense of his theories Mr. Lang is armed to give battle to Professor Max Müller and his men; and they find him a redoubtable opponent, in no danger of putting off the heavy armor of scholarship because he has not proved it, and never without a smooth stone in his scrip to cast full at the forehead of his adversary. Lowell has protested against that zeal which seeks to explain away every myth as a personification of the dawn and the day. "There's not a sliver left of Odin," he declared:

Or else the core his name enveloped
Was from a solar myth developed
Which, hunted to its primal shoot,
Takes refuge in a Sanskrit root,
Thereby to instant death explaining
The little poetry remaining.
Try it with Zeus, 't is just the same;
The thing evades, we hug a name;
Nay, scarcely that—perhaps a vapor
Born of some atmospheric caper.

Against the philologic school of mythologists of whom Professor Max Müller is the chief, Mr. Lang has led a revolt in behalf of an anthropological explanation of those habits, customs, beliefs, and legends for which the upholders of the sun-myth theory provided an etymological interpretation. Mr. Lecky tells us that invariably with increased education the belief in fairies passes away, and "from the uniformity of this decline, we infer that fairy-tales are the normal product of a certain condition of the imagination; and this position is raised to a moral certainty when we find that the decline of fairy-tales is but one of a long series of similar transformations." Inspired by McLellan and Professor Tylor, and following Fontenelle, Mr. Lang has given battle to those who maintain that the descriptions of the elemental processes of nature developed into myths, and who accept a personification of fire, storm, cloud, or lightning as the origin of Apollo and his chariot, Thor and his hammer, Cinderella and her slipper, and Brer Rabbit and the tar-baby.

In the stead of the arbitrary interpretations of the philologists, wherein scarcely any two of them are agreed, Mr. Lang proffers an explanation derived from a study of the history of man and founded on the methods of comparative anthropology. He turns to account the evolution of humanity from savagery to civilization, and he examines the irrational beliefs and absurd customs which survived in Greece even in the days of Pericles by the aid of a study of the beliefs and customs of savage tribes still in the condition in which the ancient Greeks had once been. Thus he is ready to see in the snake-dance of the Moquis of Arizona a possible help to the right understanding of a similar ceremony described by Homer. He seeks to show that in savagery we have "an historical condition of the human intellect to which the element in myths, regarded by us as irrational," seems rational enough. Further, he urges that as savagery is a stage through which all civilized races have passed, the universality of the mythopeic mental condition will explain not only the origin, but also the diffusion throughout the world, of myths strangely alike one to another.

That this ethnological hypothesis has gained general acceptance, and placed the philologic theory on the defensive, is due almost altogether to the untiring advocacy of Mr. Lang. His views have been presented modestly but firmly and incessantly. He has prepared the case himself, examined the witnesses, and summed up for the plaintiff. And he is an awkward antagonist, quick-witted and keen-sighted, and heavy-laden with the results of original anthropological investigation. He has scholarship in the old sense of the word; and to this he adds the advantage of a memory which retains every pertinent fact accumulated during omnivorous reading over a marvelously wide range of subjects. Most disinterested scholars have now accepted either as a whole or in part the theory Mr. Lang has set forth.

Of the scholarship which forms the solid basis for Mr. Lang's scientific inquiry he has given abundant evidence in his nervous prose translations of the "Odyssey" and the "Iliad" done in partnership with friends, in his refined rendering of the "Idyls" of Theocritus, and in his fresh and fragrant version of that other idyl, "Aucassin and Nicolette." The transference of a work of art from one language to another is a feat of the utmost difficulty, which Mr. Lang has accomplished with triumphant success, not only once or twice, but thrice at least. His translations reveal a most unusual union of scholarly exactness with idiomatic vigor; they are graceful,—almost the rarest quality of a translation,—and they are unfailingly poetic. Perhaps an enforced quaintness, and an occa-

sional insistence on an archaic word, seem almost like affectation, but this may be forgiven and forgotten in the charm and the felicity of the rendering as a whole. The secret of this charm is to be found, I think, in Mr. Lang's attitude toward the authors he translates. To him Homer, and Theocritus, and the old man who sang of "Aucassin and Nicolette," are still living, and their works are alive. Scholar as he is, his interest is never grammatical or philological, but always literary and human. He never regards these writings as verse to scan, or as prose to parse, but poetry to be enjoyed.

As it happens, Mr. Lang has attempted no long translations in verse, but some of his briefer metrical attempts are almost as happy as Longfellow's, than which there can hardly be higher praise. No doubt the carrying over of a lyric from one language to another is an easier task than the transferring of an epic, but nevertheless it is a feat many a minor poet has failed to accomplish. The difficulty lies in the double duty of the translator—to present the thought of his original and to preserve the form, not sacrificing the spirit, and at least suggesting the atmosphere. Mr. Lang has given us the most satisfactory version of Villon's "Ballade of Dead Ladies" (although Rossetti attempted it earlier), and of Clément Marot's "Brother Lubin" (although both Longfellow and Bryant severally essayed it, neglecting to retain the ballade form).

In his brightsome "Ballades in Blue China," and in his brilliant "Rhymes à la Mode," Mr. Lang shows his mastery of the accomplishment of verse, and his skill in that department of poetry which seems easy and is beset with danger. Voltaire tells us that difficulty conquered in whatsoever form of art is a large share of the merit; and neither in sonnet, nor ballade, nor other fixed form of verse, has Mr. Lang shirked any difficulty. If the game is worth the candle, Mrs. Battle is right in insisting on the rigor of the game. In his freer stanzas Mr. Lang has sometimes something of the singing simplicity of Longfellow and Heine, where the music of the verse sustains the emotion. In "Twilight on Tweed,"

A mist of memory broods and floats,
The Border waters flow:
The air is full of ballad notes,
Borne out of long ago,

and in "The Last Cast," the angler's thoughts wander to the rivers he has never fished, and then go back to the streams of Scotland again:

Unseen, Eurotas, southward steal,
Unknown, Alpheus, westward glide,
You never heard the ringing reel,
The music of the water-side!

Though gods have walked your woods among,
Though nymphs have fled your banks along,
You speak not that familiar tongue
Tweed murmurs like my cradle song.

My cradle song—nor other hymn
I'd choose, nor gentler requiem dear
Than Tweed's, that through death's twilight dim
Mourned in the last Minstrel's ear.

Mr. Lang has taken for an epigraph Molière's "Ce ne sont point de grands vers pompeux, mais de petits vers," yet he has at times the gift of lofty lines. It is only fair to judge a poet by his highest effort. In the case of the present poet these seem to me to be two sonnets on Homer, of a sustained and noble elevation. For love of Homer's heroine Mr. Lang has written his longest poem, "Helen of Troy," a brevet-epic.

The face that launch'd a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium

holds its fascination still across the centuries. Nor is "Sweet Helen," as Faustus calls her, the only lady of Mr. Lang's affections. He has a wealth of platonic love for many a fair dame (in poetry), and for many a damsel in distress (in prose). I doubt if he would deny his devotion to Beatrix Esmond, for whose sake the author of "The Faithful Fool," a comedy once performed by Her Majesty's Servants, broke his sword before his king. I question whether he would not admit an affection for Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, *née* Sharp, a green-eyed lady who once acted Clytemnestra at the Gaunt House theatricals. I know that he confesses a fondness for Manon Lescaut, a young person of reprehensible morals, who lightly sinned in France and then died happily in Louisiana. And I think that he is ready to boast of his liking for Miss Annie P. Miller of Schenectady, New York, an American girl who was known to her intimates as "Daisy," and who died in Rome after an imprudent visit to the Colosseum by moonlight.

Mr. Lang has the same frank and sturdy love for literature that he has for some of its captivating female figures. No reader of his could be in doubt as to his ceaseless and loyal study of Homer and Theocritus, of Rabelais and Molière, of Shakspeare and Thackeray. And in sports, too, his tastes are as wholesome and as abundant as his predilections in letters. He cherishes the cricket of Oxford and the golf of St. Andrews; he follows with equal zest trout-fishing and book-hunting. Than this last there is indeed no better sport; and the poetic author of "Books and Bookmen" has proved his interest in the bees of De Thou as well as in those that made the honey of Hy-

mettus. The original Crichton, we may remember, sent an epistle in verse to Aldus Manutius, the great printer-publisher of Venice.

Mr. Lang is at his best when he writes about the Scots and about the Greeks of old, for these he knows and loves; and perhaps he appears to least advantage when he is writing about the American writers of to-day, since these he neither likes nor cares to know—and unsympathetic criticism is foredoomed to sterility. The native Americans Mr. Lang is most familiar with are the red men, and he is fonder of them, I fancy, than he is of the pale faces who have built towns by the banks of the streams over which Uncas and Hard-Heart skilfully propelled their birch-bark canoes. It might have been better, therefore, had he not laid himself open to Mr. Fiske's rebuke for the "impatient contempt" with which he chose to speak of a man of Lewis H. Morgan's caliber; and if he had not permitted himself his recent and doubtfully courteous attack on Mr. Boyesen. And a more careful understanding of American literary history would have saved Mr. Lang from that farewell to Poe, in the "Letters to Dead Authors," in which the author of "The Raven" is hailed as "a gentleman among *canaille*"!—surely as strange an opinion as one can find in all the long annals of criticism.

"Letters to Dead Authors" is one of the minor masterpieces of letters, the keenest and cleverest volume of playful criticism since the "Fable for Critics" was published two-score years ago, as that in its turn was the brightest book of the kind since "Rejected Addresses." But I am afraid to linger over this delightful tome for fear I may laud it extravagantly. The "Epistle to Mr. Alexander Pope," a marvel of parody with many lines as good as the one which tells the poet that "Dunces edit him whom dunces feared!"—the letter to "Monsieur de Molière, Valet-de-Chambre du Roi," with its delicious suggestion that if the great and sad French humorist were alive to-day, he might write a new comedy on *les Moliéristes*; the communication to Herodotus, with its learned fooling; the missive to Alexandre Dumas, with its full current of hearty admiration and enjoyment—these and many another I dare not dwell on, because, as I read in the letter to W. M. Thackeray, "there are many things that stand in the way of the critic when he has a mind to praise the living." Quite as welcome as these are some of the essays in epistolary parody to be found in "Old Friends."

Of necessity every man has the defects of his qualities, and the very success of Mr. Lang's briefer essays tends to prevent his attempting longer labors. He gets most out of a subject which may be treated on the instalment plan, when every portion is complete in itself, and yet unites with the others to form a complete whole. A book like "Letters to Dead Authors," which is avowedly a collection of separable essays, has not only a broader outlook but also a stronger unity than the pleasantly discursive volume on Oxford, for example. A collection of Tanagra figurines, however, is in no wise inferior in interest to a colossal statue; art has nothing to do with mere bulk, nor has literature. Mr. Lang cultivates to best advantage ground which can most easily be cut into allotments.

It is to be noted also that despite his extreme multifariousness there are certain segments of life and of literature in which Mr. Lang takes little interest or none. Though he once wrote a poem on General Gordon, and though he is ever chaffing Mr. Gladstone, it is obvious that he cares not for the contentions of politics; and apparently he cares as little for the disputes of theology, although he did write a chance article on "Robert Elsmere." For art, music, and the drama he reveals no natural inclination. We may guess that it has been his fate to serve as art-critic, toiling in the galleries yearly; but we can discover no signs of any real understanding of art, either pictorial or plastic, nor of any aptitude for it. Of music he says almost nothing, and he seems to know as little about it as we know about the song the Syrens sang. And as for the acted drama, I am afraid that he is a heretic, even as Lamb was heretical in regard to the performance of Shakspeare's plays. I hesitate to assert, though I am inclined to believe, that to him "As You Like It" and "Much Ado About Nothing" are comedies to be read in the fields or by the fire-side, rather than stage-plays to be acted before the footlights.

Nor has he busied himself with any science other than anthropology. But what of it? His interests are wider than those of almost any other man of letters in our time; and in these days, when the pressure of civilization forces men into an extreme and cramping specialization, Mr. Lang has circumvented this tendency by cultivating not one specialty or two, but a dozen at least. And perhaps there could be no better proof of his surpassing cleverness.

Brander Matthews.

THE MASQUERADE OF TIME.

I HEARD the New Year whisper, passing by,
"I am the Old Year, and did never die.

"As phenix bird, that from the sunset springs,
Next in the East replumes his wondrous wings,

"As dewdrop trembling in the morning flower,
Exhaled ere noon, returns at evening hour,

"So never lost was I, though steeple chime
Hurl out my knell—for I, behold, am Time!

"The Years but lend so many a quaint disguise
Wherein I masquerade to mortal eyes."

Edith M. Thomas.

A NO-ACCOUNT CREOLE.

I.



NE agreeable afternoon in late autumn two young men stood together on Canal street, closing a conversation that had evidently begun within the club-house which they had just quitted.

"There 's big money in it, Offdean," said the elder of the two. "I would n't have you touch it if there was n't. Why, they tell me Patchly 's pulled a hundred thousand out of the concern a'ready."

"That may be," replied Offdean, who had been politely attentive to the words addressed to him, but whose face wore a look indicating that he was closed to conviction. He leaned back upon the clumsy stick which he carried, and continued: "It 's all true, I dare say, Fitch; but a decision of that sort would mean more to me than you 'd believe if I were to tell you. The beggarly twenty-five thousand 's all I have, and I want to sleep with it under my pillow a couple of months at least before I drop it into a slot."

"You 'll drop it into Harding & Offdean's mill to grind out the pitiful two-and-a-half-per-cent.-commission racket; that 's what you 'll do in the end, old fellow—see if you don't."

"Perhaps I shall; but it 's more than likely I sha'n't. We 'll talk about it when I get back. You know I 'm off to north Louisiana in the morning—"

"No! What the deuce—"

"Oh, business of the firm."

"Write me from Shreveport, then; or wherever it is."

"Not so far as that. But don't expect to hear from me till you see me. I can't say when that will be."

Then they shook hands and parted. The rather portly Fitch boarded a Prytania street car, and Mr. Wallace Offdean hurried to the bank in order to replenish his porte-monnaie, which had been materially lightened at the club through the medium of unpropitious jack-pots and bob-tail flushes.

He was a sure-footed fellow, this young Offdean, despite an occasional fall in slippery places. What he wanted, now that he had reached his twenty-sixth year and his inheritance, was to get his feet well planted on solid ground, and to keep his head cool and clear.

With his early youth he had had certain shadowy intentions of shaping his life on intellectual lines. That is, he wanted to; and he meant to use his faculties intelligently, which means more than is at once apparent. Above all, he would keep clear of the maelstroms of sordid work and senseless pleasure in which the average American business man may be said alternately to exist, and which reduce him, naturally, to a rather ragged condition of soul.

Offdean had done, in a temperate way, the usual things which young men do who happen to belong to good society, and are possessed of moderate means and healthy instincts. He had gone to college, had traveled a little at home and abroad, had frequented society and the clubs, and had worked in his uncle's

commission-house: in all of which employments he had expended much time and a modicum of energy.

But he felt all through that he was simply in a preliminary stage of being, one that would develop later into something tangible and intelligent, as he liked to tell himself. With his patrimony of twenty-five thousand dollars came what he felt to be the turning-point in his life—the time when it behooved him to choose a course, and to get himself into proper trim to follow it manfully and consistently.

When Messrs. Harding & Offdean determined to have some one look after what they called "a troublesome piece of land on Red River," Wallace Offdean requested to be intrusted with that special commission of land-inspector.

A shadowy, ill-defined piece of land in an unfamiliar part of his native State might, he hoped, prove a sort of closet into which he could retire and take counsel with his inner and better self.

II.

WHAT Harding & Offdean had called a piece of land on Red River was better known to the people of Natchitoches¹ parish as "the old Santien place."

In the days of Lucien Santien and his hundred slaves it had been very splendid in the wealth of its thousand acres. But the war did its work, of course. Then Jules Santien was not the man to mend such damage as the war had left. His three sons were even less able than he had been to bear the weighty inheritance of debt that came to them with the dismantled plantation; so it was a deliverance to all when Harding & Offdean, the New Orleans creditors, relieved them of the place with the responsibility and indebtedness which its ownership had entailed.

Hector, the eldest, and Grégoire, the youngest, of these Santien boys had gone each his way. Placide alone tried to keep a desultory foothold upon the land which had been his and his forefathers'. But he too was given to wandering—within a radius, however, which rarely took him so far that he could not reach the old place in an afternoon of travel, when he felt so inclined.

There were acres of open land cultivated in a slovenly fashion, but so rich that cotton and corn and weed and "cocoa-grass" grew rampant if they had only the semblance of a chance. The negro quarters were at the far end of this open stretch, and consisted of a long row of old and very crippled cabins. Directly back of these a dense wood grew, and held much mystery, and witchery of sound and shadow, and strange lights when the sun shone. Of a

gin-house there was left scarcely a trace; only so much as could serve as inadequate shelter to the miserable dozen cattle that huddled within it in winter-time.

More than a swift stone's-throw from the Red River bank stood the dwelling-house, and nowhere upon the plantation had time touched so sadly as here. The steep, black moss-covered roof sat like an extinguisher above the eight large rooms that it covered, and had come to do its office so poorly that not more than half of these were habitable when the rain fell. Perhaps the live-oaks made too thick and close a shelter about it.

The verandas were long and broad and inviting; but it was well to know that the brick pillar was crumbling away under one corner, that the railing was insecure at another, and that still another had long ago been condemned as unsafe. But that, of course, was not the corner in which Wallace Offdean sat the day following his arrival at the Santien place. This one was comparatively secure. A gloire-de-Dijon, thick-leaved and charged with huge creamy blossoms, grew and spread here like a hardy vine upon the wires that stretched from post to post. The scent of the blossoms was delicious; and the stillness that surrounded Offdean agreeably fitted his humor that asked for rest. His old host, Pierre Manton, the manager of the place, sat talking to him in a soft, rhythmic monotone; but his speech was hardly more of an interruption than the hum of the bees among the roses. He was saying:

"If it would been me myse'f, I would nevair grumb'. W'en a chimibly breck, I take one, two de boys; we patch 'im up bes' we know how. We keep on men' de fence', firs' one place, anudder; an' if it would n' been fer dem mule' of Lacroix — *tonnerre!* I don' wan' to talk 'bout dem mule'. But me, I would n' grumb'. It's Euphrasie, her'. She say dat's all fool nonsense fer rich man lack Hardin'-Offde'n to let a piece o' lan' goin' lack dat."

"Euphrasie?" questioned Offdean, in some surprise; for he had not yet heard of any such person.

"Euphrasie, my li'lé chile. Excuse me one minute," Pierre added, remembering that he was in his shirt-sleeves, and rising to reach for his coat, which hung upon a peg near by. He was a small, square man, with mild, kindly face, brown and roughened from healthy exposure. His hair hung gray and long beneath the soft felt hat that he wore. When he had seated himself, Offdean asked:

"Where is your little child? I have n't seen her," inwardly marveling that a little child should have uttered such words of wisdom as those recorded of her.

"She yonder to Mme. Duplan on Cane

¹ Pronounced "Nack-e-tosh."

River. I been kine espectin' hair sence yisti-day—hair an' Placide," casting an unconscious glance down the long plantation road. "But Mme. Duplan she nevair want to let Euphrasie go. You know it 's hair raise' Euphrasie sence hair po' ma die', Mr. Offe'n. She teck dat li'le chile, an' raise it, sem lack she raisin' Ninette. But it 's mo' 'an a year now Euphrasie say dat 's all fool nonsense to leave me livin' 'lone lack dat, wid nuttin' 'cep' dem nigger'—an' Placide once a w'ile. An' she came yair bossin'! My goodness!" The old man chuckled. "Dat 's hair been writin' all dem letter' to Hardin'-Offe'n. If it would been me myse'f—"

III.

PLACIDE seemed to have had a foreboding of ill from the start when he found that Euphrasie began to interest herself in the condition of the plantation. This ill feeling voiced itself partly when he told her it was none of her lookout if the place went to the dogs. "It 's good enough for Joe Duplan to run things *en grand seigneur*, Euphrasie; that 's w'at 's spoiled you."

Placide might have done much single-handed to keep the old place in better trim, if he had wished. For there was no one more clever than he to do a hand's turn at any and every thing. He could mend a saddle or bridle while he stood whistling a tune. If a wagon required a brace or a bolt, it was nothing for him to step into a shop and turn out one as deftly as the most skilled blacksmith. Any one seeing him at work with plane and rule and chisel would have declared him a born carpenter. And as for mixing paints, and giving a fine and lasting coat to the side of a house or barn, he had not his equal in the country.

This last talent he exercised little in his native parish. It was in a neighboring one, where he spent the greater part of his time, that his fame as a painter was established. There, in the village of Orville, he owned a little shell of a house, and during odd times it was Placide's great delight to tinker at this small home, inventing daily new beauties and conveniences to add to it. Lately it had become a precious possession to him, for in the spring he was to bring Euphrasie there as his wife.

Maybe it was because of his talent, and his indifference in turning it to good, that he was often called "a no-account creole" by thrifter souls than himself. But no-account creole or not, painter, carpenter, blacksmith, and whatever else he might be at times, he was a Santien always, with the best blood in the country running in his veins. And many thought his choice had fallen in very low places when he engaged himself to marry little Euphrasie, the

daughter of old Pierre Manton and a problematic mother a good deal less than nobody.

Placide might have married almost any one, too; for it was the easiest thing in the world for a girl to fall in love with him—sometimes the hardest thing in the world not to, he was such a splendid fellow, such a careless, happy, handsome fellow. And he did not seem to mind in the least that young men who had grown up with him were lawyers now, and planters, and members of Shakspeare clubs in town. No one ever expected anything quite so humdrum as that of the Santien boys. As youngsters all three had been the despair of the country schoolmaster; then of the private tutor who had come to shackle them, and had failed in his design. And the state of mutiny and revolt that they had brought about at the college of Grand Coteau when their father, in a moment of weak concession to prejudice, had sent them there, is a thing yet remembered in Natchitoches.

And now Placide was going to marry Euphrasie. He could not recall the time when he had not loved her. Somehow he felt that it began the day when he was six years old, and Pierre, his father's overseer, had called him from play to come and make her acquaintance. He was permitted to hold her in his arms a moment, and it was with silent awe that he did so. She was the first white-faced baby he remembered having seen, and he straightway believed she had been sent to him as a birthday gift to be his little playmate and friend. If he loved her, there was no great wonder: every one did, from the time she took her first dainty step, which was a brave one, too.

She was the gentlest little lady ever born in old Natchitoches parish, and the happiest and merriest. She never cried or whimpered for a hurt. Placide never did, why should she? When she wept, it was when she did what was wrong, or when he did; for that was to be a coward, she felt. When she was ten, and her mother was dead, Mme. Duplan, the Lady Bountiful of the parish, had driven across from her plantation, Les Chéniers, to old Pierre's very door, and there had gathered up this precious little maid, and carried her away, to do with as she would.

And she did with the child much as she herself had been done by. Euphrasie went to the convent soon, and was taught all gentle things, the pretty arts of manner and speech that the ladies of the "Sacred Heart" can teach so well. When she quitted them, she left a trail of love behind her; she always did.

Placide continued to see her at intervals, and to love her always. One day he told her so; he could not help it. She stood under one of the big oaks at Les Chéniers. It was mid-

summer time, and the tangled sunbeams had enmeshed her in a golden fretwork. When he saw her standing there in the sun's glamour, which was like a glory upon her, he trembled. He seemed to see her for the first time. He could only look at her, and wonder why her hair gleamed so, as it fell in those thick chestnut waves about her ears and neck. He had looked a thousand times into her eyes before; was it only to-day they held that sleepy, wistful light in them that invites love? How had he not seen it before? Why had he not known before that her lips were red, and cut in fine, strong curves, that her flesh was like cream? How had he not seen that she was beautiful? "Euphrasie," he said, taking her hands—"Euphrasie, I love you!"

She looked at him with a little astonishment. "Yes; I know, Placide." She spoke with the soft intonation of the creole.

"No; you don't, Euphrasie. I did n' know myse'f how much tell jus' now."

Perhaps he did only what was natural when he asked her next if she loved him. He still held her hands. She looked thoughtfully away, unready to answer.

"Do you love anybody better?" he asked jealously. "Any one jus' as well as me?"

"You know I love papa better, Placide, an' Maman Duplan jus' as well."

Yet she saw no reason why she should not be his wife when he asked her to.

Only a few months before this, Euphrasie had returned to live with her father. The step had cut her off from everything that girls of eighteen call pleasure. If it cost her one regret, no one could have guessed it. She went often to visit the Duplans, however; and Placide had gone to bring her home from Les Chéniers the very day of Offdean's arrival at the plantation.

They had traveled by rail to Natchitoches, where they found Pierre's no-top buggy waiting for them, for there was a drive of five miles to be made through the pine woods before the plantation was reached. When they were at their journey's end, and had driven some distance up the long plantation road that led to the house in the rear, Euphrasie exclaimed:

"W'y, there's some one on the gall'ry with papa, Placide!"

"Yes; I see."

"It looks like some one f'om town. It mus' be Mr. Gus Adams; but I don't see his horse."

"T ain't no one f'om town that I know. It's boun' to be some one f'om the city."

"O Placide, I should n' wonder if Harding & Offdean have sent some one to look after the place at las'," she exclaimed a little excitedly.

They were near enough to see that the stranger was a young man of very pleasing ap-

pearance. Without apparent reason, a chilly depression took hold of Placide.

"I tole you it was n' yo' lookout f'om the firs', Euphrasie," he said to her.

IV.

WALLACE OFFDEAN remembered Euphrasie at once as a young person whom he had assisted to a very high perch on his club-house balcony the previous Mardi Gras night. He had thought her pretty and attractive then, and for the space of a day or two wondered who she might be. But he had not made even so fleeting an impression upon her; seeing which, he did not refer to any former meeting when Pierre introduced them.

She took the chair which he offered her, and asked him very simply when he had come, if his journey had been pleasant, and if he had not found the road from Natchitoches in very good condition.

"Mr. Offde'n only come sence yistiday, Euphrasie," interposed Pierre. "We been talk' 'bout de place, him an' me. I been tole 'im all 'bout it—*va!* An' if Mr. Offde'n want to excuse me now, I b'lieve I go he'p Placide wid dat hoss an' buggy"; and he descended the steps slowly, and walked lazily with his bent figure in the direction of the shed beneath which Placide had driven, after depositing Euphrasie at the door.

"I dare say you find it strange," began Offdean, "that the owners of this place have neglected it so long and shamefully. But you see," he added, smiling, "the management of a plantation does n't enter into the routine of a commission merchant's business. The place has already cost them more than they hope to get from it, and naturally they have n't the wish to sink further money in it." He did not know why he was saying these things to a mere girl, but he went on: "I'm authorized to sell the plantation if I can get anything like a reasonable price for it." Euphrasie laughed in a way that made him uncomfortable, and he thought he would say no more at present—not till he knew her better, anyhow.

"Well," she said in a very decided fashion, "I know you'll fine one or two persons in town who'll begin by running down the lan' till you would n' want it as a gif', Mr. Offdean; and who will en' by offering to take it off yo' han's for the promise of a song, with the lan' as security again."

They both laughed, and Placide, who was approaching, scowled. But before he reached the steps his instinctive sense of the courtesy due to a stranger had banished the look of ill humor. His bearing was so frank and graceful, and his face such a marvel of beauty, with its dark,

rich coloring and soft lines, that the well-clipped and groomed Offidean felt his astonishment to be more than half admiration when they shook hands. He knew that the Santiens had been the former owners of this plantation which he had come to look after, and naturally he expected some sort of coöperation or direct assistance from Placide in his efforts at reconstruction. But Placide proved non-committal, and exhibited an indifference and ignorance concerning the condition of affairs that savored surprisingly of affectation.

He had positively nothing to say so long as the talk touched upon matters concerning Offidean's business there. He was only a little less taciturn when more general topics were approached, and directly after supper he saddled his horse and went away. He would not wait until morning, for the moon would be rising about midnight, and he knew the road as well by night as by day. He knew just where the best fords were across the bayous, and the safest paths across the hills. He knew for a certainty whose plantations he might traverse, and whose fences he might derail. But, for that matter, he would derail what he liked, and cross where he pleased.

Euphrasie walked with him to the shed when he went for his horse. She was bewildered at his sudden determination, and wanted it explained.

"I don't like that man," he admitted frankly; "I can't stan' him. Sen' me word w'en he's gone, Euphrasie."

She was patting and rubbing the pony, which knew her well. Only their dim outlines were discernible in the thick darkness.

"You are foolish, Placide," she replied in French. "You would do better to stay and help him. No one knows the place so well as you—"

"The place is n't mine, and it 's nothing to me," he answered bitterly. He took her hands and kissed them passionately, but, stooping, she pressed her lips upon his forehead.

"Oh!" he exclaimed rapturously, "you do love me, Euphrasie?" His arms were holding her, and his lips brushing her hair and cheeks as they eagerly but ineffectually sought hers.

"Of co'se I love you, Placide. Ain't I going to marry you nex' spring? You foolish boy!" she replied, disengaging herself from his clasp.

When he was mounted, he stooped to say, "See yere, Euphrasie, don't have too much to do with that d—— Yankee."

"But, Placide, he is n't a—a—'d—— Yankee"; he's a Southerner, like you—a New Orleans man."

"Oh, well, he looks like a Yankee." But Placide laughed, for he was happy since Eu-

phrasie had kissed him, and he whistled softly as he went cantering away in the darkness.

The girl stood awhile with clasped hands, trying to understand a little sigh that rose in her throat, and that was not one of regret. When she regained the house, she went directly to her room, and left her father talking to Offidean in the quiet and perfumed night.

V.

WHEN two weeks had passed, Offidean felt very much at home with old Pierre and his daughter, and found the business that had called him to the country so engrossing that he had given no thought to those personal questions he had hoped to solve in going there.

The old man had driven him around in the no-top buggy to show him how dismantled the fences and barns were. He could see for himself that the house was a constant menace to human life. In the evenings the three would sit out on the gallery and talk of the land and its strong points and its weak ones, till he came to know it as if it had been his own.

Of the rickety condition of the cabins he got a fair notion, for he and Euphrasie passed them almost daily on horseback, on their way to the woods. It was seldom that their appearance together did not rouse comment among the darkies who happened to be loitering about.

La Chatte, a broad black woman with ends of white wool sticking out from under her *tignon*, stood with arms akimbo watching them as they disappeared one day. Then she turned and said to a young woman who sat in the cabin door:

"Dat young man, ef he want to listen to me, he gwine quit dat ar caperin' roun' Miss 'Phrasie."

The young woman in the doorway laughed, and showed her white teeth, and tossed her head, and fingered the blue beads at her throat, in a way to indicate that she was in hearty sympathy with any question that touched upon gallantry.

"Law! La Chatte, you ain' gwine hinder a gemman f'om payin' intentions to a young lady w'en he a mine to."

"Dat all I got to say," returned La Chatte, seating herself lazily and heavily on the doorstep. "Nobody don' know dem Sanchun boys bettah 'an I does. Did n' I done part raise 'em? W'at you reckon my ha'r all tu'n plumb w'ite dat a way ef it war n't dat Placide w'at done it?"

"How come he make yo' ha'r tu'n w'ite, La Chatte?"

"Dev'ment, pu' dev'ment, Rose. Did n' he come in dat same cabin one day, w'en he war n't no biggah 'an dat Pres'dent Hayes w'at you sees gwine 'long de road wid dat cotton

sack 'crost 'im? He come an' sets down by de do', on dat same t'ree-laigged stool w'at you 's a-settin' on now, wid his gun in his han', an' he say: 'La Chatte, I wants some croquignoles, an' I wants 'em quick, too.' I 'low: 'G' 'way f'om dah, boy. Don' you see I 's flutin' yo' ma's petticoat?' He say: 'La Chatte, put 'side dat ar flutin'-i'on an' dat ar petticoat'; an' he cock dat gun an' p'int it to my head. 'Dar de ba'el,' he say; 'git out dat flour, git out dat buttah an' dat aigs; step roun' dah, ole 'oman. Dis heah gun don' quit yo' head tell dem croquignoles is on de table, wid a w'ite tableclof an' a cup o' coffee.' Ef I goes to de ba'el, de gun 's a-p'intin'. Ef I goes to de fiah, de gun 's a-p'intin'. W'en I rolls out de dough, de gun 's a-p'intin'; an' him nevah say nuttin', an' me a-trim'lin' like ole Uncle Noah w'en de mis'ry strike 'im."

"Lordy! w'at you reckon he do ef he tu'n roun' an' git mad wid dat young gemman f'om de city?"

"I don' reckon nuttin'; I knows w'at he gwine do—same w'at his pa done."

"W'at his pa done, La Chatte?"

"G' 'long 'bout yo' business; you 's axin' too many questions." And La Chatte arose slowly and went to gather her party-colored wash that hung drying on the jagged and irregular points of a dilapidated picket-fence.

But the d'arkies were mistaken in supposing that Offdean was paying attention to Euphrasie. Those little jaunts in the wood were purely of a business character. Offdean had made a contract with a neighboring mill for fencing, in exchange for a certain amount of uncut timber. He had made it his work—with the assistance of Euphrasie—to decide upon what trees he wanted felled, and to mark such for the woodman's ax.

If they sometimes forgot what they had gone into the woods for, it was because there was so much to talk about and to laugh about. Often, when Offdean had blazed a tree with the sharp hatchet which he carried at his pommel, and had further discharged his duty by calling it "a fine piece of timber," they would sit upon some fallen and decaying trunk, maybe to listen to a chorus of mocking-birds above their heads, or to exchange confidences, as young people will.

Euphrasie thought she had never heard any one talk quite so pleasantly as Offdean did. She could not decide whether it was his manner or the tone of his voice, or the earnest glance of his dark and deep-set blue eyes, that gave such meaning to everything he said; for she found herself afterward thinking of his every word.

One afternoon it rained in torrents, and Rose was forced to drag buckets and tubs into Off-

dean's room to catch the streams that threatened to flood it. Euphrasie said she was glad of it; now he could see for himself.

And when he had seen for himself, he went to join her out on a corner of the gallery, where she stood with a cloak around her, close up against the house. He leaned against the house, too, and they stood thus together, gazing upon as desolate a scene as it is easy to imagine.

The whole landscape was gray, seen through the driving rain. Far away the dreary cabins seemed to sink and sink to earth in abject misery. Above their heads the live-oak branches were beating with sad monotony against the blackened roof. Great pools of water had formed in the yard, which was deserted by every living thing; for the little d'arkies had scampered away to their cabins, the dogs had run to their kennels, and the hens were puffing big with wretchedness under the scanty shelter of a fallen wagon-body.

Certainly a situation to make a young man groan with ennui, if he is used to his daily stroll on Canal street, and pleasant afternoons at the club. But Offdean thought it delightful. He only wondered that he had never known, or some one had never told him, how charming a place an old, dismantled plantation can be—when it rains. But as well as he liked it, he could not linger there forever. Business called him back to New Orleans, and after a few days he went away.

The interest which he felt in the improvement of this plantation was of so deep a nature, however, that he found himself thinking of it constantly. He wondered if the timber had all been felled, and how the fencing was coming on. So great was his desire to know such things that much correspondence was required between himself and Euphrasie, and he watched eagerly for those letters that told him of her trials and vexations with carpenters, bricklayers, and shingle-bearers. But in the midst of it, Offdean suddenly lost interest in the progress of work on the plantation. Singularly enough, it happened simultaneously with the arrival of a letter from Euphrasie which announced in a modest postscript that she was going down to the city with the Duplans for Mardi Gras.

VI.

WHEN Offdean learned that Euphrasie was coming to New Orleans, he was delighted to think he would have an opportunity to make some return for the hospitality which he had received from her father. He decided at once that she must see everything: day processions and night parades, balls and tableaux, operas and plays. He would arrange for it all, and he went to the length of begging to be re-

lieved of certain duties that had been assigned him at the club, in order that he might feel himself perfectly free to do so.

The evening following Euphrasie's arrival, Offidean hastened to call upon her, away down on Esplanade street. She and the Duplans were staying there with old Mme. Carantelle, Mrs. Duplan's mother, a delightfully conservative old lady who had not "crossed Canal street" for many years.

He found a number of people gathered in the long, high-ceiled drawing-room— young people and old people, all talking French, and some talking louder than they would have done if Madame Carantelle had not been so very deaf.

When Offidean entered, the old lady was greeting some one who had come in just before him. It was Placide, and she was calling him Grégoire, and wanting to know how the crops were up on Red River. She met every one from the country with this stereotyped inquiry, which placed her at once on the agreeable and easy footing she liked.

Somehow Offidean had not counted on finding Euphrasie so well provided with entertainment, and he spent much of the evening in trying to persuade himself that the fact was a pleasing one in itself. But he wondered why Placide was with her, and sat so persistently beside her, and danced so repeatedly with her when Mrs. Duplan played upon the piano. Then he could not see by what right these young creoles had already arranged for the Proteus ball, and every other entertainment that he had meant to provide for her.

He went away without having had a word alone with the girl whom he had gone to see. The evening had proved a failure. He did not go to the club as usual, but went to his rooms in a mood which inclined him to read a few pages from a stoic philosopher whom he sometimes affected. But the words of wisdom that had often before helped him over disagreeable places left no impress to-night. They were powerless to banish from his thoughts the look of a pair of brown eyes, or to drown the tones of a girl's voice that kept singing in his soul.

Placide was not very well acquainted with the city; but that made no difference to him so long as he was at Euphrasie's side. His brother Hector, who lived in some obscure corner of the town, would willingly have made his knowledge a more intimate one; but Placide did not choose to learn the lessons that Hector was ready to teach. He asked nothing better than to walk with Euphrasie along the streets, holding her parasol at an agreeable angle over her pretty head, or to sit beside her in the evening at the play, sharing her frank delight.

When the night of the Mardi Gras ball came, he felt like a lost spirit during the hours he was forced to remain away from her. He stood in the dense crowd on the street gazing up at her, where she sat on the club-house balcony amid a bevy of gaily dressed women. It was not easy to distinguish her, but he could think of no more agreeable occupation than to stand down there on the street trying to do so.

She seemed during all this pleasant time to be entirely his own, too. It made him very fierce to think of the possibility of her not being entirely his own. But he had no cause whatever to think this. She had grown conscious and thoughtful of late about him and their relationship. She often communed with herself, and as a result tried to act toward him as an engaged girl would toward her *fiancé*. Yet a wistful look came sometimes into the brown eyes when she walked the streets with Placide, and eagerly scanned the faces of passers-by.

Offidean had written her a note, very studied, very formal, asking to see her a certain day and hour, to consult about matters on the plantation, saying he had found it so difficult to obtain a word with her, that he was forced to adopt this means, which he trusted would not be offensive.

This seemed perfectly right to Euphrasie. She agreed to see him one afternoon—the day before leaving town—in the long, stately drawing-room, quite alone.

It was a sleepy day, too warm for the season. Gusts of moist air were sweeping lazily through the long corridors, rattling the slats of the half-closed green shutters, and bringing a delicious perfume from the courtyard where old Charlot was watering the spreading palms and brilliant parterres. A group of little children had stood awhile quarreling noisily under the windows, but had moved on down the street and left quietness reigning.

Offidean had not long to wait before Euphrasie came to him. She had lost some of that ease which had marked her manner during their first acquaintance. Now, when she seated herself before him, she showed a disposition to plunge at once into the subject that had brought him there. He was willing enough that it should play some rôle, since it had been his pretext for coming; but he soon dismissed it, and with it much restraint that had held him till now. He simply looked into her eyes, with a gaze that made her shiver a little, and began to complain because she was going away next day and he had seen nothing of her; because he had wanted to do so many things when she came—why had she not let him?

"You fo'get I 'm no stranger here," she told

him. "I know many people. I've been coming so often with Mme. Duplan. I wanted to see mo' of you, Mr. Offdean—"

"Then you ought to have managed it; you could have done so. It's—it's aggravating," he said, far more bitterly than the subject warranted, "when a man has so set his heart upon something."

"But it was n' anything ver' important," she interposed; and they both laughed, and got safely over a situation that would soon have been strained, if not critical.

Waves of happiness were sweeping through the soul and body of the girl as she sat there in the drowsy afternoon near the man whom she loved. It mattered not what they talked about, or whether they talked at all. They were both scintillant with feeling. If Offdean had taken Euphrasie's hands in his and leaned forward and kissed her lips, it would have seemed to both only the rational outcome of things that stirred them. But he did not do this. He knew now that overwhelming passion was taking possession of him. He had not to heap more coals upon the fire; on the contrary, it was a moment to put on the brakes, and he was a young gentleman able to do this when circumstances required.

However, he held her hand longer than he needed to when he bade her good-by. For he got entangled in explaining why he should have to go back to the plantation to see how matters stood there, and he dropped her hand only when the rambling speech was ended.

He left her sitting by the window in a big brocaded arm-chair. She drew the lace curtain aside to watch him pass in the street. He lifted his hat and smiled when he saw her. Any other man she knew would have done the same thing, but this simple act caused the blood to surge to her cheeks. She let the curtain drop, and sat there like one dreaming. Her eyes, intense with the unnatural light that glowed in them, looked steadily into vacancy, and her lips stayed parted in the half-smile that did not want to leave them.

Placide found her thus, a good while afterward, when he came in, full of bustle, with theater tickets in his pocket for the last night. She started up, and went eagerly to meet him.

"W'ere have you been, Placide?" she asked with unsteady voice, placing her hands on his shoulders with a freedom that was new and strange to him.

He appeared to her suddenly as a refuge from something, she did not know what, and she rested her hot cheek against his breast. This made him mad, and he lifted her face and kissed her passionately upon the lips.

She crept from his arms after that, and went away to her room, and locked herself in. Her

poor little inexperienced soul was torn and sore. She knelt down beside her bed, and sobbed a little and prayed a little. She felt that she had sinned, she did not know exactly in what; but a fine nature warned her that it was in Placide's kiss.

VII.

THE spring came early in Orville, and so subtly that no one could tell exactly when it began. But one morning the roses were so luscious in Placide's sunny parterres, the péas and bean-vines and borders of strawberries so rank in his trim vegetable patches, that he called out lustily, "No mo' wintah, Judge!" to the staid Judge Blount, who went ambling by on his gray pony.

"There's right smart o' folks don't know it, Santien," responded the judge, with occult meaning that might be applied to certain indebted clients back on the bayou who had not broken land yet. Ten minutes later the judge observed sententiously, and apropos of nothing, to a group that stood waiting for the post-office to open:

"I see Santien's got that noo fence o' his painted. And a pretty piece o' work it is," he added reflectively.

"Look lack Placide goin' pent mo' 'an de fence," sagaciously snickered 'Tit-Edouard, a strolling *maigre-échine* of indefinite occupation. "I seen 'im, me, pesterin' wid all kine o' pent on a piece o' bo'd yistiday."

"I knows he gwine paint mo' 'an de fence," emphatically announced Uncle Abner, in a tone that carried conviction. "He gwine paint de house; dat what he gwine do. Did n' Marse Luke Williams ordah de paints? An' did n' I done kyar 'em up dah myse'f?"

Seeing the deference with which this positive piece of knowledge was received, the judge coolly changed the subject by announcing that Luke Williams's Durham bull had broken a leg the night before in Luke's new pasture ditch, a piece of news that fell among his hearers with telling, if paralytic, effect.

But most people wanted to see for themselves these astonishing things that Placide was doing. And the young ladies of the village strolled slowly by of afternoons in couples and arm in arm. If Placide happened to see them, he would leave his work to hand them a fine rose or a bunch of geraniums over the dazzling white fence. But if it chanced to be 'Tit-Edouard or Luke Williams, or any of the young men of Orville, he pretended not to see them, or to hear the ingratiating cough that accompanied their lingering footsteps.

In his eagerness to have his home sweet and attractive for Euphrasie's coming, Placide had gone less frequently than ever before up to

Natchitoches. He worked and whistled and sang until the yearning for the girl's presence became a driving need; then he would put away his tools and mount his horse as the day was closing, and away he would go across bayous and hills and fields until he was with her again. She had never seemed to Placide so lovable as she was then. She had grown more womanly and thoughtful. Her cheek had lost much of its color, and the light in her eyes flashed less often. But her manner had gained a something of pathetic tenderness toward her lover that moved him with an intoxicating happiness. He could hardly wait with patience for that day in early April which would see the fulfilment of his lifelong hopes.

After Euphrasie's departure from New Orleans, Offdean told himself honestly that he loved the girl. But being yet unsettled in life, he felt it was no time to think of marrying, and, like the worldly-wise young gentleman that he was, resolved to forget the little Natchitoches girl. He knew it would be an affair of some difficulty, but not an impossible thing, so he set about forgetting her.

The effort made him singularly irascible. At the office he was gloomy and taciturn; at the club he was a bear. A few young ladies whom he called upon were astonished and distressed at the cynical views of life which he had so suddenly adopted.

When he had endured a week or more of such humor, and inflicted it upon others, he abruptly changed his tactics. He decided not to fight against his love for Euphrasie. He would not marry her—certainly not; but he would let himself love her to his heart's bent, until that love should die a natural death, and not a violent one as he had designed. He abandoned himself completely to his passion, and dreamed of the girl by day and thought of her by night. How delicious had been the scent of her hair, the warmth of her breath, the nearness of her body, that rainy day when they stood close together upon the veranda! He recalled the glance of her honest, beautiful eyes, that told him things which made his heart beat fast now when he thought of them. And then her voice! Was there another like it when she laughed or when she talked! Was there another woman in the world possessed of so alluring a charm as this one he loved!

He was not bearish now, with these sweet thoughts crowding his brain and thrilling his blood; but he sighed deeply, and worked languidly, and enjoyed himself listlessly.

One day he sat in his room puffing the air thick with sighs and smoke, when a thought came suddenly to him—an inspiration, a very message from heaven, to judge from the

cry of joy with which he greeted it. He sent his cigar whirling through the window, over the stone paving of the street, and he let his head fall down upon his arms, folded upon the table.

It had happened to him, as it does to many, that the solution of a vexed question flashed upon him when he was hoping least for it. He positively laughed aloud, and somewhat hysterically. In the space of a moment he saw the whole delicious future which a kind fate had mapped out for him: those rich acres up on the Red River his own, bought and embellished with his inheritance; and Euphrasie, whom he loved, his wife and companion throughout a life such as he knew now he had craved for—a life that, imposing bodily activity, admits the intellectual repose in which thought unfolds.

Wallace Offdean was like one to whom a divinity had revealed his vocation in life—no less a divinity because it was love. If doubts assailed him of Euphrasie's consent, they were soon stilled. For had they not spoken over and over to each other the mute and subtle language of reciprocal love—out under the forest trees, and in the quiet nighttime on the plantation when the stars shone? And never so plainly as in the stately old drawing-room down on Esplanade street. Surely no other speech was needed then, save such as their eyes told. Oh, he knew that she loved him; he was sure of it! The knowledge made him all the more eager now to hasten to her, to tell her that he wanted her for his very own.

VIII.

IF Offdean had stopped in Natchitoches on his way to the plantation, he would have heard something there to astonish him, to say the very least; for the whole town was talking of Euphrasie's wedding, which was to take place in a few days. But he did not linger. After securing a horse at the stable, he pushed on with all the speed of which the animal was capable, and only in such company as his eager thoughts afforded him.

The plantation was very quiet, with that stillness which broods over broad, clean acres that furnish no refuge for so much as a bird that sings. The negroes were scattered about the fields at work, with hoe and plow, under the sun, and old Pierre, on his horse, was far off in the midst of them.

Placide had arrived in the morning, after traveling all night, and had gone to his room for an hour or two of rest. He had drawn the lounge close up to the window to get what air he might through the closed shutters. He was just beginning to doze when he heard Eu-

phrase's light footsteps approaching. She stopped and seated herself so near that he could have touched her if he had but reached out his hand. Her nearness banished all desire to sleep, and he lay there content to rest his limbs and think of her.

The portion of the gallery on which Euphrasie sat was facing the river, and away from the road by which Offdean had reached the house. After fastening his horse, he mounted the steps, and traversed the broad hall that intersected the house from end to end, and that was open wide. He found Euphrasie engaged upon a piece of sewing. She was hardly aware of his presence before he had seated himself beside her.

She could not speak. She only looked at him with frightened eyes, as if his presence were that of some disembodied spirit.

"Are you not glad that I have come?" he asked her. "Have I made a mistake in coming?" He was gazing into her eyes, seeking to read the meaning of their new and strange expression.

"Am I glad?" she faltered. "I don't know. W'at has that to do? You 've come to see the work, of co'se. It 's—it 's only half done, Mr. Offdean. They would n' listen to me or to papa, an' you did n' seem to care."

"I have n't come to see the work," he said, with a smile of love and confidence. "I am here only to see you—to say how much I want you and need you—to tell you how I love you."

She rose, half choking with words she could not utter. But he seized her hands and held her there.

"The plantation is mine, Euphrasie—or it will be when you say that you will be my wife," he went on excitedly. "I know that you love me—"

"I do not!" she exclaimed wildly. "W'at do you mean? How do you dare," she gasped, "to say such things w'en you know that in two days I shall be married to Placide?" The last was said in a whisper; it was like a wail.

"Married to Placide!" he echoed, as if striving to understand—to grasp some part of his own stupendous folly and blindness. "I knew nothing of it," he said hoarsely. "Married to Placide! I would never have spoken to you as I did, if I had known. You believe me, I hope? Please say that you forgive me."

He spoke with long silences between his utterances.

"Oh, there is n' anything to fo'give. You 've only made a mistake. Please leave me, Mr. Offdean. Papa is out in the fiel', I think, if you would like to speak with him. Placide is somew'ere on the place."

"I shall mount my horse and go see what work has been done," said Offdean, rising. An

unusual pallor had overspread his face, and his mouth was drawn with suppressed pain. "I must turn my fool's errand to some practical good," he added, with a sad attempt at playfulness; and with no further word he walked quickly away.

She listened to him go. Then all the wretchedness of the past months, together with the sharp distress of the moment, voiced itself in a sob: "O God—O my God, he'p me!"

But she could not stay out there in the broad day for any chance comer to look upon her uncovered sorrow.

Placide heard her rise and go to her room. When he had heard the key turn in the lock, he got up, and with quiet deliberation prepared to go out. He drew on his boots, then his coat. He took his pistol from the dressing-bureau, where he had placed it a while before, and after examining its chambers carefully, thrust it into his pocket. He had certain work to do with the weapon before night. But for Euphrasie's presence he might have accomplished it very surely a moment ago, when the hound—as he called him—stood outside his window. He did not wish her to know anything of his movements, and he left his room as quietly as possible, and mounted his horse, as Offdean had done.

"La Chatte," called Placide to the old woman, who stood in her yard at the wash-tub, "w'ich way did that man go?"

"W'at man dat? I is n' studyin' 'bout no mans; I got 'nough to do wid dis heah washin'. 'Fo' God, I don't know w'at man you 's talkin' 'bout—"

"La Chatte, w'ich way did that man go? Quick, now!" with the deliberate tone and glance that had always quelled her.

"Ef you 's talkin' 'bout dat Noo Orleans man, I could 'a' tole you dat. He done tuck de road to de cocoa-patch," plunging her black arms into the tub with unnecessary energy and disturbance.

"That 's enough. I know now he 's gone into the woods. You always was a liar, La Chatte."

"Dat his own lookout, de smooove-tongue' raskil," soliloquized the woman a moment later. "I done said he did n' have no call to come heah, caperin' roun' Miss 'Phrasie."

Placide was possessed by only one thought, which was a want as well—to put an end to this man who had come between him and his love. It was the same brute passion that drives the beast to slay when he sees the object of his own desire laid hold of by another.

He had heard Euphrasie tell the man she did not love him, but what of that? Had he not heard her sobs, and guessed what her distress was? It needed no very flexible mind to guess

as much, when a hundred signs besides, unheeded before, came surging to his memory. Jealousy held him, and rage and despair.

Offdean, as he rode along under the trees in apathetic despondency, heard some one approaching him on horseback, and turned aside to make room in the narrow pathway.

It was not a moment for punctilious scruples, and Placide had not been hindered by such from sending a bullet into the back of his rival. The only thing that stayed him was that Offdean must know why he had to die.

"Mr. Offdean," Placide said, reining his horse with one hand, while he held his pistol openly in the other, "I was in my room w'ile ago, and yaired w'at you said to Euphrasie. I would 'a' killed you then if she had n' been 'longside o' you. I could 'a' killed you jus' now w'en I come up behine you."

"Well, why did n't you?" asked Offdean, meanwhile gathering his faculties to think how he had best deal with this madman.

"Because I wanted you to know who done it, an' w'at he done it for."

"Mr. Santien, I suppose to a person in your frame of mind it will make no difference to know that I'm unarmed. But if you make any attempt upon my life, I shall certainly defend myself as best I can."

"Defen' yo'se'f, then."

"You must be mad," said Offdean, quickly, and looking straight into Placide's eyes, "to want to soil your happiness with murder. I thought a creole knew better than that how to love a woman."

"By——! are you goin' to learn me how to love a woman?"

"No, Placide," said Offdean, eagerly, as they rode slowly along; "your own honor is going to tell you that. The way to love a woman is to think first of her happiness. If you love Euphrasie, you must go to her clean. I love her myself enough to want you to do that. I shall leave this place to-morrow; you will never see me again if I can help it. Is n't that enough for you? I'm going to turn here and leave you. Shoot me in the back if you like; but I know you won't." And Offdean held out his hand.

"I don't want to shake han's with you," said Placide, sulkily. "Go 'way f'om me."

He stayed motionless, watching Offdean ride away. He looked at the pistol in his hand, and replaced it slowly in his pocket; then he removed the broad felt hat which he wore, and wiped away the moisture that had gathered upon his forehead.

Offdean's words had touched some chord within him and made it vibrant; but they made him hate the man no less.

"The way to love a woman is to think first

of her happiness," he muttered reflectively. "He thought a creole knew how to love. Does he reckon he 's goin' to learn a creole how to love?"

His face was white and set with despair now. The rage had all left it as he rode deeper on into the wood.

IX.

OFFDEAN rose early, wishing to take the morning train to the city. But he was not before Euphrasie, whom he found in the large hall arranging the breakfast-table. Old Pierre was there too, walking slowly about with hands folded behind him, and with bowed head.

A restraint hung upon all of them, and the girl turned to her father and asked him if Placide were up, seemingly for want of something to say. The old man fell heavily into a chair, and gazed upon her in the deepest distress.

"O my po' li'le Euphrasie! my po' li'le chile! Mr. Offde'n, you a'n't no stranger."

"*Bon Dieu!* Papa!" cried the girl, sharply, seized with a vague terror. She quitted her occupation at the table, and stood in nervous apprehension of what might follow.

"I yaired people say Placide was one no-count creole. I nevair want to believe dat, me. Now I know dat 's true. Mr. Offde'n, you a'n't no stranger, you."

Offdean was gazing upon the old man in amazement.

"In de night," Pierre continued, "I yaired some noise on de winder. I go open, an' dere Placide, standin' wid his big boot' on, an' his w'ip w'at he knocked wid on de winder, an' his hoss all saddle'. O my po' li'le chile! He say, 'Pierre, I yaired say Mr. Luke William' want his house pent down in Orville. I reckon I go git de job befo' somebody else teck it.' I say, 'You come straight back, Placide?' He say, 'Don't look fer me.' An' w'en I ax 'im w'at I goin' tell to my li'le chile, he say, 'Tell Euphrasie Placide know better 'an anybody livin' w'at goin' make her happy.' An' he start 'way; den he come back an' say, 'Tell dat man'—I don' know who he was talk' 'bout—'tell 'im he a'n't goin' learn nuttin' to a creole.' *Mon Dieu!* *Mon Dieu!* I don' know w'at all dat mean."

He was holding the half-fainting Euphrasie in his arms, and stroking her hair.

"I always yaired say he was one no-count creole. I nevair want to believe dat."

"Don't—don't say that again, papa," she whisperingly entreated, speaking in French. "Placide has saved me!"

"He has save' you f'om w'at, Euphrasie?" asked her father, in dazed astonishment.

"From sin," she replied to him under her breath.



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"SHE WAS HARDLY AWARE OF HIS PRESENCE BEFORE HE HAD SEATED HIMSELF BESIDE HER."

"I don' know w'at all dat mean," the old man muttered, bewildered, as he arose and walked out on the gallery.

Offidean had taken coffee in his room, and would not wait for breakfast. When he went to bid Euphrasie good-by, she sat beside the table with her head bowed upon her arm.

He took her hand and said good-by to her, but she did not look up.

"Euphrasie," he said eagerly, "I may come back? Say that I may—after a while."

She gave him no answer, and he leaned down and pressed his cheek caressingly and entreatingly against her soft, thick hair.

"May I, Euphrasie?" he begged. "So long as you do not tell me no, I shall come back, dearest one."

She still made him no reply, but she did not tell him no.

So he kissed her hand and her cheek,—what he could touch of it, that peeped out from her folded arm,—and went away.

An hour later, when Offidean passed through Natchitoches, the old town was already ringing the startling news that Placide had been dismissed by his *fiancée*, and the wedding was off, information which the young creole was taking the trouble to scatter broadcast as he went.

Kate Chopin.

THE CONVICT WOMEN OF PORT BLAIR.



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAGE.

NIGHT and storm and death together
Danced on the sea in the wild weather.
Round the poor ship, settling fast,
Hissed the billow and howled the blast;
Through the churning foam beneath
Gleamed the black rocks' naked teeth.

Pity and grief and fear together
Crouched on the shore in the wild weather,
Gazing out through the whirling spray.
Is there a hope of rescue? Say!
No; for never a boat could live.
Life given vainly is much to give.

Who are these who come to the strand,
Lean and gaunt as a specter band?
Their scant locks beat on the wind like whips;
The salt spray stings on their eager lips.
Sin-stricken women, what seek ye?
"We bring our lives, for those lives at sea."

"I was a thief, and stole my bread:
There 'll be no hunger among the dead."
"My hands are red with a dastard's blood;
I 'll wash them clean in the rolling flood."
"Ask not my crime! let death come fast,
That I and my man may meet at last."

Clasp the hand and bend the knee,
To meet the shock of the plunging sea.
Front the billows with brow and breast;
Follow the leader's look and hest.
This is a game that children play:
Saw ye it ever played this way?

Night and storm and death together
Shriek on the sea in the wild weather.
The ship is gone, but six men cling
To the black rock's jagged splintering;
Waiting till death shall clutch them off,
To sink away in the gray sea-trough.

Look! through the whirling drift of spray
What comes steadily on this way?
Blind and beaten, set like a rock,
Is it a trick of fiends that mock?
Is it a woman's face that shows
Gray and stern 'mid the driving snows?

Hand locked fast in iron hand,
Steadfast feet on rock and sand,
Grim brows bent to meet the gale,
Checks that know nor red nor pale,
Are they spirits, these who stand
A living chain 'twixt sea and land?

Cling, O sailor, to that breast,
As 't were thy mother lulled thy rest!
Clasp that gaunt neck, firm as steel,
Ere thy fainting senses reel.
Clasp and cling, for this is she
Shall save thee from the greedy sea.

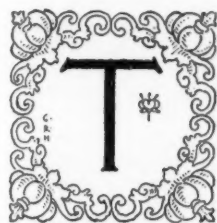
Back and forward moves the chain;
Back and forth, and back again;
Breathless 'mid the beating surge
Still their steadfast way they urge,
Reck nor pain nor toil nor chafe,
Till the last faint life is safe.

Toss and howl and shriek together,
Night and death, in the wild weather;
Woman's love has barred your way,
Woman's strength has snatched your prey.
Wail and howl round the black rock;
Woman has you still to mock.

Laura E. Richards.



THE BIBLE AND THE ASSYRIAN MONUMENTS.

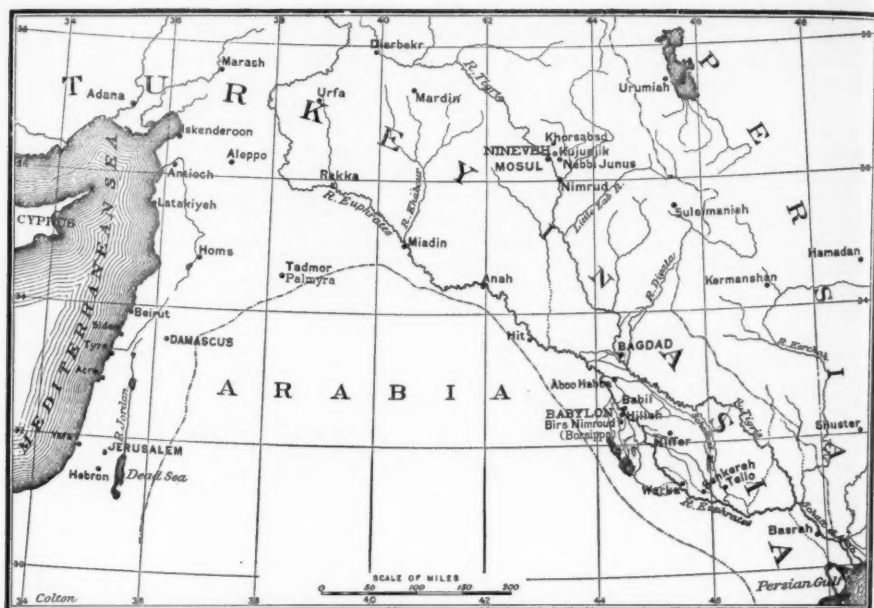


THE revolution of the present is going hand in hand with the resurrection of the past. Through the remarkable excavations that have been carried on during the past decades in the seats of ancient culture,

and through the laborious researches of modern scholars, entire civilizations, of which, only a short time ago, it was barely known that they flourished and decayed, have been revealed to the astonished gaze of this generation. Records belonging to periods from which we are separated by an abyss of thousands of years have been rescued from oblivion. From monuments we now read the annals of the youth of mankind. The Egypt of the Pharaohs has come to life again, and, stranger still, the Babylon of Semiramis and Nebuchadnezzar, the Assyria of Sargon and Sardanapalus, rise like phantoms from their graves.

THE rediscovery of the ancient sister empires of Mesopotamia is to be classed among the most remarkable achievements of the present century. Three generations ago but little was known of the civilization that once flour-

ished in the region to which a time-honored tradition assigned the distinction of being the cradle of mankind. The awful doom pronounced by Hebrew prophets had been fulfilled almost to the letter. The "glory of the kingdoms" was transformed into a scene of desolation; the "cedar of surpassing beauty" was hewn down. The recollection of Babylon and Assyria began to fade out of the memory of man. Fable and legend, usurping the place of history and fact, came to weave a dense veil of mystery around the past. The fierce winds, sweeping the hot sands of the desert across the plains, completed the work of destruction, and what little the hand of time had spared became lost to view. Where once proud and stately cities arose, only huge and shapeless mounds were to be seen. Travelers looked with curiosity upon these mounds, which, varying in height from 40 to 150 feet, and occasionally 1000 feet long, lined the banks of the Tigris from Mosul to Bagdad, and abounded in the valley of the Euphrates. In time the attention of the scholarly world was drawn toward the mounds, and the thought arose in some minds that they might still harbor remains of antiquity. It was not, however, till the year 1842 that the growing curiosity of scholars was to be satisfied. With the arrival of P. E. Botta at Mosul, as the French consular agent, begins the brilliant series of excavations which, continued almost without in-



MAP OF BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA, SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL SITES OF THE EXCAVATIONS CARRIED ON DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

terruption down to the immediate present, have resulted in bringing to light a lost and forgotten chapter in the history of man. Commissioned by his government to open some of the mounds, Botta succeeded in striking the remains of a stone wall under a mound at Khorsabad, some miles to the north of Mosul, and before he closed his labors he had unearthed the greater portion of an Assyrian palace of vast dimensions, which, as was subsequently ascertained, was erected by King Sargon about seven hundred years before our era. Botta was followed by Sir Austen Henry Layard, whose work at the mounds, extending over a period of five years, far outstripped that of his French colleague. In the mound Kouyunjik, directly opposite Mosul, the royal palaces of Sennacherib and Sardanapalus, containing an endless succession of halls and chambers, were laid bare; at Nimrud, a few miles to the south, no fewer than three palaces, besides parts of a temple, were discovered, while still farther south at Kalah-Shergat, Layard came upon another palace, rivaling its

companions in magnitude. After Layard came Saulcy, Oppert, Rawlinson, Loftus, George Smith, Rassam, De Sarzec, Ward, and Peters,¹ who extended the work to the mounds of southern Mesopotamia.

In the buildings thus brought to light there were found statues of gods, demons, and kings, tablets of gold, silver, copper, and antimony — all covered with writing in the strange-looking cuneiform character. The walls of the palace chambers were generally found to be lined with slabs of marble, limestone, and alabaster, on which were sculptured scenes illustrative of life and events in ancient Assyria and Babylonia, and accompanied by explanatory inscriptions. A large number of closely inscribed clay barrels and prism-shaped cylinders were also found, which generally proved to be the annals of the kings, besides thousands upon thousands of small bricks, and a large variety of ornaments and other objects. Six large, well-stocked halls represent the share of the hard-earned spoils which fell to the British Museum. The Louvre follows with an exceed-

¹ An American expedition, under the leadership of Dr. William Hayes Ward of New York, was fitted out in 1881 through the munificence of the late Catharine L. Wolfe, but it confined itself to a study of the topography of the mounds. To the Rev. John P. Peters, Ph. D., now of New York, belongs the distinction of having been the first American to undertake excavations in Mesopotamia. In 1888 he organized an expedition

which went out under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, and for two seasons continued extensive diggings at Niffer, one of the largest mounds of southern Mesopotamia, and standing on the site of the ancient Nipur, which was a most important religious and political center in the early days of Babylonia. The results, which were most gratifying, are now in course of publication.

ingly rich collection, while smaller though valuable collections are to be found in Berlin and Constantinople, and in this country at the University of Pennsylvania, the Metropolitan Museum, Harvard University, and elsewhere. Out of the material thus brought together, a fair picture could be constructed of the high state of culture that had once been reached in this region, but without a knowledge of the contents of the inscriptions, there was little hope of lifting the veil which still enveloped the inner history of the two monarchies, whose rôle in the drama of time we were left to surmise from insufficient notices in the Old Testament, and in some of the ancient authors.

The task of deciphering totally unknown characters appeared indeed to be a hopeless one, and yet it was successfully accomplished. At the beginning of this century, Georg Freidrich Grotefend of Hanover (Germany) discovered the key that was destined to unlock the mysteries of cuneiform writing. Still the obstacles were great that beset at every step the plucky band of pioneers who struck out in the path opened by Grotefend. From laboriously spelling out each word, like a child learning the alphabet, the decipherment gradually advanced, until to-day scholars read an ordinary cuneiform inscription with almost the same ease as a page of Hebrew in the Old Testament. In some respects the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions was attended with even greater difficulties than the reading of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, but the two achievements are to be reckoned among the most notable triumphs of the human mind. The literature so miraculously preserved proved to be varied in character. The cylinders or barrels which were deposited in the corners of the palaces, much as we to-day place documents in corner-stones, gave us detailed accounts of the military campaigns waged by the kings against the great and small powers of that time; or they told us of the new buildings reared by the rulers, and of the improvements they made on existing ones. The inscriptions attached to the pictures running along the walls, and to the huge mythological figures that guarded the approaches to the palace chambers, were similarly of a historic character, while the contents of the bricks and tablets ranged over almost all departments of literature. History and mythology, religious and epic poetry, grammar and lexicography, astronomy and astrology, law and medicine—all were richly represented. As a result of the decipherment of the material stored up in European museums,—though far from exhausted,—the general course of events and the internal development of Babylonia and Assyria have become clear. We have quite

complete histories of a number of Assyrian kings who up to a short time ago were known only by name. The lists of the occupants of the Babylonian and Assyrian thrones are now virtually complete, onward from the fifteenth century before our era. We now know far more of Sennacherib and Esarhaddon than we do of their contemporaries, Hezekiah and Manasseh of Judea; of earlier times we have at least as copious records as of the early days of Greece and Rome; and if the hopes of the present are fulfilled, in another fifty years our knowledge of Assyria and Babylonia bids fair to rival in completeness what we know of the middle ages.

The indirect results are scarcely less important and interesting. The entire panorama of ancient history has been moved into a different light. Through the inscriptions we learn for the first time of states that at one time must have played no unimportant rôle.

But of all the side issues flowing from the excavations and the decipherment, by far the most noteworthy are those bearing on the Old Testament. The scenes portrayed in the opening chapters of the book of Genesis, it will be remembered, are laid in this region. The Tigris and Euphrates are two of the four streams into



FRAGMENT OF CLAY TABLET CONTAINING THE OPENING LINES OF THE BABYLONIAN ACCOUNT OF THE CREATION.

[Photographed from the original in the British Museum, by Mansell & Co., London.]

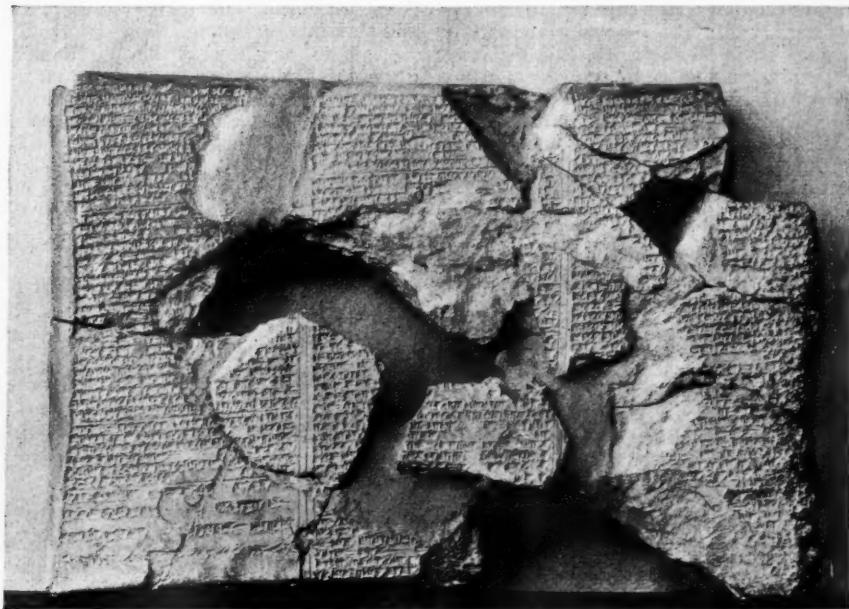
which the nameless river watering the garden in Eden branches out, and the description of the legendary Paradise is so strongly colored by the climatic and physical conditions existing in southern Mesopotamia, as to leave no doubt where popular tradition supposed the earliest habitation of man to be.

The scene of action in the biblical narrative remains unchanged through the period of the deluge down to the dispersion of mankind. The city which the people were building at the time the confusion of languages took place receives the name of Babel, which is of course

no other than Babylon. A few miles to the south of Babylon is Ur-Kasdim, signifying the "city of the Chaldeans," where, according to the book of Genesis, Abram was born. It is not until the emigration of the latter that the Bible transports us to other lands. Even then Mesopotamia is not entirely lost sight of. It is to his old home that Abram, now become Abraham, sends the senior servant of his house intrusted with the delicate mission of selecting a wife for Isaac. Through the temporary sojourn of Abraham's grandson Jacob in Haran, the bond of intimacy between the two branches of the family is renewed, but with the return of Jacob to Palestine the relations seem to break off. Mesopotamia disappears almost entirely from the scene of biblical action. The soothsayer Bileam is invited by the king of Moab to

in Chronicles, while the orations of the great prophets of the time are full of allusions to the Assyrian and Babylonian empires. The "Babylonian exile" was a period of remarkable intellectual activity among the captive Jews. In the biblical literature dating from this period Babylon forms the central figure. "Babylon will fall" is the burden of the prophet's message, and the refrain of the psalmist's song, as it was the hope which sustained the drooping spirits of the exiles. At last the long-looked-for deliverance comes. The approach of the conquering Cyrus changes the weeping into rejoicing. As Babylon falls, the world breaks out into song. The trees of the forest and the cedars of Lebanon rejoice, for the terror of the nations is no more.

In the books of Jonah and Daniel, likewise



REVERSE OF CLAY TABLET CONTAINING THE THREE LAST COLUMNS OF THE BABYLONIAN VERSION OF THE DELUGE.

[In the left-hand lower corner is the colophon stating the tablet to be the second in the "Izdubar" series, and that the copy was made for King Ashurbanabal of Assyria, whose property it is.]

Photographed from the original in the British Museum, by Mansell & Co., London.

curse Israel, and in his mystic utterances, beneath which political references are concealed, there is an allusion to Assyria; but further than this, no mention is made of Mesopotamia until we reach the period of the Israelitish and Judean kingdoms, when the contact again becomes close, and continues almost without interruption down to the destruction of the two kingdoms. The campaigns of Pul, Tiglath-pileser, Shalmaneser, Sennacherib, and Nebuchadnezzar are described in the Books of Kings and

the cities of Nineveh and Babylon form the background to the pictures there unfolded. This prominence given to Mesopotamia in the Bible contributed toward arousing interest in the mounds of the Tigris and Euphrates, an interest which was intensified when supplements to events and scenes described in the historical portions of the Old Testament were found on the official documents compiled by Assyrian scribes, and traditions closely analogous to biblical ones were shown to have

been current among Babylonians and Assyrians. It is to the bearings of the monuments on the Old Testament that we now turn.

II.

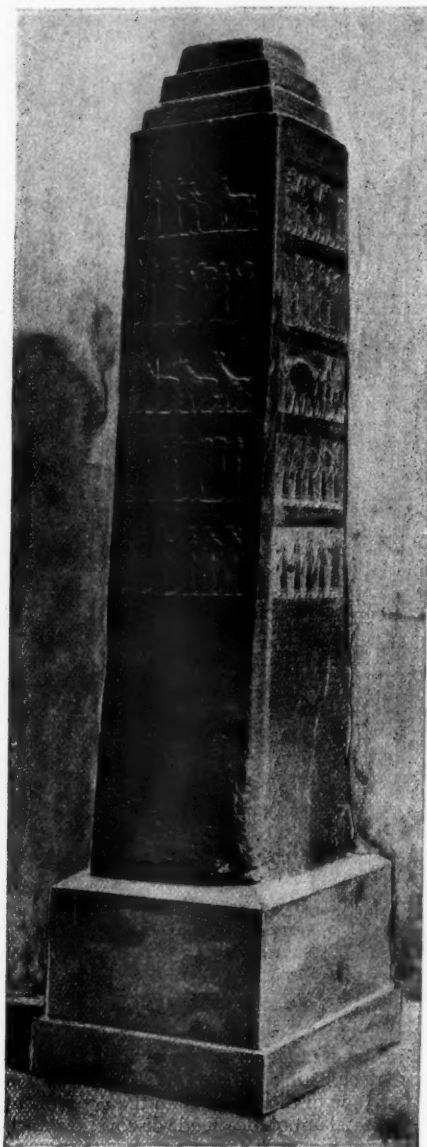
To speak of a library of bricks may sound strange, and yet we are fully justified in calling the miscellaneous collection made by King Ashurbanabal a library. This ruler, whose name Greek writers converted into Sardanapalus, reigned over Assyria from the year 668 till 626 B. C. He was not only a great warrior, but prided himself on being also a liberal patron of science and art. In his days Assyria reached the zenith of her greatness. Ashurbanabal seems to have been bent upon making Nineveh the center of learning and intellectual life. He ordered his scribes to gather and copy all the ancient and modern literary productions to be found in the land. The material used for writing was soft clay, which, after the cuneiform characters had been impressed upon it by means of a sharp-pointed stylus, was baked until it became perfectly hard. These tablets, ranging in size from about six to ten inches square, though not infrequently much larger, were ranged along the walls of the rooms set aside for this purpose. In the case of a number of bricks belonging together,—parts or volumes, as we would say,—each brick had its number, together with the opening words of the series of which it formed a part. Generally a stamp was added with the words, "The property of Ashurbanabal, the king of hosts, the king of Assyria," and sometimes the subscript contained a few additional phrases. The king tells us that he founded the library for the benefit of his subjects. In the palace occupying the southwest corner of the mound Kouyunjik, Layard discovered two rooms filled with such clay tablets, and in another palace of the same mound Rassam, some years later, laid bare a third floor similarly filled. Unfortunately, the majority of the bricks were in a deplorable condition. In falling from their position on the walls at the time of the destruction of the buildings, most of them were broken into fragments. Over thirty thousand of these fragments found their way to the



STONE MONUMENT OF SHALMANESER II., COMMEMORATING HIS WARS, AND WHICH CONTAINS A MENTION OF JEHU, KING OF ISRAEL.
[From the cast in the possession of the University of Pennsylvania.]

British Museum, and it was while engaged in the arduous task of arranging, piecing together, and deciphering this material, that George Smith, one of the assistants in the department of Oriental antiquities, made discoveries which rendered him famous.

Next to grammar and lexicography, Ashurbanabal's library was particularly rich in its mythological, legendary, and religious divisions. Some of the hymns addressed to the gods were truly sublime. There were prayers for long life, for prosperity, for forgiveness of sins. Of surpassing interest were some fragments of tablets which contained the Babylonian and the Assyrian cosmogony, and traditions concerning a great flood. It required all the



OBELISK OF BLACK BASALT ERECTED BY SHALMANESER II., KING OF ASSYRIA, IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS VICTORIES.

[By permission of Mansell & Co., London.]

untiring zeal and inexhaustible patience of George Smith, once having come across these tablets, to search among the mass of bricks before him for missing portions. By piecing together a large number of fragments he succeeded in giving almost a complete text of the cuneiform narrative concerning a deluge. He

was not so successful with the story of the creation, of which, however, fragments of several versions have been found.

According to one of the versions the narrative extended over a series of tablets, certainly as many as seven, and perhaps to the number of twelve. Of these a portion of the first tablet is the most remarkable. It begins as follows:

At a time when neither the heavens above nor the earth below existed, there was the watery abyss, the first of seed, the mistress of the depths, the mother of the universe. The waters clung together [*i. e.* covered everything]. No product had ever been gathered, nor was any sprout seen; aye, the very gods had not yet come into being.

We are involuntarily reminded of the text:

When God began to form the heavens and the earth, the earth was without form and void, and darkness was over the face of the deep.¹

The similarity between the two descriptions extends even to a partial identity of expressions, for the same word *tehôm* occurs in both the cuneiform tablet and in Genesis with the signification "deep." The cuneiform version then proceeds with an account of the creation of the gods. The second tablet of the series is entirely missing; of the third a few small fragments alone have been found, just enough to indicate that the gods are preparing for a grand contest against a monster known as *Tiâmat*, whose name signifies "the depth." The subject is continued into the fourth tablet where, in great detail, the long fight of the god Bel-Marduk against the monster is recounted. It terminates with the overthrow of *Tiâmat*. Again, the fifth tablet is of very great interest to us. It treats of the creation of the stars, moon, and sun. The stars, we are told, were assigned their positions in the firmament, and by means of them the year, divided into twelve months, was regulated "from its beginning to the end." The stations of the gods Bel and Ea were fixed. Then follows the creation of the moon and sun, the former "for ruling the night, the whole of the night until the break of day," when the dominion of the sun begins. The tablet is not complete, but there is sufficient to warrant a comparison with these verses in Genesis:

And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament to distinguish between day and night, and for the regulation of periods, seasons, days, and years, and God made the two great lights, the greater one for ruling the day and the smaller one for ruling the night.

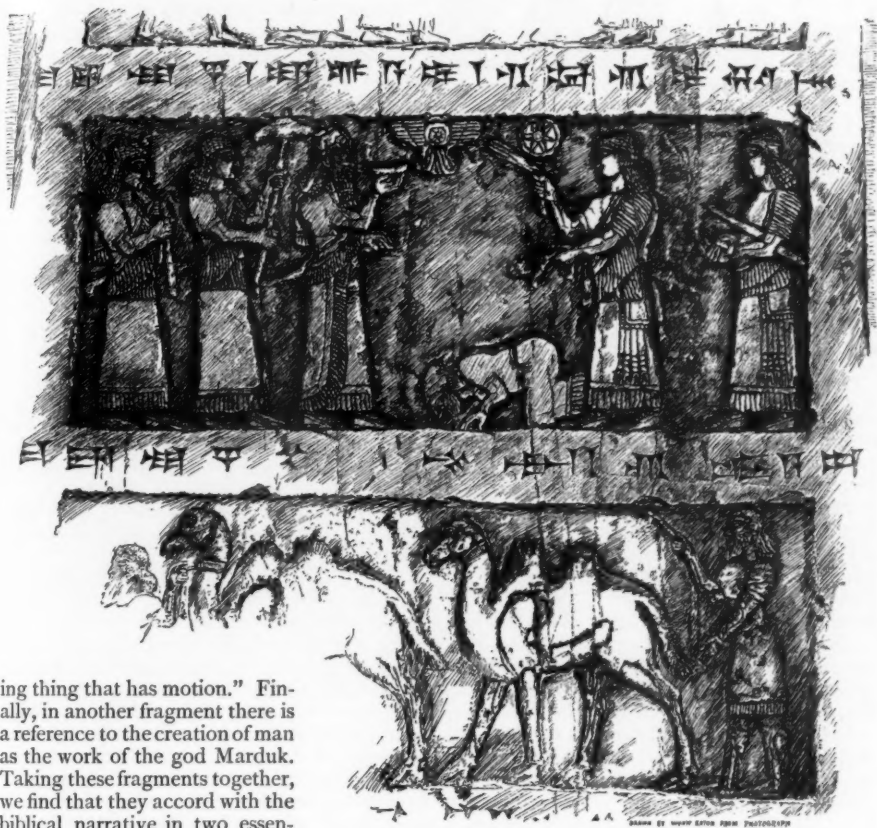
Another fragment, of which, however, only a few lines can be read, begins:

¹ The quotations from the Old Testament in this article are translated by the present writer.

When the gods in their assembly had excellently created the great monsters, they brought forth all that has life, the cattle of the field, the beasts of the field, the insects of the field.

This corresponds to the work set aside for the fifth day in the biblical account, in which "God created the great serpents, and every liv-

held by them also to be a *shabbatu*, that is, a sabbath. Setting this aside, it is yet difficult to suppose that the resemblances which have been shown to exist between the biblical and cuneiform traditions should be purely accidental. Naturally, in comparing the two versions, it must be borne in mind that the form



SECOND ROW OF SCULPTURES FROM THE OBELISK OF SHALMANESER II., REPRESENTING THE TRIBUTE OF JEHU, THE KING OF ISRAEL, TO THE ASSYRIAN KING. FACE A. (UPPER PANEL WITH INSCRIPTION ABOVE.)

ing thing that has motion." Finally, in another fragment there is a reference to the creation of man as the work of the god Marduk. Taking these fragments together, we find that they accord with the biblical narrative in two essential particulars. Both accounts assume a chaotic condition prior to the creation, and the conception of this chaos is substantially the same in both. Secondly, the creation proceeds in both according to a certain system, the heavenly bodies, for example, forming a distinct division, the animals another. Whether, in the missing portions of the series, the analogy with the biblical order continues is of course only a matter of conjecture. On the other hand, no mention has been found in cuneiform literature that the creation was completed in seven days, nor is there any indication that such a tradition existed among the Babylonians or Assyrians, unless it be the fact that the seventh day was

in which the Hebrew traditions of prehistoric times lie before us, while retaining traces of their primitive character, is the one they finally assumed after the nomadic Hebrew tribes had passed through the remarkable religious development which led to the establishment among them of a religion based on an advanced monotheistic conception of the universe. Traditions form an integral part of a nation's past; only, as in viewing a landscape, the impression varies according to the light, so the aspect of the past becomes colored by the aspect of the present. Thoughts, beliefs,



FACE B, SHOWING CONTINUATION OF THE TRIBUTE OF JEHU.

and conceptions which are the product of a later age are unconsciously read into an earlier one, and traditions thus mold themselves quite naturally into shapes corresponding with later conditions. This is precisely what has happened in the case of such biblical traditions as the creation of the world, the early habitation of mankind, the deluge, and the dispersion of mankind. Their antiquity is lost in the gray mists of the past; they have come down to us transformed in details, and entirely remodeled. It is not the piece of marble, but what is made of it, that marks the artist's skill, and therefore it in no way detracts from the real value or beauty of the biblical tradition of creation to assume that it was hewn out of the same material as its Babylonian counterpart. The former impresses us so deeply because of the grandeur of the underlying conception which makes the universe the emanation of one mighty spirit, while the latter, after all, sounds like a nursery tale because it does not rise above the level of crude ideas. Hence, while in the cuneiform version chaos is followed by the creation of the gods, in the Bible the drama opens with the creation of light. The sublime fiat, "Let there be light," could be intelligible only to a people that had striven for the light. What it concerns us to know is whether, on the assumption of a common origin for the two records, the totally different spirit pervading the biblical tradition can be satisfactorily accounted for by the totally different direction which the development of the Hebrew tribes took from that of their fellows in blood and race after their departure from their native soil. To this an affirmative answer can be given, and the supposition, so natural in itself, that the Hebrews should have possessed certain traditions in common with their former neighbors in Mesopotamia finds further support in the close analogy existing between the story of the deluge in Genesis and the curious tale found among the tablets of the British Museum.

In the subscript attached to the bricks of his library, Ashurbanabal frequently reminds us that their contents were copied from older originals, and we know now that most of the traditions and legends current among the Assyrians took their rise in that portion of Mesopotamia which was once the seat of the ancient Chaldean empire. Following the course of civilization, the traditions traveled from the south to the north. It is in the southern part of Mesopotamia, accordingly, that the scene is laid of the adventures

of a hero who is the counterpart of the Greek Hercules, and also has much in common with the Biblical Samson. Exactly how the Assyrian scribes wanted the name of this hero to be read we do not know, and the reading Izdubar proposed by George Smith must therefore be regarded as a provisional one. Instead of Izdubar, some scholars prefer Gishtubar as a provisional form; others claim to have found evidence that the name is to be read Namrudu, but it seems that the wish to identify our hero with the biblical Nimrod, "the mighty hunter," has in this case been father to the thought. More recently Mr. T. G. Pinches, of the British Museum, announced the reading to be Gilgamesh, but the evidence is not final.

The life and deeds of Izdubar constitute the great national epic of the Babylonians and Assyrians. His wonderful adventures are recounted in a series of twelve tablets, but, sad to repeat, most of the tablets are in a very imperfect condition, of some barely a fragment being preserved. Still, the general course of his career is clear. He frees Chaldea from a foreign sway; engages in contests with a lion and other wild beasts; the goddess Ishtar falls in love with him, but Izdubar, knowing the false character of the goddess, refuses to wed her. The goddess, in revenge, smites Izdubar with painful disease. He thereupon enters upon a long course of wanderings in search of a remedy. He hears of Sit-napishti ("source of life"), his ancestor, who lives "at the concourse of



FACE C OF THE TRIBUTE OF JEHU.

streams," and who was miraculously preserved at a time when the destruction of mankind was decreed by the gods. To him Izdubar goes, and, upon finally meeting him, begins by expressing surprise at the youthful appearance of Sit-napishti. Notwithstanding his great age, his features have not altered; he is in full possession of his powers, and still able to carry on strife. Izdubar asks for an explanation of this miracle, and how he came to attain eternal life in the assemblies of the gods. The eleventh

Sit-napishti, who dwelt in Shurippak, found favor in the eyes of Ea, and received from the latter a warning of the coming disaster. The god says to him: "O man of Shurippak, son of Ubarututu [*i. e.* client of the god Tutu, or Marduk], construct a house, build a ship to save thy life, for the gods shall destroy all seed. Bring into the ship living things of all kinds."

Ea instructs his favorite how to build the ship. The height and breadth are to be propor-



DRAWN BY WYATT EATON.

FACE D OF THE TRIBUTE OF JEHU.

tablet of the Izdubar series contains the reply of Sit-napishti. The narrative, thanks to the labors of George Smith and of others following in his wake, notably Professor Paul Haupt of the Johns Hopkins University, now lies before us in an almost complete form.

I will tell thee [begins Sit-napishti], O Izdubar, the story of my preservation, and the oracle of the gods I will reveal to thee. The gods dwelling in the city of Shurippak, the city which, as thou knowest, lies on the banks of the Euphrates, decided ages ago to bring about a flood. Among these gods were Anu, the senior of the gods; Bel, their warlike counselor; Ninib, their throne-bearer; Ennugi, their prince; and also Ea, the lord of wisdom, sat with them.

tionately determined by measurement, and the whole, a structure of six stories with seven divisions, is to be surmounted with a roof; and furthermore we learn that there were to be several layers of pitch within and without. Sit-napishti faithfully obeys the instructions of his divine protector. He says: "All that I had I gathered together. I brought all my silver and gold and live stock into the ship. All my men-servants and maid-servants I brought into the ship." When the time appointed for the flood approaches, a voice tells him: "Enter the ship, bolt the door behind thee, for the moment has arrived . . . The decree has gone forth. In the night terrible destruction will come down in torrents." The *dies iræ* has come, and Sit-

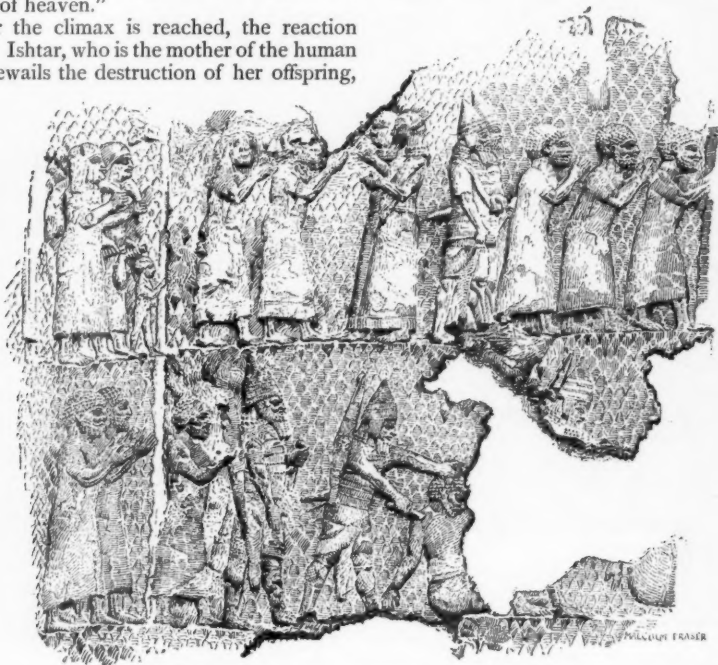
napishti tells us that he "feared the dawning of the day fixed for entering the ship." The description of the storm which follows is unquestionably the finest passage in the narrative. Dark clouds cover the heavens, peals of thunder resound, and all the forces of nature, personified according to Assyrian beliefs by gods, are let loose. The description continues: "Light is changed to darkness. . . In the warfare of the gods against men brother sees not brother, and men care not for one another." It is a fine touch of the narrator to represent the gods themselves as terrified at their own work of destruction. They flee to the highest heaven, and "cower together like dogs at the railing of heaven."

After the climax is reached, the reaction begins. Ishtar, who is the mother of the human race, bewails the destruction of her offspring,

down my cheeks. I sailed about in all directions, until after twelve days a piece of land came into sight. It was the mountain of Nisir [*i.e.* preservation] which the ship had reached. There the ship held fast, and did not release its hold.

After waiting seven days, Sit-napishti goes on to relate:

At the break of the seventh day I took out a dove and let her fly. The dove flew to and fro, but, finding no resting-place, she returned. Then I sent out a swallow, but she also flew to and fro until, finding no resting-place, she returned. Then I released a raven. The raven flew about, and saw that the waters had decreased, and came



SCENE FROM THE WALL OF SENNACHERIB'S PALACE, REPRESENTING

and some of the other gods who were not in the assembly that decreed the deluge join her. They sit down and weep, but it is too late.

During six days and seven nights, wind, flood, and storm raged violently, but with the break of the seventh day the storm abated, the flood, which had waged a war like an invading army, ceased, the waters decreased, and wind and storm ceased. I sailed over the waters [*says* Sit-napishti], raising my voice in loud lament that the habitations of men had been turned into mud. Then I opened a window, and as the light of day fell upon my countenance I covered it, and sat down and wept. The tears rolled

very near to the ship again, croaked, but did not return. Then I let out everything to the four winds, and offered up a sacrifice, making an atonement on the summit of the mountain.

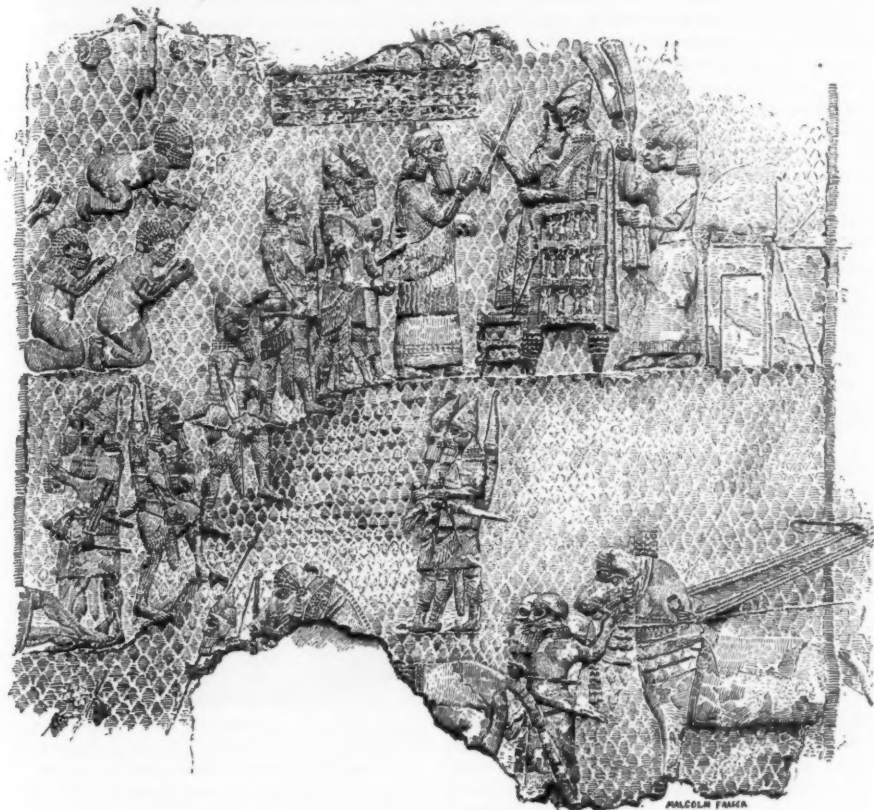
Sit-napishti erects an altar, and "the gods, gathering around the sacrifice like a swarm of flies, inhale the perfume." Now comes the final scene in the drama — the reconciliation. Bel, who was the chief instigator of the flood, approaches and sees the ship. Enraged at the sight, he cries out:

"What soul has escaped? No one was to survive this destruction!" Thereupon Ninib opened

his mouth and spake—spake to the belligerent Bel. "Who except Ea could have hit upon the device? Ea knew of the decree, and must have told everything."

Then Ea opened his mouth and spake—spake to the belligerent Bel. "Thou art the warlike leader of the gods! But why hast thou acted so inconsiderately in bringing about a deluge? On

Bel entered the ship, took hold of my hand, and raised me on high, and also raised on high my wife; he laid her hand in mine, and with his face turned toward us he stood between us and blessed us, saying: "Until now Sit-napishti was a man; henceforth Sit-napishti and his wife shall be as gods, and the dwelling of Sit-napishti shall be in the distance at the mouth of the rivers."



THE KING AT LACHISH DURING HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST HEZEKIAH, KING OF JUDEA.

[By special permission of Mansell & Co., London.]

the sinner let fall his sin, let the culprit bear the brunt of his crime; but be merciful, and let him not be cut off altogether. Why bring about a deluge? May lions come and diminish humanity: why bring about a deluge? Let hyenas come and diminish humanity: why bring about a deluge? May famine enter the land, or a pestilence."

Ea accompanied his appeal with the acknowledgment that he sent Sit-napishti a dream which the latter correctly interpreted. Bel's anger is appeased. He is reconciled, and magnanimously bestows on Sit-napishti his blessing. The story closes with the following words:

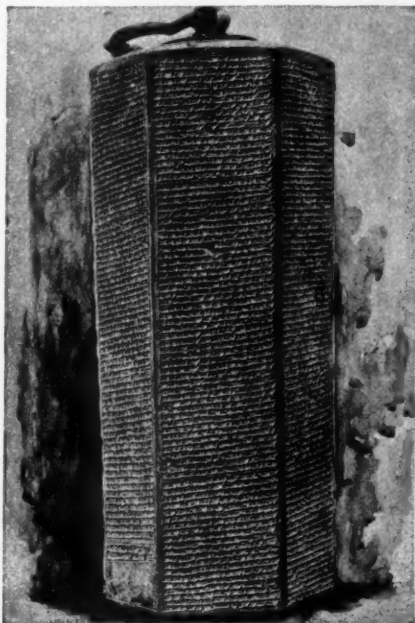
Then they took me and placed me in the distance at the mouth of the rivers.

A commentary on this strange tale is superfluous. Nor is it necessary to point out its strong resemblance, equivalent practically to an identity with the biblical version. The variations are slight, and affect only such minor points as the measurements of the ark, the continuance of the flood, the kind of birds sent out, and the order of their sending. Besides this, the biblical narrative is somewhat more elaborate, and gives details concerning the animals that entered the ark, and other matters, which

the cuneiform record omits. It is also to be noted that there is no mention in the latter of the olive branch which in the Bible the dove brings to Noah. Nor is there any distinction in the Babylonian version between clean and unclean animals; but this omission is satisfactorily accounted for on the theory, now almost universally accepted by scholars, that the biblical narrative of the deluge in its present shape is itself the result of a combination of two slightly different versions which have been dovetailed into each other. In the one version, the older of the two,—which assumed a definite shape at a period when the sanitary regulations as embodied in the Book of Leviticus regarding clean and unclean animals were not yet enforced,—Noah is told to bring of "every living thing, two of every kind, male and female," into the ark, without distinction of clean and unclean. In the second version, which furnishes us in this way with a good example of the manner in which old traditions were transformed to meet changed conditions, we read "of every clean beast thou shalt take seven pair, male and female, but of the unclean two pair." Leaving this aside, the general course and sequence of events are precisely the same in both, and there is scarcely any room for doubt that they must have sprung from a common source. Here again, as in the story of the creation, the superiority of the biblical version over its Babylonian companion is due purely and solely to the advanced religious and ethical spirit pervading it. In the cuneiform record the dire decree is simply a whim of the gods; in the Bible the deluge is sent as a punishment for wrong-doing. Noah is singled out because he was "just and upright"; but we are not told for what virtues *Sit-napishti* finds grace in the eyes of *Ea*. The varying conclusions of the two accounts are no less characteristic. *Ea's* appeal to *Bel* has certainly marked beauties, and the blessing bestowed on *Sit-napishti* and his wife forms a finale of true dramatic power; but how infinitely grander is the establishment of the everlasting covenant between God and Noah with which the eighth chapter in Genesis closes. There is indeed a curious trace of an old heathenish notion in the words, "And God smelled the sweet savor" of the sacrifice, just as in the cuneiform document "the gods inhale the perfume," but at once in the following words there is a leap to the highest plane of religious thought. God says that he will never again destroy the universe on account of men. "So long as the earth continues, seed-time and harvest-time, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not suffer interruption." The cuneiform story ends as it began—with caprice; the reconciliation of *Bel* is as

capricious as his anger. The Bible begins with the promulgation of righteousness, and closes with the confirmation of law.

Concerning the other traditions related in Genesis, as the fall of man, the building of the tower of Babel, and the dispersion of mankind, the bricks are as yet silent, but there is every reason to suppose that these traditions also formed a part of the common stock which the Hebrews took with them upon their departure from *Ur-kasdim*.



SIX-SIDED CLAY CYLINDER, FROM THE PALACE OF KING SENNACHERIB AT NINEVEH, CONTAINING ON THE SECOND AND THIRD SIDES AN ACCOUNT OF SENNACHERIB'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST HEZEKIAH, KING OF JUDEA.

[From the British Museum photographs, by special permission of Messrs. Mansell & Co., London.]

Leaving the nebulous realms of tradition, and turning to a period which may more justly be designated as historical, the testimony of the stones is no less remarkable and interesting.

III.

SARGON I., an early Babylonian ruler, whose reign may be fixed at 3800 B. C., claims in his inscriptions to have conquered "the land of Amurri," a designation that embraced the entire Phœnician coast and Palestine proper. Two millenniums later, when *Thotmes I.* opens the series of campaigns that rendered the lands bordering on the Mediterranean, and up to the foot of the Taurus range, for several centuries tribu-

tary to Egypt, the rulers of the Nile found traces of early Babylonian supremacy in the language and writing of Babylonia, which, at least for official purposes, had secured a firm foothold in this region. The scribes of Egypt had to acquire the cuneiform characters so as to be able to communicate with the officials—in most cases natives—of Phenicia and Palestine, who were stationed as governors at various places under Egyptian control. Several hundred clay tablets with cuneiform writing, found in upper Egypt a few years ago, proved to be portions of the official archives of Amenophis III. and Amenophis IV., who belong to this period; and it is interesting to note in passing that seven of these tablets are letters written by a certain Abdikheba, who, about 1400 B.C., occupies the position of "governor of Jerusalem," under Amenophis IV. A century or thereabout after Amenophis IV., when a decline in the Egyptian power takes place, Assyria steps in to take up the heritage of Babylonia and Egypt, and by the twelfth century before our era, before the Hebrew tribes had yet been united under a monarchical form of government, the Assyrian kings had firmly established their power over the lands of the Mediterranean. Tiglath-pileser I., who reigned about the year 1130 B. C. till 1100, speaks of himself as ruling "from the great sea of Amurri to the sea of the land of Na'iri." By the latter "sea" is probably meant Lake Van in Armenia, while the former is one of the designations in the inscriptions for the Mediterranean sea.

After Tiglath-pileser's death, the Assyrian power lost much of its prestige, but three centuries later, under Ashurnasirbal, a new period of greatness began. Ashurnasirbal reconquered the territory lying to the west of the Euphrates. His dominion again stretched, as we read in his annals, "from the banks of the Tigris to the mountain of Lebanon, even to the great sea." All the lands from the rising of the sun to the setting of the sun submitted to his yoke. It was not, however, until the days of his successor, Shalmaneser II., who reigned from the year 860 B.C. till 826, that Assyria and Israel met on the battle-field. The conquests made by Ashurnasirbal were not permanent ones, as appears from the fact that his son found himself obliged to undertake no less than four military expeditions against the "Amurri-land." They were directed chiefly against two Syrian princes who are well known to us from the Books of Kings, Benhadad and Hazael, but, as we shall presently see, the kingdom of Israel was also involved in the conflict. We have four separate monuments on which Shalmaneser tells us the story of his eventful reign, and, of these, three belong to the most

remarkable specimens of Assyrian art that have as yet been found.

Some distance to the north of Mosul, at Kurkh, an arch-headed monolith was discovered on which there was sculptured in high relief a life-size figure of King Shalmaneser, clad in his royal robes. The front, back, and sides of the stone are covered with cuneiform characters, amounting in all to a little over one hundred lines. The monument is somewhat over seven feet high, and almost three feet in width. The monarch speaks of his valiant deeds, of the cities he conquered, how he pillaged and burned them, what he did with the captives, how much booty he took. The inscription closes with the first expedition against Syria in the sixth year of Shalmaneser's reign. In rapid marches he advances upon Karkar (not far from Aleppo), where he finds a powerful combination drawn up against him. At the head stands Benhadad of Damascus with 1200 chariots, 1200 horsemen, and 20,000 soldiers. With him are the troops of no less than twelve principalities. Enrolled in the "Belle Alliance" were, as we read on the monolith, "2000 chariots and 10,000 horsemen of Ahab of Israel." In the Books of Kings there is no direct reference to this event, but this need not astonish us, for these biblical histories merely claim to be extracts taken from the royal chronicles. On every page we are referred to the annals of the kings of Judah and Israel, where the "rest of the acts" of this or that king may be found. One of the greatest services which the cuneiform inscriptions can render us is to assist in filling out these gaps, at times so keenly felt through the loss of the more complete chronicles. It is evident from Shalmaneser's inscription that Ahab joined with Benhadad in order to resist the attack of a common foe. The compiler of the Books of Kings was more interested in the Syrian chief than in the Assyrian prince, and hence we are well informed concerning the relations existing between Ahab and Benhadad. Three times the latter gathered an immense force for the purpose of crushing Ahab's power. In the first two campaigns the Syrian is defeated; the third ends with the death of Ahab. But between the second and third, we are told "there were three years in which there was no war between Aram (Syria) and Israel." Furthermore, we are told that at the end of the second expedition, which proved to be extremely disastrous to Benhadad, the latter "made a covenant" with Ahab. Exactly what the covenant was the compiler omits to tell us, but what more natural than that the two kings should have agreed, while the peace lasted, to aid each other in the event of a common danger threatening them? It is just within these three years that the ex-

pedition of which Shalmaneser speaks occurs. Shalmaneser is victorious. He gains a great victory at Karkar—in the year 854—over Benhadad, Ahab, and those united with them, which he describes in the following words:

By the high power which Ashur the lord bestowed, with the powerful weapons which Nergal, who goeth before me, presented, I fought with them. From the city of Karkar to the city of Gilzan I accomplished their overthrow. Fourteen thousand of their warriors I slew. Like the god of thunder, I rained down upon them an inundation, and I scattered their corpses in all directions. The face of the plain I filled with the numerous hosts. By means of my weapons I made their blood flow over the extent of the field.

They are completely routed, and obliged to pay a tribute to the Assyrian powers. On a second monument of Shalmaneser we find a notice of this tribute. In the mound Nimrud—a few miles below Nineveh proper—Layard found a black obelisk about seven feet in height and two feet wide, with five rows of sculptured illustrations passing around the four sides of the stone, accompanied by one hundred and ninety lines of cuneiform writing. In this space he tells, very briefly, of course, the history of thirty years of his reign, which is little else than the story of a thirty years' war.

Jehu, who began to reign in 842 B. C., was obliged to purchase the favor of the Assyrian king by sending a tribute. The illustrations on the black obelisk represent the embassies of various nations passing in procession before the king, each offering costly presents. Underneath the second row of figures we read the following:

The tribute of Jehu, son of Omri. Silver, gold, a golden bowl, a golden chalice, golden jars, golden goblets, golden buckets, lead, a royal scepter, spears, I received from him.

The illustrations, which are of an unusually fine character even for Assyrian monuments, show us the Israelitish ambassadors carrying the articles named into the presence of the king. The expression, "son of Omri," must not be taken literally in this instance, for Jehu was not Omri's son; it is equivalent in Eastern parlance to "descendant of Omri." The dynasty founded by the latter must have achieved great renown, for we find the northern Jewish kingdom generally designated as "land of the house of Omri" or more briefly, "land of Omri," in preference to "land of Israel."

After Shalmaneser, Rammân-nirari III. undertakes an expedition to Syria about the year 800, and imposes a tribute on "Tyre, Sidon, the land of Omri, Edom, Philistia, even to the great sea of the setting sun." Of this tribute,

as well as of one which Tiglath-pileser III., who usurped the throne of Assyria in 745 B. C. imposes on Azariah, king of Judah, the Bible omits to tell us anything. But this same Tiglath-pileser is spoken of in the Second Book of Kings, both under his royal designation and under his real name Pul, which he bore as governor of Babylonia. On the appeal of King Ahaz of Judah, who was threatened with an attack from Pekah of Israel in alliance with Rezin of Syria, he enters Palestine with his army, and delivers Ahaz from his enemies. Pekah himself is killed in a conspiracy which Hoshea forms against him. The result is the



BARREL CYLINDER OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR, THE CONQUEROR OF JERUSALEM.

[In the possession of the University of Pennsylvania.]

accession of Hoshea to the throne, and the carrying away of Israelitish captives to Assyrian cities. So runs the narrative in the Second Book of Kings. It is rather unfortunate that the inscriptions which have been found of this Tiglath-pileser are in so bad a condition. We learn from some fragments that Tiglath-pileser marched against the "house of Omri." Among the cities which he captures there is an agreement with some of the names given in the Books of Kings. Concerning Pekah, he says, "I killed him, and placed Hoshea on the throne in his stead."

It is quite natural for the Assyrian to claim the honor of having put an end to Pekah's existence as well as to his power, and no doubt, even if Hoshea dealt the blow, it was at the instigation of Tiglath-pileser. Some years later this same Hoshea attempted to throw off

the burdensome Assyrian yoke, and by his inconsiderate action brought on the final catastrophe. King Shalmaneser IV., successor to Tiglath-pileser, came up against Hoshea, and laid siege to Samaria. The struggle was a hard one, but, after holding out for three years, the city was taken and destroyed (722 B. C.). In accordance with the practice of the Assyrian monarchs, many of the Israelites were carried away to other lands, and inhabitants of Mesopotamia put in their place. In this way, it was believed, all danger of a rebellion could be averted. For once the Assyrian monuments leave us entirely in the lurch. While in the case of Shalmaneser II. there is in monuments almost an embarrassment of riches, of Shalmaneser IV. no historical records have been found. Of Shalmaneser's successor, however, King Sargon, we have very complete annals, and, curiously enough, this king attributes to himself the destruction of the kingdom of Israel. Speaking of the beginning of his reign, he says:

The city of Samaria I besieged and captured; 27,280 of its inhabitants I carried off; fifty chariots I took for myself, and the rest of the booty I left to my subjects. My governor I placed over them [the Israelites], and the former tribute I imposed upon them.

This discrepancy between the Assyrian and biblical narratives upon examination turns out to be of little significance. Shalmaneser IV., we know, reigned only five years, which accounts for the absence of records prepared by him, and as the siege of Samaria lasted three years, the probability, therefore, is that he died during the siege, which was left to Sargon to complete. Now, the notice in the Bible of the downfall of the northern kingdom is very brief, covering only three verses; and the compiler, who is far more interested in the fortunes of the southern kingdom of Judea, does not deem it worth while to dwell on such details as the death of Shalmaneser during the campaign¹. It must also be borne in mind that the author of the Books of Kings is writing, not Assyrian, but Israelitish and Judean history, and that from a religious point of view. Events are related, not so much for their own importance, as for the purpose of illustrating the favorite theory of the compiler, that all the misfortunes and the final downfall of the two kingdoms came as a punishment for disobeying the commands of God.

The partiality of the biblical compiler —

¹ Between the ninth and tenth verses (of II. Kings, xviii) the great gap occurs. The compiler leaps at one bound from the beginning to the end of the siege, and the "King of Assyria" of the eleventh verse is accordingly Sargon.

who wrote probably during the period of the Babylonian exile — accounts for the greater detail with which the history of the kingdom of Judah is related. Hence we have more complete accounts of the attack of Sennacherib (701 B. C.) on Jerusalem in the days of Hezekiah, and the final destruction of the southern Jewish kingdom at the hands of Nebuchadnezzar (586 B. C.), than we have of the campaigns of Tiglath-pileser and Shalmaneser against the kingdom of Israel.

The kingdom of Judah survived the fall of her sister for over one hundred years, but it was a feeble existence that she led. The northern kingdom, as long as it existed, was the more powerful of the two. For that reason it was also the more aggressive, and the more subject to attacks from without, while the very weakness of the southern kingdom made her comparatively safe from hostile invasions. But after the fall of Samaria, the eyes of the Assyrian rulers, insatiate in their ambition, were directed toward Jerusalem. The long reign of Hezekiah was on the whole the most prosperous period in the existence of the little Judean kingdom, but it also marked the beginning of the decline. In the fourteenth year of this king's reign, Sennacherib, the king of Assyria, invaded the land. He attacked the fortified cities, and took them. Hezekiah, in great terror, in the hope of pacifying him, sends an humble message to Sennacherib, who had meanwhile advanced to Lachish, within thirty miles of Jerusalem.

"I have sinned," says the Jewish king; "pardon me, and whatever thou placest on me I will bear." The narrator continues: "And the king of Assyria appointed unto Hezekiah, king of Judah, three hundred talents of silver and thirty talents of gold." We can consider ourselves fortunate in possessing a large number of monuments dealing with the reign of Sennacherib. Besides the annals of the kings, and the usual inscriptions on the great bulls at the approaches to the palace, a number of sculptured slabs illustrating events in the reign of this king were taken to England. One of these is of peculiar interest to us. It is a bas-relief, in the upper corner of which we see a royal personage seated on a throne, and surrounded by his attendants. Before him there are being led a number of prisoners, while farther to the left appear captives in various positions, some prostrate, and others with uplifted hands. Above the king, a little to one side, are four lines of cuneiform writing, which, translated, read, "Sennacherib, the king of the legions, the king of Assyria, sits on the throne of Lachish and receives the tribute of the city of Lachish."

Here, then, we have the very scene described

in the eighteenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings. The captives who are compelled to do homage before the mighty king are in all probability none other than the subjects of Hezekiah. But we have also Sennacherib's account of his campaign. It was in the fourth year of Sennacherib's reign (701 B. C.) that the encounter with Hezekiah took place. His third campaign begins with the capture of the Phenician cities on the Mediterranean coast. In rapid succession Sidon, Acre, Ecdippa are overthrown. The king continues his victorious march. "All the kings of the extensive Westland," he says, "brought their precious gifts before me, and kissed my feet." Zedekiah, the king of Askelon, together with his whole family, is carried captive to Assyria, and a former king, whom the inhabitants of the city had deposed, is reinstated on the throne. Sennacherib continues:

In the course of my campaign I captured and plundered Beth-Dagon, Yafa, B'nai-Barak, Azur, [Hazor ?] cities belonging to Zedekiah, and which refused to submit at once. Thereupon the officials, elders, and inhabitants of Ekron were seized with great terror, for they had placed Padi their king in fetters in defiance of the command and order of Assyria. They handed him over to Hezekiah of Judea to be shut up in a dungeon. Then they appealed for help to the kings of Egypt, who came with the archers, chariots, and horses of the king of Ethiopia, a countless host. In the sight of the city of Elthekeh they drew themselves up in battle array against me, entrusting their fate to their weapons. I fought with them under the protection of Ashur, my lord, and defeated them. The charioteer-in-chief and the royal princes, together with the chief charioteer of the king of Ethiopia, were captured alive by my own hand during the engagement. I laid siege to Elthekeh and Timnath, took and plundered them. Then I advanced against Ekron. The treacherous officials and elders I killed, and fastened their corpses to stakes round about the city, and as for the inhabitants who had so grievously offended me, I led them into captivity. But to the rest, with whom no evidence of guilt was found, I gave their freedom. I brought Padi their king out of Jerusalem, restored him on the throne, after imposing a tribute upon him. As for Hezekiah, however, the king of Judea, who did not submit to my yoke, I laid siege to, and by dint of vigorous fighting with machines of war captured, forty-six of his strongly walled towns, besides smaller places without number. Two hundred thousand, one hundred and fifty [200,150] of the inhabitants, large and small, male and female, besides horses, mules, asses, camels, cattle, flocks without number, I carried off as the booty of war. Hezekiah himself I shut up in Jerusalem, his royal city, like a caged bird. I raised bulwarks against the city, and prevented any one from passing through the gates of the city. I cut off the captured cities from his dominions, and divided them among Mitinti, the

king of Ashdod, Padi, the king of Ekron, and Zilbail, the king of Gaza. In this way I diminished his kingdom. I imposed a still higher tribute than the former one upon him as an homage to my sovereignty. Not only was Hezekiah overthrown by the dread of my illustrious sovereignty, but the Arabs also, and other allies of his, who had gathered for the defense of Jerusalem, became panic-stricken. Thirty talents of gold, eight hundred talents of silver, precious stones (of various kinds), ivory couches, ivory furniture, elephant's skins, ivory and (various kinds of) costly woods, a heavy treasure, besides his daughters and concubines, the musicians and dancers, he sent to my court at Nineveh to offer the tribute, accompanied by an ambassador to do homage unto me.

It appears from this interesting narrative that the attack of Sennacherib upon Hezekiah was only an incident in an extensive campaign undertaken for the purpose of quelling a general uprising that had taken place among the numerous principalities of the Palestinian coast. Hezekiah's share in the movement was particularly offensive in the eyes of Sennacherib, for the Jewish king had imprisoned in Jerusalem the only chieftain — Padi, the king of Ekron — who had remained faithful to Assyria. But it furthermore appears from a chapter in the Second Book of Kings, which although placed after the narrative of Sennacherib's campaign properly belongs before it, that Hezekiah had entered into cordial relations with Marduk- (or Merodach-) baladan, an inveterate enemy both of Sennacherib and of his father Sargon, who gave them constant trouble. However this may be, the combination of the biblical and cuneiform documents enables us to gain a very clear view of the political situation. The agreement between the two narratives is as close as two versions told from different points of view can be expected to be. There is unquestionably a great exaggeration in the number of the captives Sennacherib claims to have made. Two thousand would probably be nearer the sum than two hundred thousand, but a most essential point to be noticed in the comparison is the diverging close of the two narratives. Sennacherib, even in his own account, does not say that he captured Jerusalem. There can be no doubt that it was his intention to put an end to the Judean kingdom. In the second Book of Chronicles we learn of the extensive preparations the Judeans made to withstand the assault of Sennacherib. Had Sennacherib taken the city, he would certainly not have omitted to mention the fact. According to the Bible, it is a severe pestilence breaking out in his camp that compels Sennacherib and his army to retreat in wild confusion. Herodotus says that a plague of mice destroyed the mighty host. Some scholars are of the opinion that the sudden approach of the Egyptians

is the "blast and rumor" to which Isaiah refers as driving Sennacherib away from the walls of Jerusalem. Others, again, conjecture that an insurrection at home forced him to abandon the siege, and to return to Assyria with all possible speed. This latter supposition is supported by the fact that the next expedition of Sennacherib is directed against Babylonia. But whatever the cause of abandoning the siege may have been, it is certain that he did not carry out his plan. That Sennacherib does not tell us of the failure need not surprise us, for the Assyrian kings, with genuine official partiality, speak in their annals only of their victories, and never of the discomfitures they incurred.

The Second Book of Kings, in closing the narrative, says:

So Sennacherib returned to Nineveh. And it happened as he was worshipping in the temple of Nisroch, his sons Adrammelek and Sharezer killed him, and they fled to the land of Ararat. Then Esarhaddon his son reigned in his stead.

We now know that the murder of Sennacherib, which is here made to appear as though following directly upon the events narrated, did not occur until twenty years after the attack on Jerusalem. In an Assyrian-Babylonian chronicle which was discovered a few years ago among the tablets of the British Museum, we read the following confirmation of the murder:

In the month of Tebet [January], on the twentieth day, Sennacherib, the king of Assyria, was killed in an insurrection by his son.¹

¹ Polyhistor and Abydenus also speak only of one son.

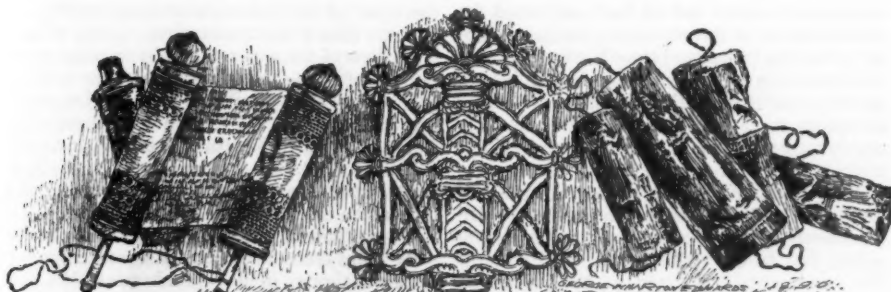
After an interregnum of six months:

In the month of Siman [May-June], on the eighth day, Esarhaddon, his son, ascended the throne of Assyria [680 B. C.].

As a further curious detail it may be noted that, incidentally, Ashurbanabal in one of his inscriptions speaks of the great bull-statue in the temple at Nineveh, where "my grandfather Sennacherib was murdered."

Both Esarhaddon (680-68 B. C.) and his son Ashurbanabal (668-26 B. C.) mention in their annals Manasseh, the successor of Hezekiah, as among the kings who pay tribute to them, but further than this we learn nothing in the cuneiform records from this time on concerning the Judean kingdom. After the death of Ashurbanabal, the Assyrian power begins to decline with great rapidity. Babylonia succeeds once more in obtaining the supremacy. Nineveh is destroyed, and under Nebuchadnezzar II. (604-562 B. C.) Babylon reaches the highest point in her development. Of Nebuchadnezzar a large number of inscriptions have been found, but they tell almost exclusively of the temples he erected, repaired, and enlarged, and of other building operations which he directed at Babylon and elsewhere. His annals giving accounts of his military expeditions still await the spade of the explorer. When these annals shall be found,—and there is every reason for hoping that they will be,—we shall no doubt read of his expedition against Judea, of the attack upon Jerusalem, of the destruction of the city, of the capture of King Jehoiachin, and of the carrying away of Judeans to "the waters of Babylon."

Morris Jastrow, Jr.



JEWISH SCROLLS.

SACRED TREE.

BABYLONIAN CYLINDERS.

SIR JAMES SIMPSON'S INTRODUCTION OF CHLOROFORM.

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

I have drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep.

COLERIDGE.



DOOR OF DR. SIMPSON'S HOUSE, 52 QUEEN STREET, WHERE THE EXPERIMENTS WERE TRIED.

"THE old order changeth, yielding place to new," and science nowadays presses so rapidly onward that chloroform, after deadening pain for nearly half a century, may soon be superseded by some newer discovery. Before that time comes, before those who can remember when there was no blessed anodyne to annul suffering, and before those who assisted at the introduction of chloroform, are gone from us, it may be of interest to look back and recall the circumstances of its first employment, in 1847, by my father, Professor James Y. Simpson. Of the few who were then assisting him in his experiments to discover the drug most potent for anesthetic purposes, there survive only two, and from them I have gleaned the recollections of that event here recorded.

That an anesthetic drug of some kind had long been used, old records bear witness. Indian hemp had narcotic power, and it is supposed that from it was brewed the "wine of the condemned" referred to by Amos, 700 B. C. In an old Chinese manuscript one Hoathoa, A. D. 300, mentions the use of a decoction of hemp which he gave to one patient who was to undergo an operation; at the end of some seconds the patient became insensible as if he were drunk, or deprived of life, and after a cer-

tain number of days he found himself reëstablished without having experienced the slightest pain during the operation. Homer tells how Helen "straightway cast into the wine a drug that frees men from grief and from anger, and causes oblivion of all ills. Such cunning and excellent drugs the daughter of Jove possessed, which Polydamna, the wife of Thon, gave her, an Egyptian." Pliny, speaking of mandragora, says, "It has the power of causing sleep in those who take it. It is taken against serpents, and before cuttings and puncturings, lest they should be felt." One De Lucca, living at the end of the thirteenth century, tells how he compounded a sleeping-draught, and describes how the sponge is to be saturated with it, and adds, "As oft as there shall be need of it, place this sponge in hot water for an hour, and let it be applied to the nostrils of him who is to be operated on until he has fallen asleep, and so let the surgery be performed." The greatest step toward the introduction of an anesthetic, however, was made by Sir Humphrey Davy, who many times in the last year of the last century experimented upon himself with nitrous oxid gas, and further found that headache and other pains disappeared under its influence. Faraday in Great Britain, and Godman in America, showed as the result of their observation and experience that the effects on the nervous system of the inhalation of the vapor of sulphuric ether were quite similar to those produced by the inhalation of the vapor of nitrous oxid gas. Dr. Morton of Boston got the idea into his mind that sulphuric ether might prove successful, and verified the speculation September 30, 1846, by a dental operation on Eben Frost, and fixed that date as an era in science.

When James Young Simpson was only a student in his teens, the agony of a woman under the knife, though in the skilful hands of Mr. Liston, horrified him in such measure that from beholding her torture (which was torture also to his sympathetic nature) he went to seek work in the courts of law rather than to suffer more in the school of medicine. He, however, never became a writer's clerk. The student lad turned

his flying footsteps from the Parliament House back to the study of the healing art, and from that hour he resolved, when he became enrolled in the ranks of medicine, to devote himself to mitigate in some manner the dreadful agonies which were endured within the grim walls of the Royal Infirmary. After years of toil, when work, which he said was "the whole secret alchemy of professional success," had brought him not only fame but a title, he was called upon to choose a badge and motto. The healing rod of Æsculapius became the crest of the baronetcy he founded, and his motto was "Victo Dolore" (Pain Conquered). The symbols thus adopted toward the end of a life of hard work had been his for over forty years. The serpent-twined rod of Æsculapius had been in his hands a magician's wand to cure the sick, and his chief thought had been to find a weapon wherewith to fight and to conquer pain.

Early in my father's career his attention had been attracted to mesmerism. The question he asked himself was, Might not the fulfilment of his anesthetic dreams lie in that direction? Knowledge of the powers of hypnotism has gained such ground of late that it now seems as though in the future it might be the means used to wrap the suffering in the mantle of "death's twin-brother — sleep"; but in 1837 the knowledge of it was in its infancy among medical men. As usual, however, the young Edinburgh doctor was on the alert to try any new thing.

"I was a great sceptic four weeks ago," he writes about mesmerism in 1837, "and laughed at it all, but I have seen enough to stagger me. Yesterday, for instance, I magnetized a young woman by waving my hand only in a looking-glass, behind her back, in which her shadow was reflected, and she was so sound you could not wake her by pinching, tugging, etc., as severely as you pleased. It would have taken place, I believe, just as well if the looking-glass had not been there; but I tried the experiment with it to please some one present. I have all the principal medical men here seeing it done at my hospital." He did not pursue mesmerism further in the way of an anesthetic at the time, but he often exerted his powers with it. One day at luncheon he commanded a lady whom he had mesmerized to remain silent till he gave her back the power of speech. Along with his other guests he was laughing at her compulsory dumbness when he was called from the room, found he was urgently wanted at a distance, caught a train, and was absent a few days. Meanwhile he quite forgot his dumb victim, but on his return home, weary with his journey, he was forcibly reminded of her by many written messages to come at once. Conscience-smitten at having neglected her, he

hurried off immediately. On returning home, when he was asked if he had given her back the power of speech, he replied: "Yes. I almost wish I had n't, for her tongue, being silent for so long, and her anger bottled up on the tip of it, I got it all."

Being a reader of divers subjects, and having a retentive memory, which stored all information in his weighty brain, he noted whenever he read (and he snatched every spare moment to read) in ancient history or bygone poets of any "show of death." These lines in a poem of Middleton's (1617) interested and puzzled him:

I 'll imitate the pities of old surgeons
To this lost limb — who, ere they show their art,
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseased part.

Working to pay off a "frightful load of debt," which he calls the £500 he owed his well-loved elder brother Sandy for his education, and for his start in life in the little house in Dean Terrace, he had not the time he craved to devote to experiments and discovery. He had given hostages to fortune, too, which kept him all the more zealously busy and anxious first to earn daily bread, then name and fame. "I look upon it as a good augury," he used to say laughingly, in these days, "that Stockbridge, Success, and Simpson all begin with S."

In 1846, when word came from America that sulphuric ether had been found an efficient anesthetic, his heart bounded within him. From his earliest days, when once he had work in hand, he was keen to go on till it was finished, and finished to the best of his ability. Whatever his hand found to do, he did not only with his whole might but with a persistent adroitness which overcame all barriers. He also had an ingenious knack of supplying the necessary tools for any work he had on hand, a readiness of resource which stood him in good stead throughout life. Once when he wanted to stop a rattling window, taking what came readiest to hand out of his pocket, which happened to be a £10 note, he found it an effectual pad. A friend recalled to me lately another example of his quickness of resource. A patient of his was under chloroform, when, owing to a kettle having been upset, the supply ran short. To save life it was necessary to have more immediately. Those around were in despair, till my father quickly cut out the saturated square of carpet, and by its help kept his patient under the anesthetic.

This faculty of ready resource rendered him apt to try anything new. Still brooding over the discovery of a panacea for suffering, my father grasped the greatness of the step when Sir Humphrey Davy's nitrous oxid gas came back to us strengthened by American growth. This

sulphuric ether was first used in surgery October 16, 1846, in the Massachusetts General Hospital, under Dr. Morton's supervision. Dr. Simpson was eager for details, eager to try it. "I can think of naught else," he wrote to his brother Sandy, referring to the first use by any one of anesthesia in midwifery. In a letter to his brother dated January, 1847, he tells of being appointed one of her Majesty's physicians for Scotland, saying: "The Duchess of Sutherland sent me an extract from a letter of her Majesty to her Grace, saying, that she (the Queen) would nominate me, 'which' (to quote the Queen's note) 'his high character and abilities make him very fit for.' Flattery from the Queen is perhaps not common flattery, but I am far less interested in it than in having delivered a woman this week without any pain while inhaling sulphuric ether." He wrote to the "Monthly Journal of Medical Science" of this bold and successful venture in first using ether in his practice. Writing to a medical friend in India, he says: "I have sent you a short paper on ether. *All* here use it in surgical operations, and no doubt in a few years its employment will be general over the civilized world. We do not yet know who was the original suggester—Mr. Hickman, Mr. Wells, Dr. Jackson, or Dr. Morton. But it is a 'great thought,' if ever there was one. With many other medical men, I have taken it myself to try its effects. It is the only just way of judging of it."

To bring the American invention into more general notice and practice was a task at which Professor Simpson joyfully worked, and while the year 1847 was still young he was using it successfully in his own obstetrical practice. From his student days he was well accustomed to work into the early hours of the morning. His letters to my mother during their brief engagement are all dated midnight, and 1, 2, and sometimes 3 A.M. Throughout his life, except when confined to his bed by illness, these late or early hours were the ones in which he wrought with his pen. During the summer of 1847, with his mind filled with his impending discovery, he and his assistants "toiled upward in the night."

One who was often with my father at the time told me that all through the summer he kept repeating the lines:

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep.

"Romeo and Juliet" was frequently studied, with much speculation as to what it was with which the priest had lulled Juliet into so close a semblance of death. He thought much, also, on the lines in "Cymbeline":

But there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time
To be more fresh, reviving.

Had Shakspeare, he wondered, in that stupendous brain of his, any idea of a narcotic which could do this deed?

It was a time of great interest in the little house in Dean Terrace. Round the table in the well-known dining-room, where my father loved to welcome at luncheon all sorts and conditions of men of hostile nations and creeds, and where, by the sympathetic sunshine of his presence, he often melted antagonistic natures into genial friendliness, it was his custom every evening to have an anesthetic séance. In company with Dr. George Keith and Dr. Mathews Duncan, he there tried various compounds of a narcotic nature with a boldness not to be daunted by the thought that the experimenters might cross the boundary of unconsciousness never to return. Professor Miller says:

Other ethers, essential oils, and various gases, chlorid of hydro-carbon, acetone nitrate, oxyd of ethyl, benzin, the vapor of iodoform, etc., were tried. Each "operator," having been provided with a tumbler, finger-glass, saucer, or some such vessel, about a teaspoonful of the respirable substance was put in the bottom of it, and this again was placed in hot water, if the substance happened not to be very volatile. Holding the mouth and nostrils over the vessel's orifice, inhalation was proceeded with, slowly and deliberately, all inhaling at the same time, and each noting the effects as they advanced.

One of the servants named Clarke was much interested in these experiments. One fluid, prepared with chloric ether in aerated water, looked like champagne. Clarke captured some of this, and offered the glass to the cook, who, drinking it hastily, fell down unconscious before the merriment Clarke was trying to stifle had time to grow into a laugh. He burst into the dining-room affrightedly, saying, "For God's sake, sir, come down! I've pushioned the cook." The startled experimenters hurried to the kitchen, and quickly restored the cook to consciousness. Thereafter Clarke was chary and contemptuous of any other concoction, and used to repeat stubbornly the sentiment, "Chlory's the thing." These meetings aftersupper went on till November 4, 1847, when chloroform was tested and found sufficient.

The four contemporary accounts of the first trial of chloroform which I have been able to collect are from the two remaining survivors of those who were present, together with my father's in a letter and Professor Miller's from "hearsay" at the time. They vary in small details, but, as Dr. Keith says, in speaking of

Professor Miller's account, "Tales change in the telling." During the autumn Professor Miller would come in every morning about breakfast-time, for, he used jokingly to say, he could not rest till he was sure none of the experimenters was dead. He says:

On returning home after a weary day's labor, Dr. Simpson, with his two friends and assistants, Drs. Keith and Mathews Duncan, sat down to their somewhat hazardous work in Dr. Simpson's dining-room. Having inhaled several substances, but without much effect, it occurred to Dr. Simpson to try a ponderous material which he had formerly set aside on a lumber table, and which, on account of its great weight, he had hitherto regarded as of no use whatever. It happened to be a small bottle of chloroform. It was searched for, and recovered from beneath a heap of waste paper, and, with each tumbler newly charged, the inhalers resumed their vocation. Immediately an unwanted hilarity seized the party; they became bright-eyed, very happy, and very loquacious, expatiating on the delicious aroma of the new fluid. The conversation was of unusual intelligence, and quite charmed the listeners—some ladies of the family and a naval officer, a brother-in-law of Dr. Simpson. But suddenly there was a talk of sounds being heard like those of a cotton-mill, louder and louder; a moment more, then all was quiet, and then a crash. On awaking, Dr. Simpson's first perception was mental. "This is far stronger and better than ether," said he to himself. His second was to note that he was prostrate on the floor, and that among the friends about him there was both confusion and alarm. Hearing a noise, he turned about, and saw Dr. Duncan beneath a chair; his jaw had dropped, his eyes were staring, his head was bent half under him; he was quite unconscious, and was snoring in a most determined and alarming manner. More noise still, and much motion. And then his eyes overtook Dr. Keith's feet and legs making valorous efforts to overturn the supper table, or more probably to annihilate everything that was on it. I say "more probably," for frequent repetitions of inhalation have confirmed, in the case of my esteemed friend, a character for maniacal and unrestrained destructiveness always under chloroform in the transition stage.

On December 3, 1847, my father, in a letter, writes:

On the first occasion on which I detected the anesthetic effects of chloroform, the scene was an odd one. I had had the chloroform beside me for several days, but it seemed so unlikely a liquid to produce results of any kind, that it was laid aside, and on searching for another object among some loose paper, after coming home very late one night, my hand chanced to fall upon it, and I poured some of the fluid into tumblers before my assistants, Dr. Keith and Dr. Duncan, and myself. Before sitting down to supper we all inhaled the fluid, and were all "under the mahogany" in a trice, to my wife's consternation and alarm.

In another letter he says:

I had the chloroform for several days in the house before trying it, as, after seeing it such a heavy unvolatile-like liquid, I despaired of it, and went on dreaming about others. The first night we took it simultaneously, and were all "under the table" in a minute or two.

My aunt, Miss Grindlay, and Dr. George Keith are the only two survivors of the little company on that November night. Miss Grindlay persists in the statement that my father tried the drug first alone. Her memory is now, at upward of four-score years, somewhat dimmer and less trustworthy than of yore, but for the last twenty years she has told the same tale. She says my father came into the room with his short, brisk step, and took out of his waistcoat pocket a little phial, and, holding it up, said, "See this; it will turn the world upside down." Helping himself to a tumbler off the sideboard, he poured in a few drops, inhaled it, and fell unconscious on the floor, to my mother's horror. Another sister of hers, Mrs. Petrie, and her husband, Captain Petrie, were present. This does not coincide with the previous statements, but it may be that my father, having got the impatiently looked-for chloroform (for after having expected it from Liverpool, he had obtained it at Duncan & Flockhart's), and being disappointed in its appearance, and being busy trying other things, had put it aside, till, thinking over it, he unearthed it, sniffed at it, and made the trial my aunt speaks of. Finding it efficacious, he may have pushed it among his papers again, with a glint of fun in his eyes and a cautioning "don't tell," pleased at the idea of the effect it would have on his comrades, Duncan and Keith. It is possible that Miss Grindlay may have confused this scene with another, though to have done so is unlike her usual accuracy and precision of recollection. My cousin, Miss Petrie, mentions in some notes made at the time, "On one occasion he [Professor Simpson] took something that rendered him quite insensible for upward of two hours. My aunt [Mrs. Simpson] got a terrible fright. *He tried everything on himself first.*"

Dr. George Keith, in a letter to me on the subject written in 1891, says:

Dr. Miller, in the appendix to his work on surgery, published soon after, gives a full account of the scene. It is pretty correct, only he says that we all took the chloroform at once. This, with a new substance to try, would have been foolish, and the fact is I began to inhale it a few minutes before the others. On seeing the effects on me, and hearing my approval before I went quite over, they both took a dose, and I believe we were all more or less under the table together, much to the alarm of your mother.

Your mother was present at the first trial of chloroform, besides your father, Dr. Mathews Duncan, and myself. Several other gases were tried by one or more of us, your father being anxious to find something better than ether, which had been used for about a year before, and which came from America—that is, the use of it as an anesthetic. It was not then made pure, as it now is, and the smell was a great drawback. The nearest to chloroform which was tried before this was chloric ether, a new remedy for sickness which had lately come from America. It was not strong enough, but one day your father was talking to an old friend from Bathgate, who was head of a pharmaceutical establishment, Wishart, in Liverpool. He mentioned that he made chloric ether, not in the usual way, but by first making pure chloroform (a curious liquid long ago discovered by Dumas, but not turned to any use), which he diluted with alcohol to make chloric ether. He promised when he went home from his holiday to send some of it down, as likely stronger than the ether. It was so long in coming that your father got a little from Mr. Hunter of Duncan & Flockhart, and it was this, not more than half an ounce, I think, which we first tried.

What makes it very probable that my aunt is correct in saying that my father had a private test of chloroform before a select audience before the trio took it is the statement of Dr. Keith that he (Dr. Keith) took it a few minutes *before* the others, because my cousin, in her reminiscence of that time, underlines the statement, "He [my father] tried everything on himself first"; and Dr. Lyon Playfair, in 1883, speaking on vivisection in the House of Commons, corroborates this statement. He says:

Sir James Simpson, who introduced chloroform, that great alleviator of animal suffering, was then alive, and in constant quest of new anesthetics. He came to my laboratory one day to see if I had any new substances likely to suit his purpose. I showed to him a liquid which had just been discovered by one of my assistants, and Sir James Simpson, who was bold to rashness in experimenting on himself, desired immediately to inhale it in my private room. I refused to give him any liquid unless it was first tried upon rabbits. Two rabbits accordingly were made to inhale it, and quickly passed into anesthesia, and soon recovered from it, though by an after action of the poison they both died in a few hours. Now, was this not a justifiable experiment on animals? and was not it worth the sacrifice of two rabbits to save the life of the most distinguished physician of his time, who by the introduction of chloroform has done so much to mitigate animal suffering?

Being "bold to rashness," as Dr. Playfair testifies, my father was not likely to have let any one get ahead of him, even by a few minutes; but if he had first tried the anesthetic privately on himself, he would have been the more ready to observe the "overture to the swooning dream

of chloroform" enacted by his friend Dr. Keith. Professor Miller thus depicts the awakening of the trio from their early experiment:

By-and-by, Dr. Simpson having regained his seat, and Dr. Duncan having come to an arrangement with the table and its contents, the sederunt was resumed. Each expressed himself delighted with this new agent; and its inhalation was repeated many times that night,—one of the ladies gallantly taking her place and turn at the table,—until the supply of chloroform was fairly exhausted. In none of the subsequent inhalations, however, was the experiment pushed to unconsciousness. The first event had quite satisfied them of the agent's power. Afterward they held their wits entire, and noted the minor effects on themselves and each other. The festivities did not terminate till a late hour—3 A. M.

The small stock of chloroform was quickly used. Professor Miller says:

Mr. Hunter of Duncan, Flockhart & Co. was pressed into the service of restoring the supply, and from that day and hour there was for many months no respite for that gentleman. Working with an ordinary retort, he could not make chloroform fast enough for the consumption of Dr. Simpson and his friends in their professional practice; and relief only came with the better mode and larger scale of production.

Miss Grindlay remembers the trio under the table that November night—how my father and Dr. Mathews Duncan lay sleeping heavily, and how Dr. Keith, who had not taken so kindly to the drug, raised his head in a ghastly semiconscious state above the table, and with the uncanniness of his expression and his staring eyes further startled the already frightened audience. Later, when they took it in a smaller quantity, he used to be an obstreperous subject, insisting that the sideboard was a partner to whom he was engaged to dance, and trying to drag this stolid wallflower into the middle of the floor with a successful display of force which astonished the onlookers. Miss Agnes Petrie, my mother's niece, was the first woman who took chloroform, and under its influence was found to imagine herself an angel. My father, wishing to display the power of the new drug, often pressed her into the service, especially to assure patients of the gentler sex that the drug produced not only a harmless, but a beatific state of unconsciousness. My aunt had been so affrighted at the first trial which she witnessed of chloroform that she absolutely refused to inhale it, and to this day has never been under its influence.

This chloroform, which was tried and welcomed as an anesthetic at Queen street in 1847, was discovered at nearly the same time by Guthrie in America (1831), by Soubeiran



J. Y. Simpson

SIR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON.

DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAPE. (BASED ON A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. MOFFAT, EDINBURGH, TAKEN ABOUT 1868.)

in France (1831), and by Liebig in Germany (1832). It has been used internally. Guillot employed it in asthma. Says my father in a pamphlet published in 1847:

My friend Dr. Formby of Manchester told me about two years ago that he often used it in a diluted form as a diffusible stimulant, and I have frequently prescribed it instead of valerian camphor. But I am not aware that any person used chloroform by inhalation, or discovered its remarkable anesthetic properties, till the date of my own experiments.

After that memorable 4th of November, trials of various other ingredients proceeded

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nightly at 52 Queen street. The results were not altogether satisfactory to those who partook of them. A compound of carbon which my father tried resulted in an irritation of the throat and windpipe, and Dr. Keith remembers that he had to be kept for hours under chloroform before he got relief. Another time, as my cousin Miss Petrie mentions, he was, to my mother's alarm, insensible for two hours after taking some strange compound. After this, the butler Clarke stuck to his assertion, "Chlory 's the best," more firmly than ever.

One night trial was made of a mixture of chloroform and champagne. After waiting and finding that it had no effect on himself or

others, my father went to bed. Dr. Duncan, who had taken a larger quantity than the rest, also went off to his room. My mother and Miss Petrie were sitting up, reading, when they were suddenly startled by a loud cry from above. Rushing to the staircase, they beheld Dr. Duncan, half-dressed, clinging to the railing, talking volubly, and giving utterance to the most unearthly cries. He addressed himself: "I say, Duncan, how! Now, Duncan, make a noise!" and he obeyed these requests with a vengeance. My mother hurried up to rouse my father, who had slept through the disturbance the sleep of the weary. They had considerable difficulty in getting Dr. Duncan back to his room, and he was ill for some days after.

The first public trial of chloroform in surgical operations was on November 15, in Edinburgh, on three cases treated by Drs. Miller and Duncan, and curiously enough, as my father records, "Professor Dumas, the chemist who first ascertained and established the chemical composition of chloroform, was present, and in no small degree rejoiced to witness the wonderful physiological effects of a substance with whose chemical history his own name was intimately connected."

Before this public test of it, chloroform, on the eve of its debut as an anesthetic, had a very narrow escape from being regarded as a fatal failure. On November 13 it was to be tried in the Royal Infirmary, but my father, who was to administer it, was not able to be present. He was much annoyed that press of work had detained him, but the divinity that shapes our ends was at work that day in keeping him from his appointment. The operation went on without an anesthetic, and the subject died suddenly after the first incision of the surgeon's knife. The public test spoken of, which took place two days later, met with success, and from that time, we may say, a reformation began in the operating-hospitals through the use of what Dr. John Brown in "Rab" calls "one of God's greatest blessings to his suffering children."

In these early days of the new boon to the suffering, life went merrily as well as busily in the house of its birth. Assured of its merits, rejoiced at the pain it would ease, its discoverer was full of sanguine hopes for its success. Ere many weeks had passed, however, he found he would have to do battle for his gift to mankind, if it was to live and prosper in this world of opposition and prejudice. Convinced that the beginning had been made in drawing the sting from pain, that those who heretofore had had hours of agony before them could pass through these bitter times in painless oblivion, he employed his pen to spread its uses and merits. Brimming over with enthusiasm, his great mind ever open and on the alert for anything

which led onward, his blood boiled with impatience when others, blinded by petty jealousy, did not see ahead as he did with an almost prophetic sight. One who knew him truly says that though he disliked controversy, he was ever ready to fight "till he had secured what he believed to be the triumph of truth. More than once he showed his readiness to do battle for a bitter enemy who, for the time, was upholding the honor of his profession, or the interests or dignity of science." The "straight line of duty" for him lay not in "sequestered nooks, and all the sweet serenity of books"; but his path being among the perplexing throng of the busy world, he was always ready to cut his way through it with his weapons, the lancet and the pen.

Speaking in 1890, and looking back on the history of surgery, Mr. Lawson Tait says:

We are apt to ignore the fact that all our brilliant advancements of to-day could never have been arrived at but for chloroform. We could never have developed the splendid work of modern surgery but for the genius and indomitable fighting qualities of James Young Simpson, who threshed out the victory of anesthesia, and gave us the anesthetic which for more than half a century has held its own against all comers. This, the greatest of all medical triumphs, at once broke down the barriers which had hindered the development of our art, and a vast change in surgical practice became apparent.

The battle for anesthesia was a hard and a lasting fight. Prejudice set her narrow face against chloroform, as she had done at the end of last century against vaccination, which made Jenner the means of saving more lives than Napoleon's sword destroyed. It is difficult to realize that people had to be persuaded into avoiding pain, but there were many who even objected to its alleviation, and held with M. Magendie, the distinguished physiologist, in the French Academy of Sciences, that "pain has always its usefulness, and it was a trivial matter to suffer, and a discovery to prevent pain was of slight interest only."

The war was directed not so much against its use in surgery as in midwifery. In the latter it was said to be unscriptural, and contrary to divine commands. This quotation from a clergyman's letter is a fair sample of many others, and shows the spirit of the time. It was, he said, "a decoy of Satan, apparently offering itself to bless woman, but in the end it will harden society, and rob God of the deepest cries which arise in time of trouble for help." The religious objection was based on Gen. iii. 16, "Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children," etc. In the postscript of a letter to a friend in Liv-

erpool, written November 14, 1847, my father expressed in a condensed form his views and arguments on this point:

By the by, Imlach tells me Dr. P—— is to enlighten your medical society about the "morality" of the practice. I have a great itching to run up and pound him. When is the meeting? The true moral question is, "Is a practitioner justified by any principles of humanity in not

the Israelites kept their covenant. See Deut. vii. 13, etc. . . . Besides, Christ in dying "surely hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," and removed "the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." His mission was to introduce mercy, not sacrifice.

Looking back after fifty years, the world to-day wonders that every one did not agree with Dr. Chalmers, who, when asked to write a de-



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

LADY SIMPSON, A SPECTATOR OF THE FIRST TRIAL OF CHLOROFORM. (FROM THE PORTRAIT BY ARCHER, 1846.)

using it?" I believe every operation without it is just a piece of the most deliberate and cold-blooded cruelty.

He will be at the primary curse, no doubt. But the word translated "sorrow" is truly "labour," "toil," and in the very next verse the very same word means this. Adam was to eat of the ground with "sorrow." That does not mean physical pain, and it was cursed to bear thorns and thistles, which we pull up without dreaming that it is a sin. God promises repeatedly to take off the two curses on women, and on the ground, if

fense of anesthesia from a religious point of view, replied that he did not see any theological part pertaining to it.

The next point attacked was the fatality of chloroform, and in 1852 its introducer again had to take up his pen to defend its character. At the end of a paper answering this charge, he says,

The number, for example, of lives lost yearly by the poisonous effects of opium, etc., is much

greater than that lost by chloroform. At our different drug-manufactories in Edinburgh we have upward of two million doses of chloroform manufactured annually, yet how rarely does a fatal result follow its use! Is there any other common or potent drug which could be given in full doses in two million of instances per annum with greater impunity?

To guard against a fatal case, he always advised and administered the purest and best chloroform, prescribing quiet for the patient, and insisting that the dose should be given without timidity and in sufficient quantity to render the patient quickly insensible. Amid the crowd of work which hemmed him in, with characteristic energy and perseverance he collected statistics of fatal surgery and midwifery cases before and after the use of chloroform; he was sure that the wearing fear which beset a patient previous to undergoing pain, in addition to the enduring of it, undermined the nerves and constitution and increased the death-rate.

Sir James Clarke, her Majesty's physician, wrote to him in 1853, thanking him for a book. "You certainly are the most industrious man in the profession. It is really surprising that with your extensive and harassing practice you can find time to bring forth a volume every year." He goes on to say that the Queen had used chloroform in her late confinement, and adds truly, "I know this information will please you, and I have little doubt it will lead to a more general use of chloroform in midwifery practice in this quarter than has hitherto prevailed."

It was very near the end of Professor Simpson's life, at the age of fifty-nine, when the early spring of the year of 1870 found him confined to his room, that an attempt from America was made to deprive him of his hard-won honors in regard to chloroform. To his sickbed, piled with books, and still the center of his professional activity, came the criticism of Dr. Bigelow, directed against my father's omission to mention the American discovery in a general reference to the subject, in the course of his response to the speech of Lord Provost Chambers on presenting to him the freedom of the city in which he had lived and worked.

Concerning this controversy Professor Simpson wrote:

I know from the utmost depths of my own conscience that I never said or wrote a single word to detract from the mightiness of the discovery of anesthesia by sulphuric ether. But surely the dis-

covery of another anesthetic by me a year afterward, more powerful, practical, and useful than sulphuric ether, was in itself a fact of no small moment, and tended, I well know, immensely to spread the use of anesthesia on this side of the Atlantic.

My father answered Dr. Bigelow in two clear explicit letters (bound up among his posthumous papers), in which he said:

The history of anesthesia has always taken me a full hour in my University lectures; and in these lectures I have year after year paid heartily every due compliment to the most important part borne in the consummation of the practical applications of anesthetics by America, particularly by the cities of Hartford and Boston, and specially by the energy and genius of Dr. Morton.

And again:

Inoculation was an idea brought from Asia and Turkey and acted on in England in the beginning of the last century. Ere, however, the century was closed, a new variety of matter was proposed to be inoculated by Dr. Jenner, and proved infinitely a greater success. That vaccination was thus a modification of smallpox inoculation has never been allowed to detract one iota, I believe, from the merit of the great pathological and practical revolution produced by Dr. Jenner. The two discoveries have never clashed and been entangled together; for they were in our country upward of half a century or more separate from each other in the date of their introduction and discovery. Neither, I think, would the relative merits of the two anesthetics, the American sulphuric ether and the English chloroform, have co-mixed in the manner in which they have been confused by you and others, had their discoveries been separated by upward of half a century also.

In Boston has been erected a monument inscribed: "To commemorate the discovery that the inhaling of ether causes insensibility to pain; first proved to the world at the Massachusetts General Hospital at Boston, October, A. D. 1846." At Westminster, on my father's bust, are the words: "To whose genius and benevolence the world owes the blessings derived from the use of chloroform for the relief of suffering." Below the date of his death (May 6, 1870) might fitly be engraved his motto, "Victo Dolore," for before his letter on anesthesia had reached America he had been accorded rest by him "who giveth his beloved sleep," and so had obtained an everlasting victory over pain.

Eve Blantyre Simpson.



INDIAN SONGS.

PERSONAL STUDIES OF INDIAN LIFE.



ONE sunny September morning a dozen years ago, as I looked from my tent over the Dakota prairie, I saw the Indian crier emerge from the lodge of the chief. He was an old man, with wrinkled face and hooked nose, a red scarf bound about his scanty locks, and his green blanket drawn together over his bent shoulders as he leaned heavily upon his long oak staff. I watched him as he passed from one vantage-point to another, whence he could overlook the various groups of tents clustered upon the swiftly flowing creek; and I heard his sonorous voice calling the people to assemble at night-fall in the great tent. As the old man's shout broke the silence, women looked from their lodges, a bit of embroidery in their hands, or a screaming child hastily caught up, while the men turned lazily on the grass, or paused in their talk, to look up at the herald and to catch his message. This message was an invitation from the son of the old chief Spotted Tail, whose guest I was at that time, and who was pleased to gratify my desire to see an Indian dance.

The great tent was nearly a mile distant, reached by a trail that wound around and over the sharply broken undulations of the prairie, crossing and re-crossing the noisy creek and its many branches, which, sometimes narrow enough to leap over, again ran swift and wide, bridged often by a smooth, round trunk of a small tree, upon which a moccasined foot could cling, but where a booted one could find little hold. As I set forth with my Indian guide, the sun was well down in the west, its slanting rays giving a deeper yellow to the wide stretch of

tall grass unbroken even by the shadow of a solitary tree. My guide strode ahead, and I followed as best I could, my ear alert to catch the rattle of a disturbed snake, and my eyes intent upon the trail, lest I should fall headlong down the steep, muddy sides of the creek, or slide off the log bridge into the rushing stream below. Fortunately, I escaped all disasters, and forgot their possibility as the sound of a distant drum reached my ear. It betrayed the vicinity of the camp, which a grass-covered knoll still concealed from my sight, but at a sudden turn of the trail we were in the midst of a picturesque group of white cone-shaped tents, among which, and over-topping them all, rose the sharp outlines of the great reception-tent, about the entrance of which were gathered gala-dressed people resplendent in red, green, and yellow blankets. The tent cover was thrown back, exposing the tall trim poles, cut in the forests of the Black Hills, and within, at the right of the entrance, I saw men and women seated about the drum, which was supported a few inches above the ground upon four sticks, and, farther along, around the tent, were crouched many men closely muffled in their robes. Following my guide, I picked my way through the crowd, and became separated from my one companion, an Indian matron, my ever faithful friend, a Ponka who had come with me from her own tribe. No words of mine could persuade her to pass with me into the tent, so I was forced to follow the guide alone. As I entered I was startled by a sudden mighty beating of the drum, with such deafening yells and shouts that I feared my ears would burst; but following the dictates of Indian etiquette, I took no notice of this extraordinary welcome, and passed as calmly as I could to the back of the tent, where I sat down in the middle of an

unoccupied space, close to the edge of the covering.

As I looked about me, I felt a foreignness that grew into a sense of isolation. On each side were lines of silent, motionless figures, their robes so closely wrapped about them that, in the fading light, I could scarcely realize that they were living beings. There was not a touch of color within the tent, except upon the few women who sat near the drum. Their glossy black braids fell in heavy loops upon their red and green tunics, the russet hue of their faces was heightened by touches of vermilion upon the cheeks, their ear-ornaments of white shell hung nearly to their waists, and their arms were encircled with shining brass bangles. These glints of brightness only added to the weirdness of the place, and my eyes gladly looked beyond, where, framed by the opening of the tent against the pale primrose of the twilight sky, I saw the contrasting picture of gaily dressed and painted men and women, chatting or laughing, and showing their small white teeth.

The whole scene was utterly unlike anything I had ever beheld. I was oppressed with its strangeness, and before I could find any starting-point of sympathy with my surroundings there was a slight stir in the vicinity of the drum, and suddenly half a dozen arms rose and fell upon the drum with such force as to make it rebound upon its fastenings; a solitary voice, pitched high and shrill, uttered a few wavering notes, followed on the next drum-beat by the whole company of singers, each one apparently striving to out-sing all the rest. It was nothing but tumult and din to me; the sharply accented drum set my heart to beating painfully and jarred every nerve. I was distressed and perplexed, my head was ringing, and I was fast becoming mentally distraught, when, as if by magic, a dozen of the silent, mysterious figures sprang high in the air, their robes falling in a heap, as with bended arms and knees they leaped toward the center of the tent, each man in full undress, save for the breech-cloth, paint, and feathers. The sudden appearance, the wild movements of the advancing and retreating forms, the outlines of the violently shaken head-feathers, the out-stretched arms brandishing the war-clubs, and the thud of the bare feet upon the ground, called up before me every picture of savages I had ever seen; while every account of Indian atrocities I had ever heard crowded upon my memory, and gave a horrible interpretation to the scene before me. I would have escaped if I could, but between me and the opening were these terrible creatures, and even if it were possible to elude their grasp, it would be only to fall into the hands of hundreds more outside; those "treach-

erous," gaily dressed, and laughing people were "Indians," who even now might be transforming into similar fiends. The ground was cold and solid beneath me, and the tent was pegged tight to it, with no crack to crawl through. My suffering grew intense during the few moments before I was able to come to myself, and to remember that I was there present by my own deliberate purpose to study this very performance then going on around me.

I have since had many a laugh with my red friends over this my first and only fright, caused, as I now know, by the unconscious influence of the popular idea of "Injuns"; but it was long after this initiation before my ears were able to hear in Indian music little besides a screaming downward movement that was gashed and torn by the vehemently beaten drum. However, as the weeks wore on, and I observed the pleasure the Indians took in their own singing, I was convinced that there existed something which was eluding my ears. I therefore began to listen below this noise, much as one must listen in the phonograph, ignoring the sound of the machinery in order to catch the registered tones of the voice. I have since watched Indians laboring with a like difficulty when their songs were rendered to them upon the piano; their ears were accustomed to the *portamento* of the voice in the song, which was broken up by the hammers of the instrument on the strings, producing such confusion of sound that it was hard for them to recognize the tune.

After I had relegated the noise of the drum and the straining of the voice to their proper place, I encountered fresh difficulties—difficulties which were born of the prevalent idea concerning the music of "savages"; namely, that while such music might possess a certain degree of simple rhythm, it had little melody, the few tones used being iterative, and expressionless of thought or feeling. The songs I heard lay athwart this opinion, and could not be made to coincide with it, and for a considerable time I was more inclined to distrust my own ears than to question the generally accepted theory. Meanwhile the Indians sang on, and I faithfully noted their songs, studying their character and their relation to Indian life and ceremonial. During these investigations I was stricken with a severe illness, and lay for months, ministered to in part by my Omaha friends. While I was thus shut in from all the world, the Indians coming and going about me in their affectionate solicitude, they would often at my request sing for me. They sang softly because I was weak, and there was no drum, and then it was that the last vestige of the distraction of noise and the confusion of theory was dispelled, and the sweetness, the beauty, and the meaning of these songs were revealed to me. As I grew stronger

I was taught them, and sang them with my Indian friends; and when I was able to be carried about, my returning health was celebrated by the exemplification of the Wa-wan ceremony with its music.

The ceremony was to take place in a large earth lodge two or three miles distant. I was laid in the bottom of a wagon, and driven along the bluffs of the Missouri River, overtaking men and women and children on their ponies, all headed toward the lodge, where we arrived just as the sun dropped like a red ball below the horizon. A few old men were sitting on the dome-like roof, while boys and dogs chased one another up and down the grassy, flowery sides of the picturesque dwelling. At the door of the long projection forming the entrance to the lodge stood friends ready to welcome me. I was lifted carefully from the wagon-bed, borne by strong arms within, and placed on a sort of lounge made of skins arranged nearly opposite the entrance. The people gathered by scores, until between two and three hundred were seated around the central fire, which leaped up brightly, making the blackened roof of poles shine like polished ebony. Every one was glad, and greeted me with no uncertain word or glance. Soon I heard the cadences of the ceremonial Song of Approach. I knew the tune; I had been taught it in my sickness, and now I listened understandingly to the familiar strains as they came nearer and nearer, until the bearers of the Pipes of Fellowship were seen coming down the long entrance-way, waving the feather pendants of the calumets they bore. As they turned into the lodge, the whole company took up the song, and I too joined, able at last to hear and comprehend the music that had through all my difficulties fascinated even while it eluded me. The occasion of this exemplification was one I can never forget, not only because of the insight it gave me into the music of the people, and the meaning of the ceremony I witnessed, but because of its deeper revelation of the heart and inner life of the Indians. From that time forth I ceased to trouble about theories of scales, tones, rhythm, and melody, and trusted the facts which daily accumulated in my willing hands.

I have transcribed several hundreds of Omaha songs, and a considerable number of Ponka, Otoe, and Dakota melodies, these tribes being of the same linguistic stock. The Pawnees and the Nez Percés are of different stocks, and widely removed, yet, though they show differences that invite further study, there is nothing in their songs radically divergent from the music of the Omahas.

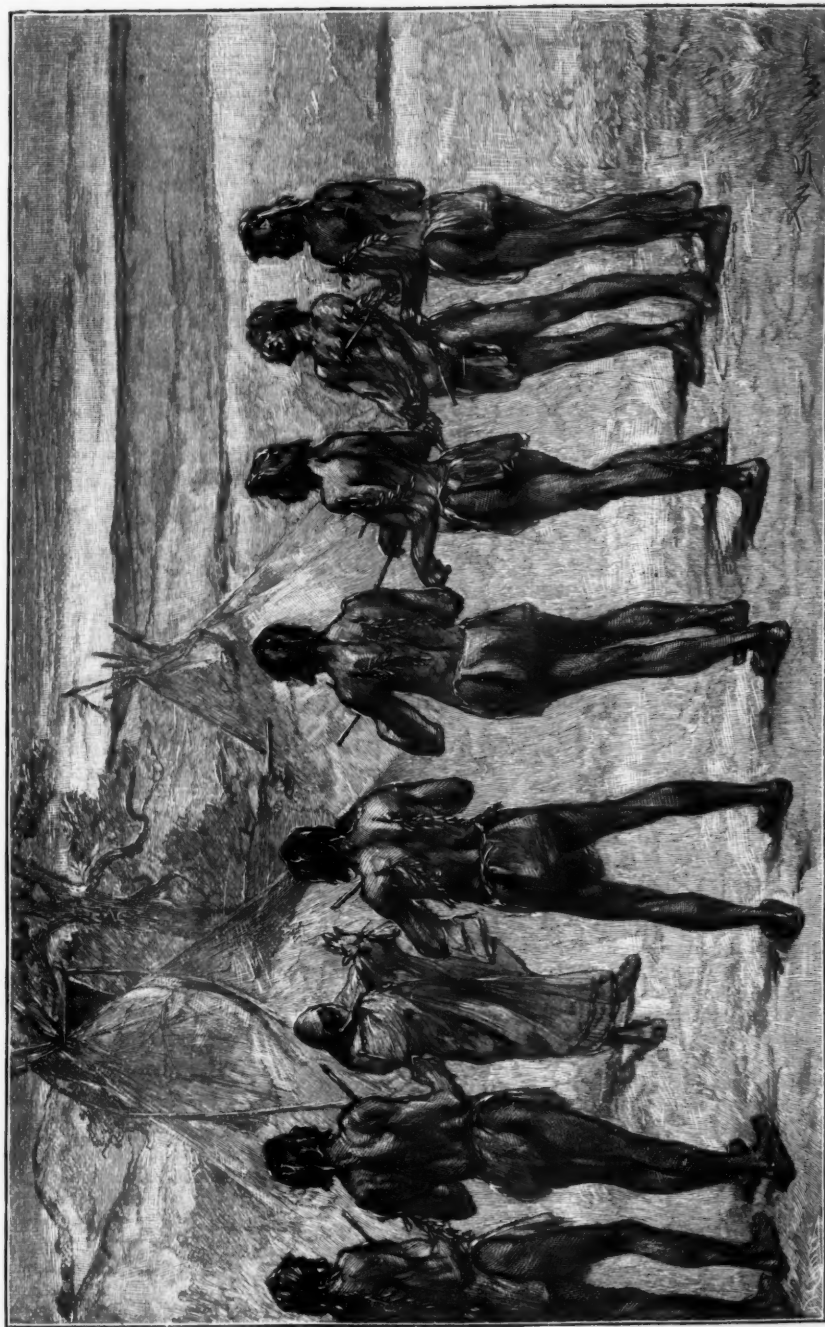
Indian songs, I have discovered, travel far, and those of one tribe are soon at home in another. There seems to have been an

extended acquaintance between tribes, the Rocky Mountains proving no serious barrier. Customs and songs borrowed from the Crow Indians of Montana have been current for a century, at least, among the Nez Percés of Idaho. Dakota songs are also found there with an equally remote introduction. The Omahas have borrowed from the Dakotas and the Otoes, and the Dakotas and the Winnebagos have appropriated Omaha songs. One fact is noticeable—that a song is always credited to the tribe that originated it, never being claimed as a native product in the home of its adoption.

In every tribe there are hundreds of original songs which are its heritage. Many of them have been handed down through generations, and embody not only the feeling of the composer, but record some past event or experience; they are treasured by the people, and care is taken to transmit them accurately. People who possess written music have some mechanical device by which a tone may be uniformly produced, as by the vibrations of a cord of given length and tension, the tone becoming the standard by which all others can be regulated; and a succession of tones can be recorded and accurately repeated at long intervals of time, and by different persons. The Indians have no mechanism for determining a pitch; there is no uniform key for a song; it can be started on any note suitable to the singer's voice. This absence of a standard pitch, and the Indians' management of the voice, which is similar in singing and in speaking, make Indian music seem to be out of tune to our ears, conventionally trained as they are to distinguish between the singing and the speaking tone of voice. Although the Indians have no fixed pitch, yet, given a starting note, graduated intervals are observed. Not that any Indian can sing a scale, but he repeats his songs without any material variation. Men with good voices take pride in accuracy of singing, and often have in their memories several hundred songs, including many from tribes with the members of which they have exchanged visits.

The barytone voice among men, and the mezzo-soprano among women, are more common than the pure tenor, bass, contralto, or soprano. As a rule, the Indian voice is reedy and steady in tone, and sometimes quite melodious in quality; but the habit of singing in the open air to the accompaniment of percussion instruments tends to strain the voice and to injure its sweetness. There is little attempt at expression by *piano* or *forte* passages, or by swelling the tone on a given note; but as the songs generally descend on the scale, there is a natural tendency to less volume at the close than at the beginning or middle part of the tune.

Where several take part in the singing, it is



DRAWN BY WALTER SHOLAN.

THE DEATH-SONG.

ENGRAVED BY H. HAUSER.

always in unison. The different qualities of male and female voices bring out harmonic effects, which are enhanced by the women's custom of singing in a high, reedy falsetto, an octave above the male voices. The choral generally presents two or three octaves, and one becomes conscious of overtones. Evidently the Indians enjoy this latent harmony, as they have devices to intensify it. They employ a kind of throbbing of the voice on a prolonged note, producing an effect similar to that obtained in vibrating a string of the cello by passing over it the bow in an undulating movement. In solos like the love-song, where there are sustained passages, the singer waves his hand slowly to and from his mouth to break the flow of the breath and to produce vibrations which seem to satisfy his ear.

With the Indian the words of a song are to a considerable extent subservient to the music; even the entire absence of words does not seem to render a tune meaningless to him, while words clearly enunciated break the melody and disturb his enjoyment of the song. More than once Indians have commented on our music, saying, "You talk a great deal as you sing." In lieu of words the Indians use syllables composed of vowels both open and nasal, modified by an initial consonant, as *h*, or *y*, for instance, *hae*, *ha*, *he*, *ho*, *hi*, *hu*. Songs in which the syllables begin with *h* are gentle in character, and *y* is employed when warlike or derisive feeling is to be expressed. When a series of syllables such as *nae*, *tho*, *hae*, *yoh*, are given slowly upon one note by many voices, the effect is more pleasing and suggestive of harmony than a single clear vowel sound so sustained. Syllables are sometimes introduced between parts of a word where its own vocables would have broken and injured the cadence. At the end of a phrase the singers draw their breath audibly through their closed teeth, making a sound as when the wind sweeps over fallen leaves.

The native ear is precise as to time; a retard occurs only in the mystery-, dream-, and love-songs; in any other, a variation of the value of a thirty-second or sixty-fourth of a beat is sufficient to throw the tune out of gear to the Indian. Syncopation is common, and the ease with which an Indian will sing syncopated passages in three-four time to the two-four beat of the drum is remarkable. One of our own race could hardly do this without careful training and much practice. An Indian's ear is as keen for time as his eye for tracks in the forest. Musical instruments are limited in number. The "flute" is used principally by the young man whose "fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." It is like a clarinet, the breath being propelled through an opening at one end,

and the tones regulated by six finger-stops. It is capable of a scale of seven notes, but absence of a standard pitch renders the uniform tuning of instruments impossible, and flutes, therefore, vary much in scales and clearness and in pleasantness of tone.

The whistle is made from the wing-bone of the eagle or the wild turkey, and has three finger-stops, by which five shrill notes can be made. It is used only in religious ceremonies.

The drums which accompany mystery- and dream-songs are small, like tambourines in shape, and are beaten in tremolo by the finger, or a small reed. Formerly others were made from sections of a tree, hollowed out, over the open end of which a skin was stretched; and they were tuned by partly filling with water, the skin being moistened, strained, and dried to the desired tone. Large circular drums were formed by stretching a calfskin over a hoop of withes. In some ceremonies a rawhide served as a drum, the women being the drummers. The rhythm of the drum is usually a strong beat followed by a light one, like a rebound, although sometimes each beat is regular and equal in volume.

Rattles of dried gourds, loaded with fine or coarse gravel, according to the desired tone, are used in the accompaniment to religious songs. They are shaken in tremolo, or sharp accentuations.

All Indian songs are in a setting of color and action; it may be the "sweeping vale and flowing flood" that bear along the melody, or the brilliant pendants of the Fellowship Pipes waved to the rhythm of the song in the dancing firelight of the lodge, or the cadences springing from the circle of tents amid the movements of horsemen. Every song rises replete with the life of the people, speeding from heart to heart in beauty and power; unheralded by opening chords it chants forth its theme of love, woe, valor, or worship, and is gone almost before we can catch its burden.

Indian music pervades every religious, tribal, and social ceremony, as well as every personal experience. There is not a phase of life that does not find its subjective expression in song. Religious rituals are imbedded in it, and the reverent recognition of the creation of corn, of the food-giving animals, of the powers of the air, and the fructifying sun, is passed from one generation to another in melodious measures. Song nerves the warrior to deeds of heroism, and robs death of its terrors; it speeds the spirit to the land of the hereafter, and solaces those who live to mourn. Children compose ditties for their games, and young men add music to give zest to their sports. The lover sings his way to the maiden's heart, and the old man

DANCE-SONG. (HAE-THU-SKA.)

MM. ♩ = 116.

The musical score is written for piano, featuring a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 8/8. The tempo is marked 'MM.' (Moderato) with a quarter note equal to 116 beats per minute. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together in groups. The lyrics are written below the melody line.

Ne - ka me - ta wa-gan-tha te-bae-no, Ne - ka me-ta wa-gan - tha

te-bae-no, Ne-ka me-ta wa-gan-tha te-bae-no, Ne-ka me-ta wa-gan - tha

te-bae-no, Ne-ka me-ta wa-gantha te-bae-no. tho. Nu-da-hun-ga

Ish - e-buz-zhe tha-da be-thin kae - dae. Ne-ka me-ta wa-gan-tha te-bae - no,

Ne-ka me-ta wa-gan-tha te-bae-no, Ne-ka me-ta wa-gan-tha te-bae-no.

tunefully invokes those agencies which can avert disaster and death.

It is through the mystery-song that the Indian believes himself able to reach beyond the visible world, and to grasp succor from the unseen and potential forces which encompass him. This song has come to him in a vision after days and nights of fasting and supplication, and, remaining ever after in his memory, it will summon to his aid the supernatural help assured by the vision. Those who in their visions have seen the same type of life become affiliated into societies; for instance, those who have seen the bear will belong to the bear society. The revelation to these men of the power of life in the form of a bear proves them to be of a similar cast of mind—the real basis of affiliation. The song of the vision, although remaining the individual property of the member who received it, becomes also in a sense the property of the society.

The Indians, like our Aryan ancestors, believed that they could, by a musical spell, force nature to their will, even to the darkening of the sun, or to the restoring of the parched earth by kindly showers; and our English-speaking people have hardly yet divested themselves of the notion that certain combinations of sounds, as the ringing of consecrated bells, have a similar supernatural power. The presuming Hindu who ventured unauthorized to sing the sacred numbers of the Rig-Veda was consumed by fire, even though he stood to his neck in the river Jumna; so also, among the American Indians, lightning would destroy him who should profane a sacred song.

The thunder-songs—those that came with visions of thunder—were potent not only in bringing and dispelling storms, but in raising the ire of the thunder gods to punish wrongdoing in the tribe. I have watched the changing countenance and strained attention of my Indian companions when the distant throbbing drum accompaniment of one of these songs caught their ear. Sometimes nine old men, all thunder dreamers, would walk solemnly about the village of tents, and with drums and bells, sing one of these fearsome songs: "The thunder gods are encompassing the camp, making themselves fearful to men." Then all the people knew that the gods were near, and the self-accused guilty ones would hide their heads in terror lest the lightning stroke should find them out.

Mystery-songs were also sung in the sweat lodge ceremonies, through which purification was sought, or help in trouble implored; the punishment of an unintentional sacrilegious act warded off, or foretold death averted.

In the Omaha myth of the introduction of death into the world, the hero Ha-hae-ga

warns his younger brother of some undefined impending danger, and urges him not to venture from his tent. Ha-hae-ga then goes forth to hunt, and, returning, finds his brother gone. In apprehension he follows the youth's footprints to the water's edge and out upon the ice, until at a broken place the tracks all disappear. The tears of Ha-hae-ga, pouring down, form streams as he wanders about seeking his brother, inquiring of all the animals he meets, punishing those which give him no aid, and rewarding the helpful ones. Finally he discovers the abode of the water monsters who have destroyed his brother, and by stratagem gains admission, kills the creatures, and carries off all that remains of his brother—his dried skin. Ha-hae-ga then constructs a sweat lodge, using serpents instead of boughs for the framework, the serpents thrusting their tails into the ground and twisting their necks together to support the air-tight covering. Ha-hae-ga, while he gathers stones, appeals in song to the spirit in them for aid, and as he kindles the fire about them, he beseeches help also of the Power of Fire; then entering the lodge, and taking with him his brother's skin, he pours water upon the heated stones, and again sings his prayers. Four times does Ha-hae-ga do this, begging his brother to return; at last the skin replies: "Ah, my brother, why call me back? Death is far better"; whereupon, in chagrin, Ha-hae-ga turns his brother into a stone, himself becomes a wolf, and death has entered the world.

Wolf-songs were sung by the warrior when he went forth on his mission of death. He speaks of himself as a wolf: "Like the wolf, I do not find myself strange or afraid when I venture far in distant lands." But brave as is the Indian warrior, he is but human, and homesickness will sometimes make his war-path more difficult than hardships and dangers. There is an Omaha wolf-song which opens in stirring measure with warlike syllables, then drops into gentle movement with words picturing the "women at the spring," "gathering wood for the home fire," and "chatting and laughing among the trees," while the footsore singer "walks forlorn"; but "he is a man and must endure," so the song returns to the rhythm and syllables of its beginning.

Another class of war-songs was sung in hours of immediate danger; many of them refer to the women of the tribe, who are always spoken of as "sisters." "Hae, friend! let us go to the rescue; your sisters are in danger. Let us walk bravely; hae, friend!" The sisters are not forgetful of their defenders; there are many songs pleasing in melody composed by women, and sung by them in the belief that help can thus be conveyed to warriors in the field. When the men returned, songs of triumph were sung,

LOVE-SONG.

Fades the star of morn-ing, West winds gen - tly blow, gen - tly blow, gen - tly blow,

Soft the pine-trees mur - mur, Soft the wa - ters flow, Soft the wa - ters flow,

Soft the wa - ters flow. Lift thine eyes, my maid-en, To the hill - top nigh;

Night and gloom will van - ish, When the pale stars die, When the pale stars die,

When the pale stars die: Lift thine eyes, my maid-en, Hear thy lov - er's cry.

and women sometimes carried the tune alone, the men joining in a sort of chorus. These songs are spirited in movement, and the words descriptive. The rhythm of one in my collection suggests the waving of the tall prairie grass through which a warrior is creeping upon his prey, and interwoven among warlike syllables are the words, "Little Sioux, I seek your good horses!"

Of those Indian societies whose membership was composed entirely of warriors, the Omaha Hae-thu-ska Society was one of the most noted. Its songs and dramatic dances have been adopted by many tribes. It was at an exhibition of the dance of the Hae-thu-ska among the Dakotas, where it was called the Omaha, or Grass Dance, that I received my initiation. The opening ceremonies at each meeting of

the Hae-thu-ska were of a religious nature, and the songs were choral; so also was that which closed the evening. With these exceptions, the numerous songs were historical, having been composed to commemorate some valiant deed done by a member of the society. The story of the song was handed down with the music, thus constituting the archives of the society, and preserving a partial history of the tribe.

In the song which often accompanies the dramatic dance of the Hae-thu-ska, the words refer to a traditional hero — Ish-e-buz-zhe. A very old man who died in 1884, and whose statements were confirmed by other aged persons, told me that the grandfather of his grandfather when young had seen this hero, thus easily throwing the date of the song back into the seventeenth century. Ish-e-buz-zhe seems to have been a queer sort of fellow; he was listless and absent-minded, but when roused to action his energy was slow to abate, and he became invincible. Many stories are told illustrative of his peculiarities. It was a custom of the people to lay aside their moccasins when they went out in the morning dew. Ish-e-buz-zhe, unmindful of the dampness of the hour, plunged through the wet grass regardless of the injury done his moccasins, and won in consequence a sharp reproof from his prudent wife, who did not like to have her handiwork needlessly destroyed. Accordingly the next morning Ish-e-buz-zhe dutifully placed his moccasins in his belt, and walked barefooted through the dew; but as the day advanced, he continued to carry the moccasins until his feet were sore with travel, and he received a second reproach from his more thoughtful wife.

This song recites that when his camp was attacked Ish-e-buz-zhe lingered, sitting in his tent, while the foe pressed nearer and nearer, until at length the taunts of an old woman roused him from his inaction, and, rushing forth, he utterly destroyed the enemy. His name was used to scare children into good behavior, and "Ish-e-buz-zhe will come and take you" is still a common threat. There is a legend that once during his lifetime a mother thus frightened her child, thrusting it in jest out of the tent, when it was actually seized from her arms by the warrior himself, who chanced to be passing at the moment. The genuine terror of both mother and child lingers as a bit of nursery lore to the present day.

In the myths that were told around the winter fire, animals were often personified, and sang bits of song, which were borrowed by the children and fashioned into plays. When Wa-hon-e-she-ga, the hero of one of these myths, tries to capture the turkeys, he bids them form in a circle and dance with their eyes closed, while he sings, under the threat that if they open

their eyes they will become red. The turkeys obey. "Dance faster! dance faster! Spread your tails! spread your tails!" and he catches them one by one and puts them in a bag, until at length one ventures to peep, and alarms the rest of the blind turkeys, who open their eyes and flee in a panic. The children imitate the turkeys, improvising the spread tail and dancing in a circle, acting out the little drama, singing all the while the song to which in the myth the turkeys danced.

Children make songs for themselves, which are occasionally handed down to other generations. These juvenile efforts sometimes haunt the memory in maturer years. An exemplary old man once sang to me a composition of his childhood wherein he had tunelessly exalted the pleasures of disobedience; but he took particular care that his children should not hear this performance. Young men sing in guessing games, as they gamble with their companions, tossing from hand to hand a minute ball of buffalo hair or a small pebble, moving their arms to the rhythm of the music.

The lover's songs are tender in feeling, sometimes rising to passionate fervor of expression. Musical syllables are used with only few exceptions, and in these the words are little more than a picture of the morning hour — the hour when the lover makes his way to some high vantage-point whence he can watch the tent of his sweetheart, and see her if she ventures forth to the spring, where a happy chance may afford him a stolen interview. As the day dawns he pours forth his lay; the hour, the gathering color of the sky, the awakening birds, the stir of the morning breeze, are the accompaniment of the song. In the following poem Miss Edna Dean Proctor has accomplished a difficult task — that of translating with native grace an Indian love-song¹ in its entirety.

Fades the star of morning,
West winds gently blow,
Soft the pine-trees murmur,
Soft the waters flow.
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
To the hill-top nigh;
Night and gloom will vanish
When the pale stars die:
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Hear thy lover's cry!
From my tent I wander
Seeking only thee,
As the day from darkness,
Comes for stream and tree.

¹ The following is a free translation of the Omaha words to this song:

As the day comes forth from the night,
So come I forth to seek thee.
Lift up thine eyes and behold him
Who comes with the day to thee.

FUNERAL-SONG.

MM. $\text{♩} = 100.$

The musical score is written for a four-part setting, likely for voices or instruments. It consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The time signature is 2/4, and the tempo is marked 'MM. ♩ = 100.' The lyrics are written below the staves, using a mix of English words and syllabic notation (e.g., 'E ah tha ha ahee tha'). The melody is characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass part and a more melodic line in the treble part. The song concludes with a double bar line.

E ah tha ha ahee tha ha ah ha ah ah hae ah ah ah e tha ha ahee tha hae ah
 ha ah ah. E tha ha ahee tha ah e ah ha ae ha o e tha hae
 hae tho - - ie ha o o e tha ha ahee tha hae ah ha ah
 ah e tha ha ahee tha... ah e ah ha ae ha o e tha hae tho.

Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
 To the hill-top nigh;
 Lo! the dawn is breaking,
 Rosy beams the sky:
 Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
 Hear thy lover's cry!

Lonely is our valley
 Though the month is May;
 Come and be my moonlight,
 I will be thy day.
 Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
 O, behold me nigh;
 Now the sun is rising,
 Now the shadows fly:
 Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
 Hear thy lover's cry!

The rituals of sacred tribal ceremonies could be sung only by those having them in hereditary charge, but the religious songs of the Wawan were free to all, and were very generally sung.

Every Omaha child is taught by its parents the one tribal prayer, "God, I am poor; have pity upon me!" I have heard this cry in some lonely spot where, hidden from sight, the suppliant poured forth in song his petition for help.

There is also only one funeral-song; it is sung at the obsequies of any man or woman who has been greatly respected in the tribe. Upon the death of such a one, men in the prime of early manhood meet together near the lodge of the deceased, divest themselves of all cloth-

ing but the breech-cloth, make two incisions in the left arm, and under the loop of flesh so made thrust a willow branch, having on it sprays of leaves. With the blood dripping upon the green branches hanging from their arms and shoulder-blades, the men move silently in single file to the lodge where the dead lies; there, ranging themselves in a line, shoulder to shoulder, and marking the rhythm of the tune by beating together two small willow rods, they sing in unison the funeral-song. There is a violent contrast between the bleeding singers and their vocal utterances, for the music in its major strains suggests sunshine, birds, and verdure, and has a fleet happy movement. Nevertheless, there must be some latent harmony between the song and the ceremony. Music, the Indian believes, has power to reach the unseen world. The spirit of the dead man can hear the song as it leaves the body, and the glad cadences are to cheer him as he goes from those who have been dear to him on earth. He hears only, he cannot see — so the song is for him; the bleeding wounds of the singers are expressions of the loss felt by the friends of the dead; his kindred can take note of the manifested sympathy — the wounds are for them. It is a custom among the Omahas to cease wailing at a certain point in the funeral ceremonies, for the reason, they say, that the departing one must not be distressed as he leaves his home behind him. It is also customary after a death to lacerate the limbs, as the shedding of blood expresses how vital is the loss. The funeral-song and ceremony, savage as they appear at first sight, are really full of tender unselfishness, and indicate a strong belief in the continuation of life and its affections.

The songs of the Indian are the spontaneous outburst of his emotions, springing up like the wild flowers of his forests and plains. They have been subjected to no conventionalizing influence of artificial methods, yet, like the native blossoms, they are developed not in violation of, but in strict accordance with, those laws which control the structure of all musical expression. The study of Indian music adds to the accumulating proof of the common mental endowment of all mankind.

The songs of the Indian are an interpretation of his character. From them we discern his religious nature, his attitude toward the unseen powers that control him; they are also a revelation of his social and tribal relations. In no song is there mention of the "father" or the "wife"; the "grandfather" is not spoken

of as personal kindred, but as one whom age has made wise and fit to be trusted. The "mother" is only indirectly referred to, but the "sister" is the representation of the family, and personates the women of the tribe in many songs. All this finds explanation in the peculiar structure of the tribe, and in the non-development of the family idea as we understand it. The only recognized relationship is the clan, or gens, a political subdivision of the tribe. With few exceptions among Indians the woman "carries the clan," and kinship is traced only through her; the children are counted in her clan, and not in that of the father, and, as a man can never marry in his own clan, he must be as a stranger to his wife and to his own children: they can inherit nothing from him or from his clan; when he dies his brothers and sisters, who constitute his family, are his heirs. So when an Indian sings of his home, his sister, with whom he has a recognized relationship, represents that home, rather than the wife and children who can never belong to him. The Indian's love-song is still in unmeaning syllables; its music, expressive of the feeling so often strong and enduring between husband and wife, cannot crystallize into definite words until the political organization of the people has ceased to interfere with the development of the family.

The "friend" appears often in Indian songs. Friendship was not bound by the man's birth-tie, but was free and lasting. The various social and religious societies were composed of members from any clan, and they slipped the leash of tribal structure in their fellowship.

There were no songs of labor, sung by a company of workers, such as the old English catch or guild song. The Indian sang as he chipped his arrow-head, or dug his medicinal roots, but the music was a form of personal appeal to the unseen powers. Labor had not become secularized, and there was no coördination of work; he planted with religious ceremony, and hunted and trapped by means of the mystery-song. The ground to him was still mother earth; the stones, the animals, the trees, all shared with him the common gift of life.

It is idle to speculate in what direction Indian music might have developed; tribes as tribes are rapidly ceasing to exist, and their ancient culture is passing away with the older people. The young Indian men and women are being educated in English speech, imbued with English thought, and the expression of their emotions will hereafter be molded on the lines of our artistic forms.

Alice C. Fletcher.

[Additional examples of the songs of the Omahas will be given in a subsequent number, accompanied by a consideration of their value from a musician's point of view by Prof. John C. Fillmore, of Milwaukee, to whom we are indebted for the arrangements of the Dance- and Funeral-Songs in this article.—THE EDITOR.]

THE FUNCTION OF THE POET.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THIS was the concluding lecture in the course which Lowell read before the Lowell Institute in the winter of 1855.¹ Doubtless Lowell never printed it because, as his genius matured, he felt that its assertions were too absolute, and that its style bore too many marks of haste in composition, and was too rhetorical for an essay to be read in print. How rapid was the growth of his intellectual judgment, and the broadening of his imaginative view, may be seen by comparing it with his essays on Swinburne, on Percival, and on Rousseau, published in 1866 and 1867—essays in which the topics of this lecture were touched upon anew, though not treated at large.

But the spirit of this lecture is so fine, its tone so full of the enthusiasm of youth, its conception of the poet so lofty, and the truths it contains so important, that it may well be prized as the expression of a genius which, if not yet mature, is already powerful, and aquiline alike in vision and in sweep of wing. It is not unworthy to stand with Sidney's and with Shelley's "Defence of Poesy," and it is fitted to warm and inspire the poetic heart of the youth of this generation, no less than of that to which it was first addressed. As a close to the lecture Lowell read his beautiful (then unpublished) poem "To the Muse."

Charles Eliot Norton.



WHETHER, as some philosophers assume, we possess only the fragments of a great cycle of knowledge in whose center stood the primeval man in friendly relation with the powers of the universe, and build our hovels out of the ruins of our ancestral palace; or whether, according to the development theory of others, we are rising gradually, and have come up out of an atom instead of descending from an Adam, so that the proudest pedigree might run up to a barnacle or a zoöphyte at last, are questions that will keep for a good many centuries yet. Confining myself to what little we can learn from history, we find tribes rising slowly out of barbarism to a higher or lower point of culture and civility, and everywhere the poet also is found, under one name or other, changing in certain outward respects, but essentially the same.

And however far we go back, we shall find this also—that the poet and the priest were united originally in the same person; which means that the poet was he who was conscious of the world of spirit as well as that of sense, and was the ambassador of the gods to men. This was his highest function, and hence his name of "seer." He was the discoverer and declarer of the perennial beneath the deciduous. His were the *epea pteroenta*, the true "winged words" that could fly down the unexplored future and carry the names of ancestral heroes, of the brave and wise and good.

¹ It is, however, not the last in the series as presented in THE CENTURY.—THE EDITOR.

It was thus that the poet could reward virtue, and, by and by, as society grew more complex, could burn in the brand of shame. This is Homer's character of Demodocus, in the eighth book of the *Odyssey*, "whom the Muse loved and gave the good and ill"—the gift of conferring good or evil immortality. The first histories were in verse; and sung as they were at feasts and gatherings of the people, they awoke in men the desire of fame, which is the first promoter of courage and self-trust, because it teaches men by degrees to appeal from the present to the future. We may fancy what the influence of the early epics was when they were recited to men who claimed the heroes celebrated in them for their ancestors, by what Bouchardon, the sculptor, said, only two centuries ago: "When I read Homer, I feel as if I were twenty feet high." Nor have poets lost their power over the future in modern times. Dante lifts up by the hair the face of some petty traitor, the Smith or Brown of some provincial Italian town, lets the fire of his *Inferno* glare upon it for a moment, and it is printed forever on the memory of mankind. The historians may iron out the shoulders of Richard the Third as smooth as they can, they will never get over the wrench that Shakspeare gave them.

The peculiarity of almost all early literature is that it seems to have a double meaning, that, underneath its natural, we find ourselves continually seeing or suspecting a supernatural meaning. In the older epics the characters seem to be half typical and only half historical. Thus did the early poets endeavor to make realities out of appearances; for, except a few typical men in whom certain ideas get em-

bodied, the generations of mankind are mere apparitions who come out of the dark for a purposeless moment, and reënter the dark again after they have performed the nothing they came for.

Gradually, however, the poet as the "seer" became secondary to the "maker." His office became that of entertainer rather than teacher. But always something of the old tradition was kept alive. And if he has now come to be looked upon merely as the best expresser, the gift of seeing is implied as necessarily antecedent to that, and of seeing very deep, too. If any man would seem to have written without any conscious moral, that man is Shakspeare. But that must be a dull sense, indeed, which does not see through his tragic—yes, and his comic—masks awful eyes that flame with something intenser and deeper than a mere scenic meaning—a meaning out of the great deep that is behind and beyond all human and merely personal character. Nor was Shakspeare himself unconscious of his place as a teacher and profound moralist: witness that sonnet in which he bewails his having neglected sometimes the errand that was laid upon him:

Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what
is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely;

the application of which is made clear by the next sonnet, in which he distinctly alludes to his profession.

There is this unmistakable stamp on all the great poets—that, however in little things they may fall below themselves, whenever there comes a great and noble thing to say, they say it greatly and nobly, and bear themselves most easily in the royalties of thought and language. There is not a mature play of Shakspeare's in which great ideas do not jut up in mountainous permanence, marking forever the boundary of provinces of thought, and known afar to many kindreds of men.

And it is for this kind of sight, which we call *insight*, and not for any faculty of observation and description, that we value the poet. It is in proportion as he has this that he is an adequate expresser, and not a juggler with words. It is by means of this that for every generation of man he plays the part of "namer." Before him, as before Adam, the creation passes to be named anew: first the material world; then the world of passions and emotions; then the world of ideas. But whenever a great imagination comes, however

it may delight itself with imaging the outward beauty of things, however it may seem to flow thoughtlessly away in music like a brook, yet the shadow of heaven lies also in its depth beneath the shadow of earth. Continually the visible universe suggests the invisible. We are forever feeling this in Shakspeare. His imagination went down to the very bases of things, and while his characters are the most natural that poet ever created, they are also perfectly ideal, and are more truly the personifications of abstract thoughts and passions than those of any allegorical writer whatever.

Even in what seems so purely a picturesque poem as the *Iliad*, we feel something of this. Beholding as Homer did, from the tower of contemplation, the eternal mutability and nothing permanent but change, he must look underneath the show for the reality. Great captains and conquerors came forth out of the eternal silence, entered it again with their trampling hosts, and shoutings, and trumpet-blasts, and were as utterly gone as those echoes of their deeds which he sang, and which faded with the last sound of his voice and the last tremble of his lyre. History relating outward events alone was an unmeaning gossip, with the world for a village. This life could only become other than phantasmagoric, could only become real, as it stood related to something that was higher and permanent. Hence the idea of Fate, of a higher power unseen—that shadow, as of an eagle circling to its swoop, which flits stealthily and swiftly across the windy plains of Troy. In the *Odyssey* we find pure allegory.

Now, under all these names—praiser, seer, soothsayer—we find the same idea lurking. The poet is he who can best see and best say what is ideal—what belongs to the world of soul and of beauty. Whether he celebrate the brave and good man, or the gods, or the beautiful as it appears in man or nature, something of a religious character still clings to him; he is the revealer of Deity. He may be unconscious of his mission; he may be false to it; but in proportion as he is a great poet, he rises to the level of it the more often. He does not always directly rebuke what is bad and base, but indirectly by making us feel what delight there is in the good and fair. If he besiege evil, it is with such beautiful engines of war (as Plutarch tells us of Demetrius) that the besieged themselves are charmed with them. Whoever reads the great poets cannot but be made better by it, for they always introduce him to a higher society, to a greater style of manners and of thinking. Whoever learns to love what is beautiful is made incapable of the low and mean and bad. If Plato excludes the poets from his Republic, it is expressly on the ground that they speak unworthy things of the gods; that is, that they

have lost the secret of their art, and use artificial types instead of speaking the true universal language of imagination. He who translates the divine into the vulgar, the spiritual into the sensual, is the reverse of a poet.

The poet, under whatever name, always stands for the same thing—imagination. And imagination in its highest form gives him the power, as it were, of assuming the consciousness of whatever he speaks about, whether man or beast, or rock or tree. It is the ring of Canace, which whoso has on understands the language of all created things. And as regards expression, it seems to enable the poet to condense the whole of himself into a single word. Therefore, when a great poet has said a thing, it is finally and utterly expressed, and has as many meanings as there are men who read his verse. A great poet is something more than an interpreter between man and nature; he is also an interpreter between man and his own nature. It is he who gives us those key-words, the possession of which makes us masters of all the unsuspected treasure-caverns of thought, and feeling, and beauty which open under the dusty path of our daily life.

And it is not merely a dry lexicon that he compiles,—a thing which enables us to translate from one dead dialect into another as dead,—but all his verse is instinct with music, and his words open windows on every side to pictures of scenery and life. The difference between the dry fact and the poem is as great as that between reading the shipping news and seeing the actual coming and going of the crowd of stately ships,—“the city on the inconstant billows dancing,”—as there is between ten minutes of happiness and ten minutes by the clock. Everybody remembers the story of the little Montague who was stolen and sold to the chimney-sweep: how he could dimly remember lying in a beautiful chamber; how he carried with him in all his drudgery the vision of a fair, sad mother's face that sought him everywhere in vain; how he threw himself one day, all sooty as he was from his toil, on a rich bed and fell asleep, and how a kind person woke him, questioned him, pieced together his broken recollections for him, and so at last made the visions of the beautiful chamber and the fair, sad countenance real to him again. It seems to me that the offices that the poet does for us are typified in this nursery-tale. We all of us have our vague reminiscences of the stately home of our childhood,—for we are all of us poets and geniuses in our youth, while earth is all new to us, and the chalice of every buttercup is brimming with the wine of poesy,—and we all remember the beautiful, motherly countenance which nature bent over us there. But somehow we all get stolen away thence; life becomes to us a sooty

task-master, and we crawl through dark passages without end—till suddenly the word of some poet redeems us, makes us know who we are, and of helpless orphans makes us the heir to a great estate. It is to our true relations with the two great worlds of outward and inward nature that the poet reintroduces us.

But the imagination has a deeper use than merely to give poets a power of expression. It is the everlasting preserver of the world from blank materialism. It forever puts matter in the wrong, and compels it to show its title to existence. Wordsworth tells us that in his youth he was sometimes obliged to touch the walls to find if they were visionary or no, and such experiences are not uncommon with persons who converse much with their own thoughts. Dr. Johnson said that to kick one's foot against a stone was a sufficient confutation of Berkeley, and poor old Pyrrho has passed into a proverb because, denying the objectivity of matter, he was run over by a cart and killed. But all that he affirmed was that the soul the cart was no more real than its own imaginative reproduction of it, and perhaps the shade of the philosopher ran up to the first of his deriders who crossed the Styx with a triumphant “I told you so! The cart did not run over *me*, for here I am without a bone broken.”

And, in another sense also, do those poets who deal with human character, as all the greater do, continually suggest to us the purely phantasmal nature of life except as it is related to the world of ideas. For are not their personages more real than most of those in history? Is not Lear more authentic and permanent than Lord Raglan? Their realm is a purely spiritual one in which space and time and costume are nothing. What matters it that Shakspeare puts a seaport in Bohemia, and knew less geography than Tommy who goes to the district school? He understood eternal boundaries, such as are laid down on no chart, and are not defined by such transitory affairs as mountain chains, rivers, and seas.

No great movement of the human mind takes place without the concurrent beat of those two wings, the imagination and the understanding. It is by the understanding that we are enabled to make the most of this world, and to use the collected material of experience in its condensed form of practical wisdom; and it is the imagination which forever beckons toward that other world which is always future, and makes us discontented with this. The one rests upon experience; the other leans forward and listens after the *inexperienced*, and shapes the features of that future with which it is forever in travail. The imagination might be defined as the common sense of the invisible

world, as the understanding is of the visible; and as those are the finest individual characters in which the two moderate and rectify each other, so those are the finest eras where the same may be said of society. In the voyage of life, not only do we depend on the needle, true to its earthly instincts, but upon observation of the fixed stars, those beacons lighted upon the eternal promontories of heaven above the stirrings and shiftings of our lower system.

But it seems to be thought that we have come upon the earth too late, that there has been a feast of imagination formerly, and all that is left for us is to steal the scraps. We hear that there is no poetry in railroads and steamboats and telegraphs, and especially none in Brother Jonathan. If this be true, so much the worse for him. But because *he* is a materialist, shall there be no more poets? When we have said that we live in a materialistic age we have said something which meant more than we intended. If we say it in the way of blame, we have said a foolish thing, for probably one age is as good as another, and, at any rate, the worst is good enough company for us. The age of Shakspeare was richer than our own, only because it was lucky enough to have such a pair of eyes as his to see it, and such a gift of speech as his to report it. And so there is always room and occasion for the poet, who continues to be, just as he was in the early time, nothing more nor less than a "seer." He is always the man who is willing to take the age he lives in on trust, as the very best that ever was. Shakspeare did not sit down and cry for the water of Helicon to turn the wheels of his little private mill at the Bankside. He appears to have gone more quietly about his business than any other playwright in London, to have drawn off what water-power he needed from the great prosy current of affairs that flows alike for all and in spite of all, to have ground for the public what grist they wanted, coarse or fine, and it seems a mere piece of luck that the smooth stream of his activity reflected with such ravishing clearness every changing mood of heaven and earth, every stick and stone, every dog and clown and courtier that stood upon its brink. It is a curious illustration of the friendly manner in which Shakspeare received everything that came along,—of what a *present* man he was,—that in the very same year that the mulberry-tree was brought into England, he got one and planted it in his garden at Stratford.

It is perfectly true that this is a materialistic age, and for that very reason we want our poets all the more. We find that every generation contrives to catch its singing larks without the sky's falling. When the poet comes, he always

turns out to be the man who discovers that the passing moment is the inspired one, and that the secret of poetry is not to have lived in Homer's day, or Dante's, but to be alive now. To be alive now, that is the great art and mystery. They are dead men who live in the past, and men yet unborn that live in the future. We are like Hans in Luck, forever exchanging the burdensome good we have for something else, till at last we come home empty-handed.

That palefaced drudge of Time opposite me there, that weariless sexton whose callous hands bury our rosy hours in the irrevocable past, is even now reaching forward to a moment as rich in life, in character, and thought, as full of opportunity, as any since Adam. This little isthmus that we are now standing on is the point to which martyrs in their triumphant pain, prophets in their fervor, and poets in their ecstasy, looked forward as the golden future, as the land too good for them to behold with mortal eyes; it is the point toward which the faint-hearted and desponding hereafter will look back as the priceless past when there was still some good and virtue and opportunity left in the world.

The people who feel their own age prosaic are those who see only its costume. And that is what makes it prosaic—that we have not faith enough in ourselves to think our own clothes good enough to be presented to posterity in. The artists fancy that the court dress of posterity is that of Van Dyck's time, or Cæsar's. I have seen the model of a statue of Sir Robert Peel,—a statesman whose merit consisted in yielding gracefully to the present,—in which the sculptor had done his best to travesty the real man into a make-believe Roman. At the period when England produced its greatest poets, we find exactly the reverse of this, and we are thankful that the man who made the monument of Lord Bacon had genius to copy every button of his dress, everything down to the rosettes on his shoes, and then to write under his statue, "Thus sat Francis Bacon"—not "Cneius Pompeius"—"Viscount Verulam." Those men had faith even in their own shoe-strings.

After all, how is our poor scapegoat of a nineteenth century to blame? Why, for not being the seventeenth, to be sure! It is always raining opportunity, but it seems it was only the men two hundred years ago who were intelligent enough not to hold their cups bottom-up. We are like beggars who think if a piece of gold drop into their palm it must be counterfeit, and would rather change it for the smooth-worn piece of familiar copper. And so, as we stand in our mendicancy by the wayside, Time tosses carefully the great golden to-day into our hats, and we turn it over grumblingly

and suspiciously, and are pleasantly surprised at finding that we can exchange it for beef and potatoes. Till Dante's time the Italian poets thought no language good enough to put their nothings into but Latin,—and indeed a dead tongue was the best for dead thoughts,—but Dante found the common speech of Florence, in which men bargained and scolded and made love, good enough for him, and out of the world around him made a poem such as no Roman ever sang.

In our day, it is said despairingly, the understanding reigns triumphant: it is the age of common sense. If this be so, the wisest way would be to accept it manfully. But, after all, what is the meaning of it? Looking at the matter superficially, one would say that a striking difference between our science and that of the world's gray fathers is that there is every day less and less of the element of wonder in it. What they saw written in light upon the great arch of heaven, and, by a magnificent reach of sympathy, of which we are incapable, associated with the fall of monarchs and the fate of man, is for us only a professor, a piece of chalk, and a blackboard. The solemn and unapproachable skies we have vulgarized; we have peeped and botanized among the flowers of light, pulled off every petal, fumbled in every calyx, and reduced them to the bare stem of order and class. The stars can no longer maintain their divine reserves, but whenever there is a conjunction and congress of planets, every enterprising newspaper sends thither its special reporter with his telescope. Over those arcana of life where once a mysterious presence brooded, we behold scientific explorers skipping like so many incarnate notes of interrogation. We pry into the counsels of the great powers of nature, we keep our ears at the keyhole, and know everything that is going to happen. There is no longer any sacred inaccessibility, no longer any enchanting unexpectedness, and life turns to prose the moment there is nothing unattainable. It needs no more a voice out of the unknown proclaiming "Great Pan is dead!" We have found his tombstone, deciphered the arrow-headed inscription upon it, know his age to a day, and that he died universally regretted.

Formerly science was poetry. A mythology which broods over us in our cradle, which mingles with the lullaby of the nurse, which peoples the day with the possibility of divine encounters, and night with intimation of demonic ambushes, is something quite other, as the material for thought and poetry, from one that we take down from our bookshelves, as sapless as the shelf it stood on, as remote from all present sympathy with man or nature as a town history with its genealogies of Mr. Nobody's great-grandparents.

We have utilized everything. The Egyptians found a hint of the solar system in the concentric circles of the onion, and revered it as a symbol, while we respect it as a condiment in cookery, and can pass through all Weathers-field without a thought of the stars. Our world is a museum of natural history; that of our forefathers was a museum of supernatural history. And the rapidity with which the change has been going on is almost startling, when we consider that so modern and historical a personage as Queen Elizabeth was reigning at the time of the death of Dr. John Faustus, out of whose story the Teutonic imagination built up a mythus that may be set beside that of Prometheus.

Science, looked at scientifically, is bare and bleak enough. On those sublime heights the air is too thin for the lungs, and blinds the eyes. It is much better living down in the valleys, where one cannot see farther than the next farm-house. Faith was never found in the bottom of a crucible, nor peace arrived at by analysis or synthesis. But all this is because science has become too grimly intellectual, has divorced itself from the moral and imaginative part of man. Our results are not arrived at in that spirit which led Kepler (who had his theory-traps set all along the tracks of the stars to catch a discovery) to say, "In my opinion the occasions of new discoveries have been no less wonderful than the discoveries themselves."

But we are led back continually to the fact that science cannot, if it would, disengage itself from human nature and from imagination. No two men have ever argued together without at least agreeing in this, that something more than proof is required to produce conviction, and that a logic which is capable of grinding the stubbornest facts to powder (as every man's *own* logic always is) is powerless against so delicate a structure as the brain. Do what we will, we cannot contrive to bring together the yawning edges of proof and belief, to weld them into one. When Thor strikes Skrymir with his terrible hammer, the giant asks if a leaf has fallen. I need not appeal to the Thors of argument in the pulpit, the senate, and the mass-meeting, if they have not sometimes found the popular giant as provokingly insensible. The $\sqrt{-x}$ is nothing in comparison with the chance-caught smell of a single flower which by the magic of association recreates for us the unquestioning day of childhood. Demonstration may lead to the very gate of heaven, but there she makes us a civil bow, and leaves us to make our way back again to Faith, who has the key. That science which is of the intellect alone steps with indifferent foot upon the dead body of Belief, if only she may reach higher or see farther.

But we cannot get rid of our wonder—we who have brought down the wild lightning, from writing fiery doom upon the walls of heaven, to be our errand-boy and penny-postman. Wonder is crude imagination; and it is necessary to us, for man shall not live by bread alone, and exact knowledge is not enough. Do we get nearer the truth or farther from it that we have got a gas or an imponderable fluid instead of a spirit? We go on exorcising one thing after another, but what boots it? The evasive genius flits into something else, and defies us. The powers of the outer and inner world form hand in hand a magnetic circle for whose connection man is necessary. It is the imagination that takes his hand and clasps it with that other stretched to him in the dark, and for which he was vainly groping. It is that which renews the mystery in nature, makes it wonderful and beautiful again, and out of the gases of the man of science remakes the old spirit. But we seem to have created too many wonders to be capable of wondering any longer; as Coleridge said, when asked if he believed in ghosts, that he had seen too many of them. But nature all the more imperatively demands it, and science can at best but scotch it, not kill it. In this day of newspapers and electric telegraphs, in which common sense and ridicule can magnetize a whole continent between dinner and tea, we say that such a phenomenon as Mahomet were impossible, and behold Joe Smith and the State of Deseret! Turning over the yellow leaves of the same copy of "Webster on Witchcraft" which Cotton Mather studied, I thought, "Well, that goblin is laid at last!" and while I mused the tables were turning, and the chairs beating the devil's tattoo all over Christendom. I have a neighbor who dug down through tough strata of clay to a spring pointed out by a witch-hazel rod in the hands of a seventh son's seventh son, and the water is the sweeter to him for the wonder that is mixed with it. After all, it seems that our scientific gas, be it never so brilliant, is not equal to the dingy old Aladdin's lamp.

It is impossible for men to live in the world without poetry of some sort or other. If they cannot get the best they will get some substitute for it, and thus seem to verify Saint Augustine's slur that it is wine of devils. The mind bound down too closely to what is practical either becomes inert, or revenges itself by rushing into the savage wilderness of "isms." The insincerity of our civilization has disgusted some persons so much that they have sought refuge in Indian wigwams and found refreshment in taking a scalp now and then. Nature insists above all things upon balance. She contrives to maintain a harmony between the material and spiritual, nor allows the cerebrum an

expansion at the cost of the cerebellum. If the character, for example, run on one side into religious enthusiasm, it is not unlikely to develop on the other a counterpoise of worldly prudence. Thus the Shaker and the Moravian are noted for thrift, and mystics are not always the worst managers. Through all changes of condition and experience man continues to be a citizen of the world of idea as well as the world of fact, and the tax-gatherers of both are punctual.

And these antitheses which we meet with in individual character we cannot help seeing on the larger stage of the world also, a moral accompanying a material development. History, the great satirist, brings together Alexander and the blower of peas to hint to us that the tube of the one and the sword of the other were equally transitory; but meanwhile Aristotle was conquering kingdoms out of the unknown, and establishing a dynasty of thought from whose hand the scepter has not yet passed. So there are Charles V. and Luther; the expansion of trade resulting from the Spanish and Portuguese discoveries, and the Elizabethan literature; the Puritans seeking spiritual El Dorados while so much valor and thought were spent in finding mineral ones. It seems to be the purpose of God that a certain amount of genius shall go to each generation, particular quantities being represented by individuals, and while no *one* is complete in himself, all collectively make up a whole ideal figure of a man. Nature is not like certain varieties of the apple that cannot bear two years in succession. It is only that her expansions are uniform in all directions, that in every age she completes her circle, and like a tree adds a ring to her growth be it thinner or thicker.

Every man is conscious that he leads two lives, the one trivial and ordinary, the other sacred and reclusive; the one which he carries to the dinner-table and to his daily work, which grows old with his body and dies with it, the other that which is made up of the few inspiring moments of his higher aspiration and attainment, and in which his youth survives for him, his dreams, his unquenchable longings for something nobler than success. It is this life which the poets nourish for him, and sustain with their immortalizing nectar. Through them he feels once more the white innocence of his youth. His faith in something nobler than gold and iron and cotton comes back to him, not as an upbraiding ghost that wrings its pale hands and is gone, but beautiful and inspiring as a first love that recognizes nothing in him that is not high and noble. The poets are nature's perpetual pleaders, and protest with us against what is worldly. Out of their own undying youth they speak to ours. "Wretched is the

man," says Goethe, "who has learned to despise the dreams of his youth!" It is from this misery that the imagination and the poets, who are its spokesmen, rescue us. The world goes to church, kneels to the eternal Purity, and then contrives to sneer at innocence and ignorance of evil by calling it green. Let every man thank God for what little there may be left in him of his vernal sweetness. Let him thank God if he have still the capacity for feeling an unmarketable enthusiasm, for that will make him worthy of the society of the noble dead, of the companionship of the poets. And let him love the poets for keeping youth young, woman womanly, and beauty beautiful.

There is as much poetry as ever in the world if we only knew how to find it out; and as much imagination, perhaps, only that it takes a more prosaic direction. Every man who meets with misfortune, who is stripped of material prosperity, finds that he has a little outlying mountain-farm of imagination, which did not appear in the schedule of his effects, on which his spirit is able to keep itself alive, though he never thought of it while he was fortunate. Job turns out to be a great poet as soon as his flocks and herds are taken away from him.

There is no reason why our continent should not sing as well as the rest. We have had the practical forced upon us by our position. We have had a whole hemisphere to clear up and put to rights. And we are descended from men who were hardened and stiffened by a downright wrestle with necessity. There was no chance for poetry among the Puritans. And yet if any people have a right to imagination, it should be the descendants of these very Puritans. They had enough of it, or they could never have conceived the great epic they did, whose books are States, and which is written on this continent from Maine to California.

But there seems to be another reason why we should not become a poetical people. Formerly the poet embodied the hopes and desires of men in visible types. He gave them the shoes of swiftness, the cap of invisibility, and the purse of Fortunatus. These were once stories for grown men, and not for the nursery as now. We are apt ignorantly to wonder how our forefathers could find satisfaction in fiction the absurdity of which any of our primary-school children could demonstrate. But we forget that the world's gray fathers were children themselves, and that in their little world, with its circle of the black unknown all about it, the imagination was as active as it is with people in the dark. Look at a child's toys, and we shall understand the matter well enough. Imagination is the fairy godmother (every child has one still), at the wave of whose wand sticks becomes heroes, the closet in which she

has been shut fifty times for being naughty is turned into a palace, and a bit of lath acquires all the potency of Excalibur.

But nowadays it is the understanding itself that has turned poet. In her railroads she has given us the shoes of swiftness. Fine-ear herself could not hear so far as she, who in her magnetic telegraph can listen in Boston and hear what is going on in New Orleans. And what need of Aladdin's lamp when a man can build a palace with a patent pill? The office of the poet seems to be reversed, and he must give back these miracles of the understanding to poetry again, and find out what there is imaginative in steam and iron and telegraph-wires. After all, there is as much poetry in the iron horses that eat fire as in those of Diomed that fed on men. If you cut an apple across you may trace in it the lines of the blossom that the bee hummed around in May, and so the soul of poetry survives in things prosaic. Borrowing money on a bond does not seem the most promising subject in the world, but Shakspeare found the "Merchant of Venice" in it. Themes of song are waiting everywhere for the right man to sing them, like those enchanted swords which no one can pull out of the rock till the hero comes, and he finds no more trouble than in plucking a violet.

John Quincy Adams, making a speech at New Bedford, many years ago, reckoned the number of whaleships (if I remember rightly) that sailed out of that port, and, comparing it with some former period, took it as a type of American success. But, alas! it is with quite other oil that those far-shining lamps of a nation's true glory which burn forever must be filled. It is not by any amount of material splendor or prosperity, but only by moral greatness, by ideas, by works of imagination, that a race can conquer the future. No voice comes to us from the once mighty Assyria but the hoot of the owl that nests amid her crumbling palaces. Of Carthage, whose merchant-fleets once furled their sails in every port of the known world, nothing is left but the deeds of Hannibal. She lies dead on the shore of her once subject sea, and the wind of the desert only flings its handfuls of burial-sand upon her corpse. A fog can blot Holland or Switzerland out of existence. But how large is the space occupied in the maps of the soul by little Athens and powerless Italy! They were great by the soul, and their vital force is as indestructible as the soul.

Till America has learned to love art, not as an amusement, not as the mere ornament of her cities, not as a superstition of what is *comme il faut* for a great nation, but for its humanizing and ennobling energy, for its power of making men better by arousing in them a

perception of their own instincts for what is beautiful, and therefore sacred and religious, and an eternal rebuke of the base and worldly, she will not have succeeded in that high sense which alone makes a nation out of a people, and raises it from a dead name to a living power. Were our little mother-island sunk beneath the sea, or, worse, were she conquered by Scythian barbarians, yet Shakspeare would be an immortal England, and would conquer countries, when the bones of her last sailor had kept their ghastly watch for ages in unhallowed ooze beside the quenched thunders of her navy.

Old Purchas in his "Pilgrims" tells of a sacred caste in India who, when they go out into the street, cry out, "Poo! poo!" to warn all the world out of their way lest they should be defiled by something unclean. And it is just so that the understanding in its pride of success thinks to pooh-pooh all that it considers unpractical and visionary. But whatever of life there is in man, except what comes of beef and pudding, is in the visionary and unpractical, and if it be not encouraged to find its activity or its solace in the production or enjoyment of art and beauty, if it be bewildered or thwarted by an outward profession of faith covering up a practical unbelief in anything higher and holier than the world of sense, it will find vent in such wretched holes and corners as table-tippings and mediums who sell news from heaven at a quarter of a dollar the item. Imagination cannot be banished out of the world. She may be made a kitchen-drudge, a Cinderella, but there are powers that watch over her. When her two proud sisters, the intellect and understanding, think her crouching over her ashes, she startles and charms by her splendid apparition, and Prince Soul will put up with no other bride.

The practical is a very good thing in its way—if it only be not another name for the worldly. To be absorbed in it is to eat of that insane root which the soldiers of Antonius found in their retreat from Parthia—which whoso tasted kept gathering sticks and stones as if they were some great matter till he died.

One is forced to listen, now and then, to a kind of talk which makes him feel as if this were the after-dinner time of the world, and mankind were doomed hereafter forever to that kind of contented materialism which comes to good stomachs with the nuts and raisins. The dozy old world has nothing to do now but stretch

its legs under the mahogany, talk about stocks, and get rid of the hours as well as it can till bedtime. The centuries before us have drained the goblet of wisdom and beauty, and all we have left is to cast horoscopes in the dregs. But divine beauty, and the love of it, will never be without apostles and messengers on earth, till Time flings his hour-glass into the abyss as having no need to turn it longer to number the indistinguishable ages of Annihilation. It was a favorite speculation with the learned men of the sixteenth century that they had come upon the old age and decrepit second childhood of creation, and while they maundered, the soul of Shakspeare was just coming out of the eternal freshness of Deity, "trailing" such "clouds of glory" as would beggar a Platonic year of sunsets.

No; morning and the dewy prime are born into the earth again with every child. It is our fault if drought and dust usurp the noon. Every age says to her poets, like the mistress to her lover, "Tell me what I am like"; and, in proportion as it brings forth anything worth seeing, has need of seers and will have them. Our time is not an unpoetical one. We are in our heroic age, still face to face with the shaggy forces of unsubdued Nature, and we have our Theseuses and Perseuses, though they may be named Israel Putnam and Daniel Boone. It is nothing against us that we are a commercial people. Athens was a trading community; Dante and Titian were the growth of great marts, and England was already commercial when she produced Shakspeare.

This lesson I learn from the past: that grace and goodness, the fair, the noble, and the true, will never cease out of the world till the God from whom they emanate ceases out of it; that they manifest themselves in an eternal continuity of change to every generation of men, as new duties and occasions arise; that the sacred duty and noble office of the poet is to reveal and justify them to men; that so long as the soul endures, endures also the theme of new and unexampled song; that while there is grace in grace, love in love, and beauty in beauty, God will still send poets to find them and bear witness of them, and to hang their ideal portraiture in the gallery of memory. God with us is forever the mystical name of the hour that is passing. The lives of the great poets teach us that they were the men of their generation who felt most deeply the meaning of the present.

James Russell Lowell.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.



SOME years ago, a young lady was sitting at the piano, singing, on board a steamer on the coast of Norway. When she paused, a stranger stepped up to her, introducing himself as a lover of music.

They fell into conversation, and had not talked long when the stranger exclaimed: "You love Schumann? Then we are friends!" and reached her his hand.

This is characteristic as illustrating the intimate quality in Schumann's art. To meet in quiet comprehension of the master during a mysterious tête-à-tête at a piano—that is genuinely Schumannesque; to swear by his banner in associations and debating-clubs, or amid the glare of festal splendor—that is decidedly non-Schumannesque. Schumann has never ostentatiously summoned any body of adherents. He has been a comet without a tail, but, for all that, one of the most remarkable comets in the firmament of art. His worshipers have always been "the single ones." There is something in them of the character of the sensitive mimosa; and they are unhappily so apt to hide themselves and their admiration under the leaves of the "Blue Flower" of romanticism, that it would seem a hopeless undertaking ever to gather them (as, for instance, the Wagnerians) into a closed phalanx. Schumann has made his way without any other propaganda than that which lies in his works; and his progress has therefore been slow, but for that reason the more secure. Without attempting by artificial means to anticipate the future, he lived and labored in accordance with his own principle: "Become only an ever greater artist, and all other things will come to you of their own accord."

That this principle was a sound one has been confirmed by the present generation, by whom Schumann's name is known and loved even to the remotest regions of the civilized world, nay, up to the very Ultima Thule. It is not to be denied, however, that the best years of his artistic activity were lost without any comprehension of his significance, and when recognition at last began to come, Schumann's strength was broken. Of this melancholy fact I received a vivid impression when, in the year 1883, I called upon his famous wife, Clara Schumann, in Frankfort on the Main. I fancied

she would be pleased to hear of her husband's popularity in so distant a region as my native country, Norway; but in this I was mistaken. Her countenance darkened as she answered dismally, "Yes, now!"

The influence which Schumann's art has exercised and is exercising in modern music cannot be overestimated. In conjunction with Chopin and Liszt, he dominates at this time the whole literature of the piano, while the piano compositions of his great contemporary Mendelssohn, which were once exalted at Schumann's expense, would seem to be vanishing from the concert program. In conjunction with his predecessor Franz Schubert, and in a higher degree than any contemporary,—not even Robert Franz excepted,—he pervades the literature of the musical "romance"; while even here Mendelssohn is relegated *ad acta*. What a strange retribution of fate! It is the old story of Nemesis. Mendelssohn received, as it were, more than his due of admiration in advance; Schumann, less than his due. Posterity had to balance their accounts. But it has, according to my opinion, in its demand for justice identified itself so completely with Schumann and his cause that Mendelssohn has been unfairly treated or directly wronged. This is true, however, only as regards the above-mentioned genres, the piano and the musical romance. In orchestral compositions Mendelssohn still maintains his position, while Schumann has taken a place at his side as his equal. I say his equal, for surely no significance can be attached to the circumstance that a certain part of the younger generation (Wagnerians chiefly) have fallen into the habit of treating Schumann, as an orchestral composer, *de haut en bas*. These enthusiasts, being equipped with an excess of self-esteem, and holding it to be their duty to level everything which, according to their opinion, interferes with the free view of the Bayreuth master, venture to shrug their shoulders at Schumann's instrumentation, to deny his symphonic sense, to attack the structure of his periods and his plastic faculty. They do not even hesitate to characterize his entire orchestral composition as a failure; and in order to justify this indictment, they propound the frank declaration that his orchestral works are only instrumentalized piano-music. The fact that Schumann did not occupy himself with Mendelssohn's formally piquant effects, and was not an orchestral virtuoso in the style of Wagner, is turned upside down in the effort

totally to deny him both the plastic sense and the faculty of instrumentation. At the same time they refrain from recognizing all the ideal advantages that primarily make Schumann the world-conquering force he has now virtually become.

All this appears too ridiculous, too stupid, to be in need of refutation. Nevertheless, this propaganda of pure conceit has of late become so prevalent that it has gained a certain authority, and has even found a most sensational expression in the press. It would, therefore, seem to be the appropriate time for investigating it a little closely. It is perfectly well known where the commotion had its origin. It will be remembered that in the year 1879 an article appeared in the "Bayreuther Blätter" entitled "Concerning Schumann's Music," signed Joseph Rubinstein, but (this is an open secret) unquestionably inspired, and probably more than inspired, by no less a man than Richard Wagner. The style, the tone, as well as the inconsiderate audacity with which the writer hurled forth his taunts, the public recognized as truly Wagnerian, and promptly designated the Bayreuth master as the one who must bear the responsibility of its authorship, in spite of the fact that he had attempted to disguise himself by simpler constructions than those which we recognize in his public writings. In this incredible production Schumann's art is by all possible and impossible means reduced *ad absurdum*. Not a shred of honor is left to it. The very greatest qualities of the master—his glowing fancy and his lofty lyrical flights—are dragged down into the dirt, and described as the most monstrous conventionality. His orchestral music, his piano compositions, his songs—all are treated with the same contempt. One does not know which ought to be the greater object of astonishment, the man who did put his name to this pamphlet, or the man who did not. The former is said to have been one of Wagner's piano lackeys, who was contemptible enough to allow himself to be used as a screen. There is nothing more to be said of him, except that he will not even attain the fame of a Herostratos. But upon Wagner's relation to Schumann this article throws so interesting a light that it cannot well be overlooked. As a matter of course, Wagner as a man is here left out of consideration. And from out of the depth of my admiration for Wagner the *artist*, I can only affirm that he was as one-sided as he was great. As regards Schumann, the very opposite is true. He was anything but one-sided. He is, in most respects, a remarkable counterpart to Liszt. The rare faculty of both these masters of recognizing anything great and new that was stirring about them forms a contrast, as beneficent as it is

evident, to the unintelligent and illiberal view of the greatest contemporary talents which is so prominent a trait of Wagner, and (in his attitude toward Schumann) also of Mendelssohn. Compare only the harsh judgments of Wagner on Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms—to name only the most important—with Schumann's warm and sympathetic criticism of the great men of his day, as it is found on nearly every page of his collected writings; and it will be necessary to take exception to the poet's declaration, "*Alles grosse ist einseitig*." Schumann has, indeed, raised a most beautiful monument to himself in his unprejudiced judgment of all that was considerable among his surroundings. I need only refer to his introduction into the musical world of such names as Berlioz, Chopin, Brahms, Gade, etc. We find him in his youth so busily occupied in clearing the way for others that we are left to wonder how, at the same time, he found it possible to develop his own deep soul as he must have done in the first great creative period of his life, which was chiefly devoted to piano-music. What a new and original spirit! What wealth, what depth, what poetry, in these compositions! The fantasia in C major, with its daring flight, and its hidden undertone for him who listens secretly (*für den der heimlich lauscht*), as the motto declares; his F sharp minor sonata, with its romantic enthusiasm and its burlesque abandon; Kreisleriana, the Carnival, Davidsbündlertänze, Novellettes,—only to name a few of his principal works,—what a world of beauty, what intensity of emotional life, are hidden in these! And what bewitching harmony—out of the very soul of the piano—for him who is able to interpret, for him who can and will hear! But the above-mentioned Bayreuth hireling has not taunts enough for Schumann's piano-music, which he finds to be written in a certain virtuoso style that is, after all, absolutely false and external. "The difficult passages in Schumann," he says, "are effective only when, as is mostly the case, they are brought out obscurely and blurred."

A poor witticism! And then this talk about virtuoso style, falseness, and objectiveness in Schumann's piano-phrasing! Can anything more unjust be imagined? For one ought rather to emphasize his moderation in his use of virtuoso methods, as compared, for instance, with Liszt or Chopin. And to accuse him of unadaptability for the piano, amounts of course to a denial of familiarity with the piano.

It is a fact, however, well known to every genuine piano-player that Schumann could not have written a single one of his many piano compositions without the most intimate familiarity with the subtlest secrets of that instrument. Nor need any one be told that he was

a most admirable player. One of the best friends of Schumann's youth, the late Ernst Ferdinand Wenzel, teacher at the Leipsic Conservatory, with whom I often talked about the master, used to recall with a sad pleasure the many evenings, in the olden time, when he would sit at twilight in the corner of the sofa in Schumann's den, and listen to his glorious playing.

The attempt to turn the master's greatest and most obvious merits into defects is such sharp practice that one would be justified in attributing to its author an acquaintance with that "jurisprudence" which he flings into Schumann's face, reproaching him with having devoted too much time to it at the expense of his music. However much energy and infernal ingenuity in the invention of charges one may be disposed to concede to the writer, here—in the question of the technic of the piano—he has allowed his zeal to run away with him to such an extent that he has forgotten to cover himself. In wishing to hit Schumann, he hits himself. He openly betrays how destitute he himself is of any idea of the technic of the piano. Liszt, whose judgment on the subject of everything relating to the piano Wagner on other occasions respected, expressed, as is well known, a very different opinion of Schumann's piano compositions, of which he always spoke with the warmest admiration, and in the appreciation of which he was an enthusiastic and powerful pioneer. Liszt advocated Schumann's claims at a time when no one else ventured to do it. Wagner, on the contrary, tried to make an end of him long after his death, when his reputation was as firmly established as that of Wagner himself. If this matter concerned Wagner only as an individual, I should not undertake to discuss it in an article on Schumann. But it concerns, in my opinion, in an equal degree Wagner the artist. It is possible that Wagner the individual *would* not recognize Schumann's greatness; but it is absolutely certain that Wagner the artist *could* not recognize it. However, his effort to dethrone Schumann was happily a total failure, for the simple reason that it was not feasible. Schumann stands where he stood, impregnable—as does Wagner.

So much for Schumann the piano-composer. When I turn to his chamber-music, I find here, too, some of his most beautiful inspirations. It has been asserted that he is greatest in the smaller forms. But the quintet, the piano quartet, the trio in D minor, both the sonatas for the violin, and the quartets for stringed instruments in A major and A minor, afford sufficient evidence that where a larger mold was required he had also a wealth of beauty at his command. It is not to be denied that in his tone-blending of piano and stringed

instruments he never attained the height which Mendelssohn and Schubert reached. It has also been affirmed that he neglects absolute harmony, that his stringed instruments, carrying the melody, do not always enter in the most appropriate places, etc. But such things are trifles which an intelligent conception and careful study will easily remedy. The principal thing—viz., the splendid impulse and illusion—is rarely wanting. Minor impracticabilities, which hundreds of smaller spirits easily avoid, are, strange to say, to be met with in Schumann. In the piano quartet, for instance, he has had the delightful idea of uniting the andante and the finale thematically. But the re-tuning of the cello from the deep B flat to C, which is here absolutely required, excludes the immediate transition to the last movement, whereby the exquisite effect which has been obviously intended is lost.

The three quartets for stringed instruments (Opus 41) are conceived with as much originality as love. Schumann, to be sure, often ignores the traditional notion that the character of the quartet for stringed instruments is only polyphonic.¹ Hence the complaint of want of style in his quartets, as well as the charge that the instruments do not attain their full musical value. But who, having heard, for instance, the distinguished performance of the quartet in A major by Brodsky and his fellow-artists, will forget the flood of harmony which Schumann can entice from stringed instruments when they are in the hands of great artists? It is related by reliable contemporaries that these quartets did not find favor in Mendelssohn's eyes. It was during the intercourse of both masters in Leipsic that Schumann one day confided to Mendelssohn that he had suddenly been seized with a desire to write quartets for stringed instruments, but that he had just taken steps to carry out a long-cherished plan to visit Italy, and was therefore in a dilemma.

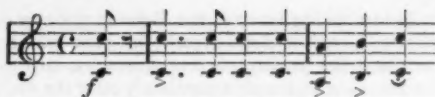
"Remain here and write the quartets," was Mendelssohn's counsel, which Schumann accepted. He remained in Leipsic, and concentrated the whole strength of his soul upon the completion of the task which he had set himself. When Mendelssohn, however, received the quartets, he is reported to have said: "I rather wish now that Schumann had gone to Italy."

We ought not to wonder at this. Mendelssohn never, or at least very rarely, departed in his works for stringed instruments from the

¹ Defined thus by the "Century Dictionary": "Noting a method of composition or a work in which two or more voice-parts are simultaneously combined without losing their independent character, but with harmonious effect."

severest principles of polyphony, as practised by Haydn, Mozart, and by Beethoven in his earlier works. Schumann had his roots rather in the later works of Beethoven, where—as is also the case with Schubert—he is not afraid of applying homophony, or even symphonic orchestral style, in quartets for stringed instruments. Upon this fact, in part, rests the opinion that Mendelssohn and Schumann, though they may be named as contemporaries, are yet far apart, the former closing a great artistic period, the classic, and the latter preparing and introducing a no less great one, the romantic. Both masters met, as it were, upon the same threshold. But they certainly did not pass each other coldly by. On the contrary, they paused to exchange many a winged word. It is not to be denied, however, that it would have been better for Schumann if he had listened less to Mendelssohn's maxims and set more store by his own. His admiration for Mendelssohn is beautiful, but there is in this beauty a certain weakness, and this is perhaps closely connected with his later tragic fate.

A survey of Schumann's art will disclose the fact that, having emerged from his youth and early manhood, he was no longer able, as it were, to think his own thoughts with full consistency to the end. He was afraid of himself. It was as if he did not dare acknowledge the results of the enthusiasm of his youth. Thus it happened that he frequently sought shelter in the world of Mendelssohn's ideas. From the moment he did this he passed his zenith; his soul was sick; he was doomed long before the visible symptoms of insanity set in. It is therefore a futile labor to seek the real Schumann in his latest works, as one may do in the case of Beethoven and Wagner. This is most obvious if we examine his latest choral compositions. But before doing this, we have happily the satisfaction of registering as masterpieces of imperishable worth a series of orchestral compositions, and foremost among these his four symphonies. Who has not been carried away by the youthful freshness of the symphony in B flat major; by the grand form and impulse of the C major symphony, and its wonderful adagio with the heaven-scaling altitudes of the violins; by the E flat major symphony, with its mystically medieval E flat minor movement (Schumann is said to have imagined here a procession entering Cologne Cathedral); and finally, who has not marveled at the conception of the D minor symphony, with its tragic exaltation and magnificent unity! Truly, the proud, victorious bugle-blasts which open the first symphony—instinct with a noble self-esteem—are fully justified. About this opening we have, however, an interesting tradition, that it was originally written a third lower, viz.:



TRUMPETS AND HORNS IN B FLAT.

But during the first rehearsal it was demonstrated that the old-fashioned instruments then exclusively used could not produce the stopped notes A and B. The practical Mendelssohn was promptly at hand with the suggestion to place this motif a third higher, as we now have it. In this way it came to consist of natural notes only, which could be rendered with all desirable *éclat*. If Schumann had written his work now, when these instruments have been abandoned, and improved instruments with valves, etc., have taken their places, he would have retained the motif in the tone compass in which it was first conceived, and where, according to the opening of his allegro, it properly belongs. If I were to lead the B flat major symphony at this time, I should not hesitate to change the passage, and carry out Schumann's original intention.

It is this B flat major symphony which the above-mentioned lampooner in the "Bayreuther Blätter" chooses as the target for his most poisonous arrows. Through a long series of musical citations the attempt is made to prove that this work (like all the other orchestral compositions of the master) is made up of an almost uninterrupted succession of what he calls "shoemaker's patches." By this expression he means to indicate "repetitions of musical phrases in related tone intervals, which pupils in composition are especially wont to toil over in their first labors." Now, however, in the year 1893, every musician who is not too much of a Philistine will maintain it as an incontestable truth that the means by which a musical effect is produced are of minor consequence compared to the effect itself; and it is a matter of no moment to us if a pupil by "repetitions in related tone intervals" attains only "the deadliest monotony," when Schumann, by dint of his peculiar application of these "shoemaker's patches," woven together by the force of his genius, contrives to enchain and enrapture us. Schumann's repetitions always sustain the flight of his thought; and where he does not reach his own proper level, it is not the fault of a repetition, but it is because his inspiration is running low. These repetitions, so frequently assailed, occur, however, with all the great masters from Bach to Wagner himself. A repetition, applied with intelligence, has the same object in music as in language, viz., to produce an impressive, stimulating effect. It will not do, then, to stamp every repetition in related tone intervals as a "shoemaker's patch."

Before taking leave of the B flat major symphony, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of recalling the performance of this work in the Leipsic Gewandhaus immediately after the appearance of the ominous Bayreuth article. The air of the hall was as if charged with electricity. The work was listened to with strained attention and breathless silence, and as the last chord died away there broke forth a storm of applause more vehement and continued than ever before had greeted an orchestral composition in the Gewandhaus. It was indeed a remarkable ovation. It was musical Leipsic protesting as one man against a biased partizan attack upon the work and its master, whom the nation loves, in spite of all hair-splitting charges of "shoemaker's patches."

A peculiar place among Schumann's productions is occupied by his famous piano concerto. Inspired as it is from beginning to end, it stands without a parallel in musical literature, and arouses our wonder no less by its originality than by its noble avoidance of a "mere objective virtuoso style." It is beloved by all, played by many, well played by few, and ideally comprehended by still fewer — nay, perhaps only by a single one, his wife.

In the series of his choral works, "Paradise and the Peri" stands out in luminous relief, with its enchanting fancies and its Oriental coloring. The whole first part is one uninterrupted inspiration. Whether Schumann constructs greater or smaller forms, everything bears here the stamp of genius. The broadly arranged final chorus is above all praise. Here Schumann is, in truth, architect in a grand style. The second part is likewise dazzling. Only consider the passage where the plague is depicted! It is as if these chords exhaled poisonous fumes. The third part is also rich in beauty; but it appears to me that there is a lack of the breadth of conception which is necessary to conclude so great a work. What a pity that his treatment of the text in this part necessitates a cutting up in small forms which, according to my experience, at last run the risk of being tiresome. Nevertheless, I have never, during the performances in my own country, been able to make up my mind to omit a single bar; for every page is teeming with evidences of genius which we cannot afford to dispense with. Taking everything into consideration, I am of the opinion that "Paradise and the Peri" is the one of Schumann's choral compositions in which he reached his high-water mark.

From old residents of Leipsic I have heard the account of the first performance of this masterpiece at the Gewandhaus in the year 1845, with Schumann as conductor. The part of the *Peri* was sung by Frau Livia Frege, who enjoyed an equal reputation in the Leipsic

of that day for her beauty, her affability, and her glorious voice. Immediately after having put down the baton, Schumann, who notoriously was a man of few words, rushed up to Frau Frege, and with an ungentle gesture tore some flowers out of her hair, mumbling dryly, "I should like one of these." That was his way of thanking.

Both Mendelssohn and Schumann were great admirers of Frau Frege. Some years ago I met both her (she was then a stately and handsome old lady) and her husband, and could not forego the opportunity to subject the latter to an inquiry regarding the personal relations of Schumann and Mendelssohn. But if I had suddenly stabbed the old gentleman, it could not have affected him more unpleasantly. He abruptly broke off the conversation, and left me. There was no doubt that I had unwittingly touched upon a theme which was not agreeable to him, but into which, nevertheless, from an artistic point of view, it was of importance to gain an insight. As both Herr and Frau Frege, in whose hospitable house all artistic Leipsic of that day held rendezvous, are now dead, and all the friends of Schumann's youth have also departed, there is little prospect of ever clearing up the dusk of this interesting interior.

Much is being whispered in corners about the attitude of Schumann and Mendelssohn toward each other. One thing is, however, likely to impress the unprejudiced observer as being curious; viz., that Schumann's writings furnish numerous and striking evidences of his boundless admiration for Mendelssohn, while the latter in his many letters does not once mention Schumann or his art. This cannot be due to accident. Whether Mendelssohn was really silent, or whether the editor of his letters, out of regard for his memory, has chosen to omit all references to Schumann, is of slight consequence. This, however, is beyond dispute: his silence speaks, and we of posterity have the right to draw our inferences from this silence. We arrive at the conclusion that here we have the clue to a judgment of the opinions which the two masters entertained of each other. Of petty envy on Mendelssohn's part there can be no suspicion. He was of too pure and noble a character to be animated by such a sentiment; and, moreover, his fame was too great and too well established in comparison with Schumann's. But his horizon was too contracted to enable him to see Schumann as the man he was. How perfectly comprehensible! He had his forte in clear delineation, in classical harmony; and where Schumann fell short of his requirements in this respect, his honesty forbade him to feign a recognition which he could not candidly grant.

Another musical and warm-hearted family in whose house Schumann was a constant guest during his residence in Leipsic was that of Herr Voigt, to whose wife, Henrietta Voigt, his intimate friend, Schumann dedicated his beautiful G minor piano sonata. The silent Schumann loved this peaceful home. It is told that he was in the habit of daily entering the drawing-room unannounced, giving a friendly nod to the "lady of the house," walking the length of the room, and departing by the opposite door, without having uttered a single word. All he wanted was to see her.

But to return to the choral works. Besides "Paradise and the Peri," his music to Byron's "Manfred" must be reckoned among his most glorious compositions, in spite of the fact that it belongs to his last period. The overture is a tragic masterpiece cast whole in one mold. His music to Goethe's "Faust" also contains many a stroke of the purest inspiration; but as a whole, it is unequal, and can scarcely, in the same sense as the preceding ones, be characterized as a monumental work.

If we now turn to his later choral compositions,—*"Der Königssohn," "Der Sängers Fluch," "Vom Pagen und der Königstochter," "Das Glück von Edenhall," "Neujahrslied," "Requiem,"*—we must admit that it is easy for those who wish to make an end of Schumann to find points of attack; for these productions indicate, almost uniformly, soaring will and failing power. His self-criticism is lax, and the greater part of this work is unclear in color as in drawing.

Here we have melancholy evidence that the master's strength was forever broken. It would be far better to pay no attention to these and similar productions of his later years bearing the mark of his decadence. But as regards the derogatory judgment of Schumann which has of late become the fashion in certain influential cliques, I may be permitted to ask: Why should not he, like other creative spirits, have the right to be judged by the best that he has done? Homer, as we all know, will nod. And I should fancy that no one need search long in Schumann's production before finding its core. Although his later activity resulted in such glorious things as *"Manfred,"* the violin sonatas, the symphony in E flat major, etc., it is easy, if one prefers, to leave this entire period out of account, and to judge Schumann by his *Opera 1 to 50*. I should think that there was to be found among these a sufficient treasury of priceless jewels to entitle Schumann to a seat among the immortals of music. If we are to judge Mozart by his *"Concert Arias,"* Beethoven by his *"Prometheus," "Christ on the Mount of Olives,"* and the *"Triple Concerto for Piano, Violin, and Cello,"*; Mendelssohn by his

"Antigone," "Ruy Blas," "Lobgesang," and the *"Reformation Symphony,"*; Schubert by his dramatic attempts; Wagner by *"Rienzi,"*—in short, if we are to hunt high and low for the weak moments of strong souls—then, considering the imperfection of everything human, we shall find no lack of material for a very unprofitable labor. But such a search would not be in the interest of justice. Happily, in art, as in life, it is the good that is cherished; mistakes are consigned to oblivion, especially when, as is the case with Schumann, the good so largely preponderates.

A beautiful conclusion of Schumann's chamber-music is his two sonatas for violin, particularly the first (A minor, Opus 105); and in this the first movement especially has always appeared to me highly significant. Every time I read or play them, I hear in these tones the master's foreboding lament of the heavy fate which was soon to overtake him. The first marvelously singing motif of the violin is instinct with an overpowering melancholy, and the surprising return of the first motif in the last movement shows what importance Schumann attached to it. It is the worm gnawing at his mind, which lifts its head afresh in the midst of the passionate toil of the fancy to banish it. In enchanting contrast to all this gloomy soul struggle are the suddenly emerging, bright, sweet, appealing—nay, entreating—melodies. Is it not as if one heard the cry, "Let this cup pass from me"? But in the council of Fate the terrible thing has been decreed; and the work closes in manly, noble resignation, without a sign of the unclearness and groping occurring in much of Schumann's production belonging to this period upon which I have commented.

I have also referred to the slowness with which Schumann's popularity spread during his lifetime. This is the more remarkable because of the many advantages which he enjoyed. He lived in the very center of the musical world; occupied important positions, being at one time a teacher at the Leipsic Conservatory; and was married to one of the most soulful and famous pianists of his day. With his wife he even made musical tours, from which he brought home with him many evidences of his unpopularity. Thus, in the year 1843 he accompanied his wife to Russia, where in many of the principal cities she was received with great enthusiasm, and where also she endeavored to introduce the works of her husband. Let it not be forgotten that in 1843 Schumann had already written and published much of his most beautiful chamber-music,—piano works, songs,—and even his symphony in B flat major. Nevertheless, it is said that at a court soirée where Clara was greatly fêted, one of the most exalted personages addressed him in this wise,

"Well, Mr. Schumann, are you, too, musical?" The story bears the stamp of truth. What artist is there who could not relate similar incidents? The reigning princes and their hangers-on seem to possess a peculiar aptitude for uttering stupidities when they have the misfortune to stray within the pale of art. But what happened to Schumann is a signal instance of what can be achieved in this direction by those who represent the claim "We alone know."

That after such an experience Schumann could dedicate his C major symphony to a prince—though this time really a musical one, viz., Oscar I. of Norway and Sweden—is an evidence that he had not yet achieved his emancipation from the naïve notion of an earlier time, that the king is the best guardian of art. In spite of the abnormal relation of King Louis of Bavaria to Richard Wagner, our age is happily on the point of outgrowing this great misconception.

The chief impediment to Schumann's popularity was his total lack of that faculty of direct communication which is absolutely indispensable to the making of a good conductor or a beloved teacher. I fancy, however, that he was himself very little troubled about this. In fact, he was too much of a dreamer. Proofs are not wanting that he actually took pride in his unpopularity. Thus, in a letter to his mother he writes, "I should not even wish to be understood by all." He need give himself no anxiety on that score. He is too profound, too subjective, too introspective, to appeal to the multitude.

I cannot take leave of Schumann's larger labors without pausing for a moment at the opera "*Genoveva*," a work which has rightly been named his "child of sorrows." He expended upon it much of his best power, and it prepared for him the bitterest disappointments. So many pens have been set in motion against this composition, especially by Wagnerians, that it seems almost foolhardy to lift up one's voice in its defense. Nevertheless, I must maintain as my unalterable opinion that Schumann's music cannot be briefly dismissed as undramatic: there are so many passages in the opera which furnish incontestable proof that Schumann was not without dramatic talent—but wanting, indeed, in knowledge of the requirements of the drama. The most excellent dramatically inspired things stand side by side without transitions, demanding frequently only a few bars to bring them into harmonious relations. On the other hand, there seems occasionally to be a little too much transition. The external apparatus is not always practically applied. The rare skill of Wagner on this point furnishes a striking contrast. But, as I have said, the dramatic flight is often enough present; and I am convinced that the day will come when a performance, by skilled and af-

fected hands, will yield at least a portion of that which the master, in certain passages, has hinted and indicated, but which he had not sufficient technic to express with clearness and force. If Schumann in his youth had had experience as leader of the orchestra in a theater, we should probably have lived to see him admired even as a dramatist. The great public will not put up with mere dramatic spirit, if this spirit is not incorporated in a dramatic body. It demands, as it were, the spirit plainly presented upon a tray. And this is exactly what Schumann could not do—or perhaps would not do, if this conclusion may be inferred from his own words: "German composers usually suffer shipwreck in wishing to please the public. But only let somebody offer, for once, something individual, deep, and German, and he will see if he does not achieve something more." No one will deny that Schumann's reasoning is here esthetically correct; but being what he was, he would have acted more prudently, at all events, in not running counter to the legitimate demand of the public for clear dramatic characterization. To descend to the level of a foolish public would to him have been an impossibility; while, on the other hand, a stricter regard for the requirements of the drama, a greater accuracy and sobriety in scenic calculations, unquestionably would have enabled him to compass far greater achievements.

Intentionally I have chosen to consider last that portion of Schumann's work which proves him to be what, according to his innermost nature, he really was—a poet. I refer to his songs. Even all the demons of hate which possess the Bayreuth critic do not here suffice to reduce the composer to a nonentity. In order to disparage, however, and minimize even this expression of his genius, he resorts to far-fetched humor. I cannot refrain from quoting literally the following choice effusion:

Since nowadays one does not find it ridiculous when, in our salons, a lady, holding a fan and a fragrant lace handkerchief between her gloved fingers, sings of her former lover as a "lofty star of glory who must not know her, the lowly maid,"—or when a gentleman in swallow-tail coat assures us that he has seen in his dream a serpent feeding on the gloom-engulfed heart of a certain miserable person who shall not be mentioned,—then certainly one ought not, primarily, to be angry with the composer because in his illustration of such poems, popular in our higher circles of society, he has, in his effort not to be outstripped by the poet, sounded all the depths and heights of musical expression.

What a quantity of genuine Wagnerian gall is concentrated in this long-winded monster of a sentence! But—it goes too far. Schumann's songs emerge from this mud-bath as

pure as they were before they were dipped into it. If there is anything at all that Schumann has written which has become, and has deserved to become, world literature, it is surely his songs. All civilized nations have made them their own. And there is probably in our own day scarcely a youth interested in music to whom they are not, in one way or another, interwoven with his most intimate ideals. Schumann is the *poet*, contrasting in this respect with his greatest successor, Brahms, who is primarily *musician*, even in his songs.

With Schumann the poetic conception plays the leading part to such an extent that musical considerations technically important are subordinated, if not entirely neglected. For all that, even those of his songs of which this is true exert the same magic fascination. What I particularly have in mind is his great demand upon the compass of the voice. It is often no easy thing to determine whether the song is intended for a soprano or an alto, for he ranges frequently in the same song from the lowest to the highest register. Several of his most glorious songs begin in the deepest pitch and gradually rise to the highest, so that the same singer can rarely master both. Schumann, to be sure, occasionally tries to obviate this difficulty by adding a melody of lower pitch, which he then indicates by smaller notes placed under the melody of his original conception. But how often he thereby spoils his most beautiful flights, his most inspired climaxes! Two instances among many occur to me,—“*Ich grolle nicht*,” and “*Stille Thränen*,”—for which one will scarcely ever find an interpreter who can do equal justice to the beginning and the end. But if, on the other hand, a singer has a voice at his command capable of such a feat, he will produce the greater effect. Thus, I remember as a child, in 1858, having heard Frau Schröder-Devrient, then fifty-five years old, sing “*Ich grolle nicht*,” and never shall I forget the shiver that ran down my spine at the last climax. The beautiful timbre of the voice was of course lacking; but the overwhelming power of the expression was so irresistible that every one was carried away.

To be able to sing Schumann is a special faculty which many excellent singers do not have. I have heard the same singer render Schubert to perfection, and Schumann absolutely badly. For with Schubert the most of what is to be done is explicitly expressed; while with Schumann one must understand the art of reading between the lines—of interpreting a half-told tale. A symphony, too, of Schubert plays itself, as it were; but a symphony of Schumann has to be studied with a subtle perception in order to uncover and bring out what is veiled in the master's intentions.

Otherwise it will lose much of its effect. In speaking above of the excessive demands upon the compass of the voice in Schumann's songs, I refer chiefly to those more broadly composed. The smaller and more delicate ones do not usually strain a voice of ordinary register.

A quite peculiar stamp of genius is impressed upon Schumann's epic romances and ballads. In this genre he has created unattained masterpieces. I will cite as instances Chamisso's “*Die Löwenbraut*,” and (from Opus 45) Eichendorff's “*Der Schatzgräber*,” and Heine's “*Abend am Strande*.” In the last named Schumann attains a realistic effect of great intensity. How pictorial is here the description of the different peoples, from the dweller on the banks of the Ganges to the “dirty Laplanders” who in a truly impressionistic style “quack and scream”! Strangely enough, there are as yet not many who both feel and are able to render these effects, and they are accordingly scarcely ever heard in a concert-hall. A ballad the popularity of which (according to E. F. Wenzel) vexed Schumann, was Heine's “*Two Grenadiers*,” because he regarded it, and perhaps rightly, as belonging to his weakest productions. A volume which contains things of the very highest order, and which for some incomprehensible reason is almost unknown, is Opus 98, “*Lieder und Gesänge aus Goethe's ‘Wilhelm Meister’*.” Once in a while one may, to be sure, stumble upon the magnificent, grandly molded ballad, “*Was hör' ich draussen vor dem Thor!*” but one never hears the most beautiful of all, “*Kenn'st du das Land wo die Citronen blüh'n?*” with which I have seen a gifted vocalist move an audience to tears.

It is rarely the happiest inspirations of a creative spirit that win the hearts of the many. In that respect the musical intelligence of the so-called cultivated society leaves much to be desired. However, the other arts are scarcely more favorably placed. Everywhere it is cheap art which has a monopoly of appeal to the general intelligence.

It cannot be maintained that Schumann was the first to accord a conspicuous rôle to the accompaniment of his songs. Schubert had anticipated him as no other of his predecessors had done, in making the piano depict the mood. But what Schubert began, Schumann further developed; and woe to the singer who tries to render Schumann without keeping a close watch of what the piano is doing, even to the minutest shades of sound. I have no faith in a renderer of Schumann's songs who lacks appreciation of the fact that the piano has fully as great a claim upon interest and study as the voice of the singer. Nay; I would even venture to assert that, up to a certain point, he who cannot play Schu-

mann cannot sing him either. In his treatment of the piano, Schumann was furthermore the first who, in a modern spirit, utilized the relation between song and accompaniment, which Wagner has later developed to a degree that fully proves what importance he attached to it. I refer to the carrying of the melody by the piano, or the orchestra, while the voice is engaged in the recitative. Heaven preserve me, however, from insinuating that Wagner consciously could have received an impulse from Schumann! A dyed-in-the-wool Wagnerian would, of course, regard even a hint of such a possibility as an outrageous want of respect for the master of Bayreuth which would amount almost to an insult. But, for all that, it is a fact that contemporaries influence each other whether they want to or not. That is one of nature's eternal laws, to which we are all subject. You will perhaps ask, Where is, then, the mutual influence of Rossini, Beethoven, and Weber? And my response is, It is of a negative character, and accordingly still present. But in the above-mentioned particular case—that of Schumann and Wagner—it is absolutely positive. It is, however, true that Schumann only hints at the things out of which Wagner constructs a perfect system. But there is this to be said, that Schumann is here the foreseeing spirit who planted the tree which later, in the modern musical drama, was to bear such glorious fruit.

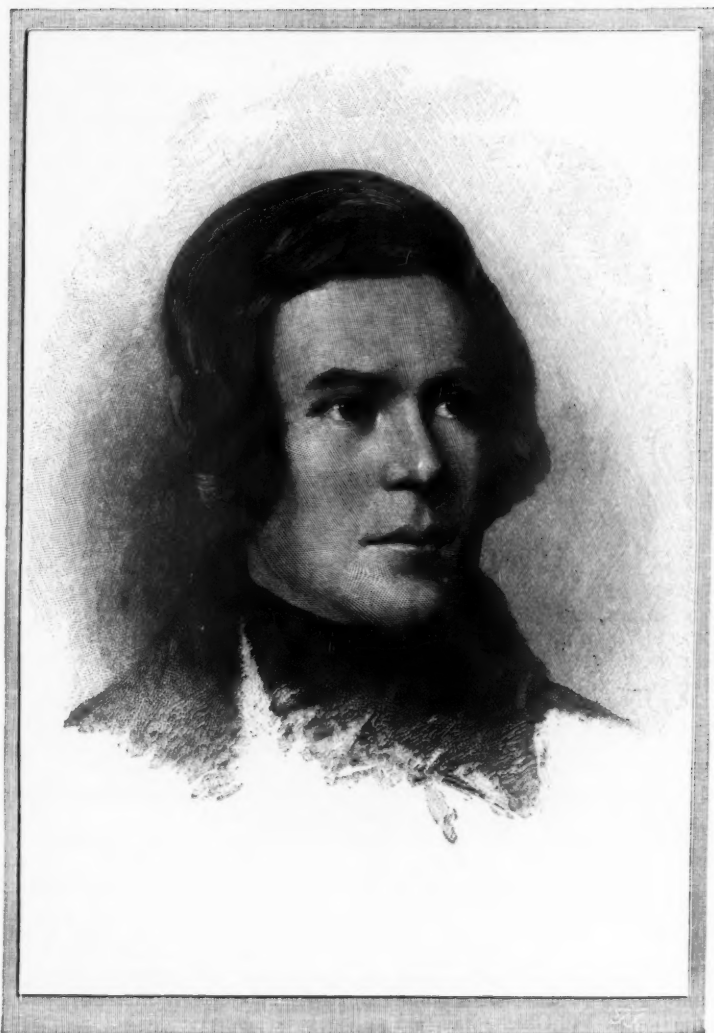
That gradually increasing conservatism which, in the case of an artist, is usually a mark of failing powers, was never noticeable in Schumann. Even though his creative force went out in the darkness of insanity, this in no wise affected his views of art, which remained fresh and youthful to the very last. His enthusiasm for the young Brahms is a striking proof of that receptivity as regards the new which did not desert him even on the downward incline of his scantily allotted career. We gain hereby a beautiful glimpse of the purity of his character, just as it revealed itself in his younger years in his relation to Mendelssohn and others. And just as Schumann was the first interpreter in modern music of the profounder emotions and true intensity of sentiment who could exclaim with Beethoven, when the latter had finished his "Missa Solemnis," "From the heart it has come, to the heart it shall go," so now, the spirit of unreason, pettiness, and envy having passed away, all hearts, old and young, respond jubilantly to Schumann's art, and honor him as a man, pioneer, and artist. Schumann's conceptions of art will again come to their right when that army of inflated arrogance which wrongfully have adopted the title of "Wagnerians" and "Lisztians" will have lost their influence. I discriminate, however, expressly

between the true and genuine admirers of these two mighty masters and the howling horde which calls itself "—ians." These patentees of speculative profundity do not know the most priceless jewel of art—naïveté. How, then, are they to love Schumann, who possessed this rare gift in so rich a measure? Many of the so-called Liszt performers render Schumann in a manner which is most significant. In most cases they will, indeed, give you the genuine Liszt, but, on the other hand, Schumann falsified beyond recognition. All attempts at artistic treatment and a well-studied execution of details cannot compensate for the lack of that warm, deep tone which a real interpreter of Schumann will know how to produce. As different as Mendelssohn's art of orchestration is from that of Wagner, so different is the coloring of Schumann from that of Liszt; and to give this a vivid expression on the piano imposes so great a task upon the performer that it calls his whole personality into play. He must be able to orchestrate upon the piano. Only then will he become a "Schumann-player" in the sense in which we speak, for instance, of "Chopin-players"—that is to say, performers who, to be sure, are able to play a good deal besides, but play Chopin to perfection. Wagner somewhere expresses the opinion that a sympathetic nature is required even to comprehend his meaning: this is no less true of Schumann, who, in his demands upon the player's comprehension, ventures to propound this postulate, "Perhaps only genius can completely understand genius."

That these lines, while embodying much of my own personal conception of Schumann, also in a considerable degree are concerned with Mendelssohn and Wagner, was in the nature of the case, and thus scarcely to be avoided. These masters stand in a peculiar relation of reciprocity to each other. Each has, as above shown, either sought to be influenced by the other, or purposely sought to avoid being influenced. Like mighty planets in the firmament, they either attracted or repelled each other. Each owes the other much, both positively and negatively. As regards Schumann, he failed, perhaps, of the full achievement which his rare gifts entitle us to expect, because his need of being influenced is intimately connected with that germ of early decay which prevented him from consistently pressing on to his goal. But whatever his imperfections, he is yet one of the princes of art, a real German spirit to whom Heine's profound words concerning Luther may well apply:

In him all the virtues and all the faults of the Germans are in the grandest way united; so that one may say that he personally represents the wonderful Germany.

Edvard Grieg.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

FROM A WATER-COLOR MADE IN VIENNA IN HIS YOUTH; IN POSSESSION OF DR. M. ABRAHAM OF LEIPSIK.

A JOURNEY TO THE DEVIL'S TOWER IN WYOMING.

(ARTISTS' ADVENTURES.)

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

WE were on our way to the Yellowstone and the Tetons, by way of Gillette and the Big Horn Mountains, intending to enter the park by the East Fork of the Yellowstone. Our party consisted of Jackson, the photographer, of Denver; young Millet, his assistant; and myself. We were to meet our outfit at Sheridan. Our plan also included a trip to the Devil's Tower on the Belle Fourche River. Moorcroft was the nearest point to the tower on the railroad; but as no outfit for the trip was to be had there, we were compelled to go to Gillette, twenty-eight miles farther, a declining town of the character usually found at the end of a railroad section during construction. The night before our departure we engaged a light wagon and team, and were assured that we could make the journey in a day, spend one day at the tower, and return the next. We were told that we should find ranches along the way, where we could either stop at night or get what was needed. We carried nothing but Jackson's photographic apparatus, my sketching-outfit, and our blankets. Our inquiries as to the distance of the tower were variously answered by estimates of sixty, sixty-five, and seventy-five miles.

After twenty miles of travel we noticed that our team seemed to have a tired air and a startling indifference to the whip, and that our plans had been too hastily made. However, we were too far on the road to turn back; even had we done so, there was no other team to be had in Gillette, so we pushed on. A map is a sorry guide to follow in a country devoted to cattle-raising, where roads branch out everywhere and seem to end nowhere. Our way, however, was supposed to be clear to Ranch 101, said to be twenty-eight miles distant from Gillette, and there we would refresh ourselves and feed the horses. All Gillette had said we could not miss our way.

About noon "101," as we supposed, came in sight; but we forded the Belle Fourche only to find what we supposed to be "101" deserted. This rather dampened our ardor: no deserted place had been spoken of by our Gillette guides. At some distance off we saw a herder lying in the shade of a tree, and we asked him about "101." He said it was a little farther on over the hill. The hill proved to be really

about 1000 feet up. We mounted it with joy, only to find another equally high beyond it, and another and two others beyond these. It was hot, and we had had nothing to eat since five in the morning, and were feeling in need of a little rest.

From the top of our last hill we could see the Belle Fourche winding away for miles in its fringe of cottonwoods before it entered its cañon, cut in a sandstone ridge heavily timbered. Far beyond rose the Black Hills of Dakota; and away to the southeast lay the great "Inyan Kara" (mountain within a mountain). It was a magnificent panorama. Beneath us lay Ranch 101, about a mile away, embowered in a lovely grove of cottonwood trees, with an air of comfort about it that reminded me of a well-kept and prosperous farmers' house in the East.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and instead of twenty-eight miles to "101," we had come about thirty-five. However, we had made about half our journey, and if we pushed on hard we could reach some ranch on the Belle Fourche near the tower before night came on. Going down to "101," we found a neatly painted frame dwelling-house surrounded by log houses for the various needs of the ranch. All ranches in this region are known by their cattle-brand—as the Currycomb, the Crown, the Anchor, etc.; and "101" was the brand of this one. It was a corporation ranch with a superintendent.

Finding the superintendent in, we inquired if we could get something for ourselves and horses. We stated that we were strangers to the country, on our way to the tower, and that we needed some directions. His reply was rather chilling. He said that he did not keep a road-house, and he had no horse-feed; but he kindly informed us that there was plenty of grass outside. He did not offer to give us any directions. As we left the house, we were followed out by one of the young men, who seemed to feel that our reception had been uncivil. He asked us where we were going, and although unable to direct us himself, he said we could get directions from the man at the next ranch across the Belle Fourche, at the same time pointing out about where it lay.

After crossing the stream, we had no difficulty in finding the log house, where we were



THE GATHERING STORM-CLOUD.

greeted by a young woman. The front room was very poorly furnished even for that part of the country; and on our requesting information as to our route, she said she did not know, but would ask the man of the house. He did not come out of the back room, but we could hear them talking there. When she returned she said we were to follow the wire fence through the swamp until we came to the road about a mile away, and keep right on past the old der-

rick until we reached the second creek, where we would see the road that led down to the Belle Fourche; she could not say how far it was to the tower.

When we reached the road we found it excellent, passing over gently sloping hills, with occasional *arroyos*. Descending into a broad valley, we passed the derrick, which was situated on the edge of a small stream, and we also passed many ranch houses, all of logs, but

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About noon "101," as we supposed, came in sight; but we forded the Belle Fourche only to find what we supposed to be "101" deserted. This rather dampened our ardor: no deserted place had been spoken of by our Gillette guides. At some distance off we saw a herder lying in the shade of a tree, and we asked him about "101." He said it was a little farther on over the hill. The hill proved to be really

about 1000 feet up. We mounted it with joy, only to find another equally high beyond it, and another and two others beyond these. It was hot, and we had had nothing to eat since five in the morning, and were feeling in need of a little rest.

From the top of our last hill we could see the Belle Fourche winding away for miles in its fringe of cottonwoods before it entered its cañon, cut in a sandstone ridge heavily timbered. Far beyond rose the Black Hills of Dakota; and away to the southeast lay the great "Inyan Kara" (mountain within a mountain). It was a magnificent panorama. Beneath us lay Ranch 101, about a mile away, embowered in a lovely grove of cottonwood trees, with an air of comfort about it that reminded me of a well-kept and prosperous farmers' house in the East.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and instead of twenty-eight miles to "101," we had come about thirty-five. However, we had made about half our journey, and if we pushed on hard we could reach some ranch on the Belle Fourche near the tower before night came on. Going down to "101," we found a neatly painted frame dwelling-house surrounded by log houses for the various needs of the ranch. All ranches in this region are known by their cattle-brand—as the Currycomb, the Crown, the Anchor, etc.; and "101" was the brand of this one. It was a corporation ranch with a superintendent.

Finding the superintendent in, we inquired if we could get something for ourselves and horses. We stated that we were strangers to the country, on our way to the tower, and that we needed some directions. His reply was rather chilling. He said that he did not keep a road-house, and he had no horse-feed; but he kindly informed us that there was plenty of grass outside. He did not offer to give us any directions. As we left the house, we were followed out by one of the young men, who seemed to feel that our reception had been uncivil. He asked us where we were going, and although unable to direct us himself, he said we could get directions from the man at the next ranch across the Belle Fourche, at the same time pointing out about where it lay.

After crossing the stream, we had no difficulty in finding the log house, where we were



THE GATHERING STORM-CLOUD.

greeted by a young woman. The front room was very poorly furnished even for that part of the country; and on our requesting information as to our route, she said she did not know, but would ask the man of the house. He did not come out of the back room, but we could hear them talking there. When she returned she said we were to follow the wire fence through the swamp until we came to the road about a mile away, and keep right on past the old der-

rick until we reached the second creek, where we would see the road that led down to the Belle Fourche; she could not say how far it was to the tower.

When we reached the road we found it excellent, passing over gently sloping hills, with occasional *arroyos*. Descending into a broad valley, we passed the derrick, which was situated on the edge of a small stream, and we also passed many ranch houses, all of logs, but



THE HAIL-STORM.

in every instance deserted. These were the ranches where we had calculated to refresh ourselves and our horses! They were plentiful enough to have given the name of Cabin Creek (the creek we were to follow down to the Belle Fourche) to the stream that in the wet season flowed through the valley.

The woman had said nothing of diverging roads, and we now became uncertain which we ought to take of the many that branched off from the one on which we were traveling. She had said we were to cross the divide and go down to Cabin Creek, where the road would be clear down the creek to the Belle Fourche. We saw a divide some miles away, at the head of the valley; but the other roads that led from ours also crossed divides. We concluded to take the one at the head of the valley, because that seemed most traveled and trended in the direction of the tower. When we reached the top, we could look far down into the valley below us to a fringe of cottonwoods that indicated the windings of a running stream. This must be Cabin Creek. We started down the slope with rising spirits, believing that there must be a ranch there; and we tried to put some of our own buoyancy into the tired animals, but in vain. When about half-way down we caught a glimpse of the tower through a rift in the mountains about twenty-five miles away, rising pale and immense against a clear sky. Presently we noticed a dark mass of cumulus clouds rising in the west, which increased so rapidly in size and blackness that the sun was soon obscured. When the sun had disappeared behind the great cloud, its edges were fringed with a sharply defined band of light, of a most extraordinary and dazzling brightness that I can compare only to a fringe of stationary lightning. Higher and higher it rose and spread until it covered the sky. Omnipotent shafts of lightning began to shoot from it, and the distant mutterings of thunder indicated that a storm was at hand. We were about to stop

and arrange our affairs with that in view, when the cattle that had been grazing on the hill-sides came tearing into the valley in a perfect stampede, making for the shelter of the pine-groves on the other side of a deep *arroyo* that separated us from the woods.

The wind had now risen to a gale, when we noticed a few small white objects driven along toward us, and bounding as they came. A ghostly grayness began to obscure the previously dark-plum-purple-colored hills to the west. The sun must have gone below the horizon, for a sudden darkness came on. Our horses refused to move a step. We were entirely unprepared for the suddenness and severity with which there broke upon us a storm of hail. The hills disappeared entirely, and we could see only a few feet from us. Everything that might have served as a protection for us had been securely packed and strapped before starting; and with this fierce storm raging it was impossible to do anything for our defense. Light summer clothing and thin felt hats were our only protection against this awful fusillade of ice-balls that struck us with a force as if coming from a sling.

The horses, smarting under the blows, suddenly made an attempt to turn about so as not to face the storm, and in doing so they nearly overturned the outfit. We feared they might stampede; but, fortunately for us, they were too used up to do so, and simply winced under the blows, as we did ourselves. How long would it last? How long could we stand it? Our hands were beginning to show purple lumps where they had been struck, and our heads were aching, and sore, and lumpy, from the pelting ice-balls. Night was coming on. Our wagon was loaded with ice-balls, which were rather flat in form and from two to three inches in diameter, and the landscape was covered with them to the depth of four inches.

Soon after the hail began to fall, the wind became a cold, chilling blast that greatly in-

creased our discomfort. We shivered and shook as though seized with an ague. Now rain intermingled with the hail, and soon it was a drenching downpour of water; but it was comforting to know that the storm of ice was over. Then the hills began to reappear, and the glow through the rain indicated that the storm had about spent its force, and that clear skies lay beyond.

weather had been fine and dry for weeks, and gumbo roads are good when dry. It is of such fine texture that it will receive an impression as clean as wax. During this short storm the gumbo had softened to the depth of an inch or two, and our trials with it were about to begin.

The sky was perfectly clear again. The sun had been down about half an hour, and the



THE DEVIL'S TOWER ON THE BELLE FOURCHE IN NORTHERN WYOMING.

Do you know what gumbo is? Well, it is the clay of northern Wyoming. When wet it is the blackest, stickiest, most India-rubber-like mud that exists on earth. Like the gathering snowball, it accumulates on whatever comes in contact with it, and is so adhesive that it never falls away of its own weight, as any well-regulated mud will do, but must be laboriously removed when you or your wagon-wheels become clogged with it. Up to the breaking of the storm, gumbo had not troubled us, for the

darkness of night was beginning to settle about us in the valley, while the twilight glow still illumined the higher mountain-tops, as we made a start to reach the creek. The horses really seemed to have had some new life infused into them by the storm, for they started off cheerfully; but the terrible gumbo soon began to discourage them. We tried walking to relieve them of our weight, but soon found that the friendly gumbo had us in its embrace, making our feet like lead. After repeated stoppages to clear the

wheels, we at last reached the creek. Searching for the road was out of the question. It was dark now, with several inches of hail covering the ground, and completely hiding all traces of a road, if there were any. We could not make camp where we were, in water and soft gumbo.

About two miles farther, across the creek, was a great clump of pines on the top of a gently sloping hill; and it seemed that if we could reach that we would be all right for the night, as it would be drier, and we could have a fire, if our matches had not been spoiled by the rain. But to cross the creek was a serious matter. The bank upon which we were was about fifteen feet high; the road made a very precipitous descent to the water, but was easy on the other side. The gumbo had been softened to the depth of about an inch on the slope, but was hard underneath. A dangerous matter by daylight, to make such a descent was doubly so under the present conditions. Yet there was nothing for it but to make the attempt. Jackson took the reins, while we remained on the bank. The horses shied at first, the darkness making it seem deeper and steeper than it really was. They finally made the plunge, but instantly found they had no foothold, and wagon and horses simply slid down into the creek — without accident. We followed them, and, getting into the wagon, reached the other bank without further trouble.

Slowly, wearily, we made our way to the pine clump on the hillside, but it took us two hours to cover those two miles. It was ten o'clock when we reached the pines, wet, hungry, and worn out. We found it had been the camping-place of herders, whose pine-bough beds were there, dry underneath, and ready to be used for lighting our fire. The used-up horses were turned loose to find food for themselves, as we knew they were too tired to wander far away, and grass was plentiful. Our matches proved to be in good condition, and we soon had a fire fit to roast an ox. Our wet blankets were brought out and dried, and we turned our steaming selves before the fire until we were dry enough to take to our blankets. Our pine-bough beds were as welcome as the softest down.

Early next morning we retraced our way to the creek to find the road that was to lead us down to the Belle Fourche. Arriving at the gumbo slide of the previous night, we emptied the wagon of everything to make it as light as possible. Jackson undertook to get it up the slide, and was successful. The great camera, the boxes of plates, and the bedding we managed to get over on a bridge made of the legs of the camera. Having safely reached the other side, we wandered in all directions

to find the road, but no trace of a road leading down the creek could be found. After an hour's fruitless search we gave it up. Were we on Cabin Creek, or had we passed it at the derrick? We concluded to retrace our way to the derrick, and to follow the road down to the cañon. This meant twenty or twenty-five miles to reach the river; but we knew there were ranches and farms on the Belle Fourche, and that we could reach the tower by that way.

We reached the cañon early in the afternoon, but did not know which side of the river to take, as there was a road on both sides. We chose the side we were on, but soon found that it led away from the river and up a side ravine. There we saw smoke rising in the air some distance ahead of us, and soon reached a house, where we were well received. We were very grateful indeed to get something to eat, as we had had no food for thirty-eight hours. The ranchman told us we were on the wrong side of the river, but by going over the hill opposite and descending to the river, we could cross it just above where we descended. And such a descent as we made! A narrow trail over a series of sandstone terraces so steep and rocky that I never expected to see our wagon whole at the bottom! But by great care and good luck we managed to get to the river all right. Knowing that we were at last on the right road for the Devil's Tower, and within reach of habitations, we almost forgot the sufferings of the previous day.

The scenery along the river to the tower was fine: a very wide cañon in sandstone worn into castellated forms, inclosing a fertile valley studded with the houses and fields of prosperous farmers and ranchers. It was evident that we could not reach the tower that day; and when we inquired in regard to accommodation for the night, everybody told us to go to Johnson's. We concluded that Johnson's was a place of entertainment for travelers. When we arrived there, early in the evening, we found that it was the home of an English gentleman who was given to horse-raising. He and his wife welcomed us heartily, and did everything to make our sojourn pleasant. His house was a neatly built frame, and luxuriously furnished, even to a grand piano. From there the great tower loomed up grandly some twelve miles away. In the morning our host had the herder bring in about a hundred of his horses to show us, after which we regretfully left his hospitable home and made our way on to the tower, which we reached about noon.

This wonderful mass of columnar basalt rises about 2000 feet above the Belle Fourche. It is somewhat of a geological puzzle, standing alone as it does, and rising directly out of a country entirely made up of sedimentary rock.



THE DEVIL'S TOWER, FROM JOHNSON'S.

One theory is that it is the core of a great volcano, crystallized into its present form, and that the mountain of which it was the core has been carried off by erosion. Be that as it may, it is a grand and imposing sight, and one of the remarkable physical features of this country. We sketched and photographed it during the remainder of the day. In the evening we were hospitably received at the ranch of Burke and

Mackenzie, two Englishmen also engaged in horse-raising; and the next morning, under their direction, we started on our return to Gillette by way of Cabin Creek. On the way we passed over the old camping-ground and the scene of the hail-storm, to find that we had been on the right road after all, and that our camp that night had been only twenty miles from the Devil's Tower!

Thomas Moran.



IMOGEN.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *speaks* :

SORROW, make a verse for me
That shall breathe all human grieving;
Let it be love's exequy,
And the knell of all believing!
Let it such sweet pathos have
As a violet on a grave,
Or a dove's moan when his mate
Leaves the new nest desolate.
Sorrow, Sorrow, by this token,
Braid a wreath for Beauty's head;
Valley-lilies, one or two,
Should be woven with the rue.
Sorrow, Sorrow, all is spoken —
She is dead!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY NADAR.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Georgina

NOTABLE WOMEN: GEORGE SAND.

WITH LETTERS AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.



CAMILLE DOUCET, Permanent Secretary of the Institute of France, making the announcement in a report read before that body, that the subject chosen by the Académie Française for the next *concours d'éloquence* was "George Sand," said: "When, six years ago, it was suggested by one of your members that the eulogium of George Sand should be given as a subject for competition, his proposal was met with the words, 'It is too soon': to-day he barely escapes being answered, 'It is too late.'"

It would indeed seem that George Sand has gone out of fashion. For a number of years the same was said of Lamartine, and yet to-day the great lyric poet again stands on as high a pedestal as ever. However this may be in the case of George Sand, the time seems to me opportune, on the day following the publication of her voluminous correspondence, and anticipating the date set apart for her academic praise, to commit to writing some personal, intimate, and friendly recollections of this woman of genius—nay, more than that, of her who was the genius of kindness itself.

Let me first relate how it became my good fortune to have her as the sponsor of my first literary efforts. Legendary talk notwithstanding, her circle of friends did not consist merely of literary confrères, of revolutionary folk, or of the denizens of Bohemia. True republican though she was, she could forgive a few of her friends, to quote her own words, for having come into the world patricians. Among these few were Comte d'Orsay, who rendered into English the "*Mare au diable*," and Comte d'Aure, my step-father.

M. d'Aure, through whom I became acquainted with her more than thirty years ago, was in his way an artist. Toward the close of his life he was equerry to the emperor, after having in days gone by been *écuyer cavalcadour* to Louis XVIII. and to Charles X., and then *écuyer commandant* at the Royal School of Cavalry at Saumur. During a long and brilliant career the horse had been to him an object of constant and primary interest. Equitation was to him what it was in

centuries gone by to those who taught it in those academies where the nobility of France went to be instructed in an art among all others held highest in honor. Heir to the traditions of the Versailles school, of which he was the last representative, his treatise on equitation is, even at the present day, the official catechism, so to speak, of our cavalry, and, after a period of more than fifty years, Paris has not forgotten the glories of the riding-school of the Rue Duphot, where the representative of one of France's oldest families did not disdain to act as instructor. At a time when the subversive theories contained in "Jacques" and "Indiana" were causing a great stir, George Sand, a dark-haired, pale little woman, with her two pretty children, used to be an assiduous visitor to the school. That person, reserved in her manner, not to say shy, and anxious to escape observation as much as possible, was no other than the bold writer who shocked so awfully part of the reading public. Deprived as she was then of her rides through the wooded country of the Berri, she came to the riding-school by way of relaxation, after hours of assiduous labor. Thus it happened that an intimate friendship sprang up between Mme. Sand and M. d'Aure.

At the time when these two old friends laid their heads together to encourage my literary début, they had for some years ceased to have any frequent personal intercourse, as Mme. Sand dwelt almost constantly on her Nohant estate in the Berri, whereas the duties of M. d'Aure required his presence at court; but their epistolary communion had not suffered any interruption. The equerry to the emperor, the inspector-general of the stud, never brought out any work whatsoever on the subjects to which he devoted his special attention, such as equitation viewed from a military or political standpoint, or from that of industrial economy, without sending a copy to Mme. Sand, who would show in her acknowledgment of the gift that amount of interest which she knew so well how to take in every subject under the sun. From time to time she would intrust him with the re-stocking of her very rustic stables. She seemed always in need, for the purpose of carrying her folks over the country roads, of a pair of sturdy little horses of

ordinary breed, which were to cost her but little; for although she had in her lifetime earned over a million francs without ever making any sacrifice to pecuniary considerations, and while she conducted her affairs with much order, Mme. Sand, whose right hand was ever generous, was all her life compelled to be economical. In the bundle of her letters which I possess,—most of which will never see the light of publication,—the animal creation occupies no inconsiderable space. There are also pages of confidences—pages that are charming in their simplicity and in their tenderness—on the subject of her *maisonnée* (household), especially those which have reference to the nuptials of her son Maurice, who in 1862 became the husband of the daughter of her valued old friend Calamatta—"a union of hearts over which the parents rejoiced." That which, however, stands out most prominently in these pages is the close participation in good works of these two preeminently generous people. At every step one finds them seeking to obtain a situation for some one, to secure some one's promotion. Not only did George Sand absolve M. d'Aure from the crime of taking service under a government for which she had no love, but she even allowed him to be the instrument of her intercession with the emperor, when some deed of charity seemed to demand it. In the matter of a free scholarship, which she was desirous of obtaining for Jacques Luguët, one of the grandchildren of Mme. Dorval, the famous actress, she spoke to M. d'Aure as follows:

You are under the impression that the request would have a better chance of being taken under consideration by the empress if it came from me. There is nothing that I would not do for a family so distinguished by its qualities of heart and head. But I should not like to make a false move. First ascertain whether the use of my name would not have an effect contrary to the one sought for, and I will then do whatever you judge appropriate. Were it possible to bring under the empress's notice, at a time when her mind is not otherwise engaged, that chapter of the "*Histoire de ma Vie*" wherein I have described the life and the death of Mme. Dorval, I think that would constitute in itself an effective plea, for I have painted her such as she was, and I have reproduced some of her letters, as well as some of her admirable and heartrending sayings.

The name of George Sand did not produce an undesired effect, and it is to be wondered at that she should have dreaded this contingency, since Napoleon III. had more than once granted her petitions on behalf of political friends, victims of the Coup d'État. Perhaps it was that the novel of "*Malgré tout*" had already made its appearance, and it was rumored that its author had ventured to paint

the empress under the somewhat unsympathetic traits of Mlle. d'Ortosa. She always protested against this accusation; still, aware as she was of the rumor, she had, under the circumstances, sufficient cause to fear that the imperial court would be prejudiced against her. However that may have been, Jacques Luguët obtained the coveted free scholarship.

It will readily be understood how M. d'Aure, upon seeing his adopted daughter develop a taste for writing, hastened to place the early efforts of the young beginner under the patronage of the friend in whom he reposed so great a confidence. He proceeded in this, however, with the greatest discretion, asking George Sand, without revealing my identity, and without showing her any of my prose, to give some advice suitable to a young woman who was about to take up literature as a career. Her answer was at first singularly discouraging:

It is absolutely necessary, for one seeking to overcome the almost insurmountable obstacles which separate the author from the public, first to write either something excellent, or very scandalous, very amusing, very original. Then an effort must be made to get the work published in a journal or in a magazine, and afterward, if its success has been a marked one, a publisher will come on the scene, who will purchase—at the lowest possible figure, as a matter of course. But then, every journal or every magazine is buried under a load of manuscripts, and the looking into the merits of the newcomer has to be postponed indefinitely. The most warmly worded recommendation will prove of no value. In no single quarter is an opening to be met with on any given day. Engagements have already been entered into, certain interests have to be carefully considered; then there are reasons purely of the "shop." Taking the case of disinterested persons, there arise questions of system, taste, of settled convictions, of I know not what.

I had myself to wait two long years before I saw myself in print, and that at a time when publishers were still in existence, when the book trade was making money. Nowadays that trade is at its lowest, and Mme. Sand, no less than others, seriously feels this condition of things.

Such is the situation. If by chance your young friend is the possessor of a masterpiece, it may reap for her a few hundred francs, and that after much trouble and patience. Her second work will fare better, and her third still better. But three masterpieces at the very least (from this point of view of a success) constitute the minimum before one can live by one's pen. You doubtless will ask of me how it is that so many mediocre and even worthless productions see the light. My answer to this is, that some, although worthless, have met with approval by mere chance; the rest have been published at the author's expense.

Nevertheless, all this did not prevent her from placing herself unreservedly and with zeal at the disposal of the person whom M. d'Aure

finally decided to reveal to her in more clear and precise terms. She at once volunteered to introduce me to M. Buloz, the editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," a power who was approached only with trembling, yet to whom I was in the future to owe a large debt of gratitude.

In these days I was a mere novice, and confined my efforts to writing short stories of fiction, or criticisms for magazines and sporting journals. In the midst of this—July 6, 1861—Mme. Sand wrote from Nohant to M. d'Aure as follows:

DEAR FRIEND: You were constantly in my thoughts yesterday as I read a book which I consider to be admirable. This book is above all one of art, but interwoven with an expert knowledge of technical things that will meet with your approval, while the literary form will at the same time give you delight. I do not know the author. Perhaps he has sent you a copy of his work. Should he not have done so, then buy it . . . Its title is "A Propos d'un Cheval," by Victor Cherbuliez. It takes but two hours to read, and you may take my word that you will not regret the time given to it.

The subject of the book was a horseman of the Partenopian's frieze, and George Sand had not been mistaken in her enthusiastic appreciation. It has been contended that she generally lacked the faculty of criticism. This much is certain, that her great kindliness was wont to make her shut her eyes to certain flaws in works submitted to her, and to enhance their good qualities; but although she did not subject talent to an over-minute scrutiny, nor to a chemical analysis, she could recognize it, divine it, foresee it. Not to speak of any others, Fromentin and Cherbuliez were a living proof, of this. I wrote a paper on the former, and it pleased her, as will be seen from her following note to M. d'Aure:

DEAR FRIEND: I have found your daughter's article well thought out, well wrought, and very good. So far, I have not had time to write to you, and I was of opinion, moreover, that the thanks of the author would prove more agreeable to her; and again, if I have not done all this sooner it is because an absence of a few days has delayed my receiving the newspaper.

You know that I am entirely at your disposal; but believe me, do not subject the talent and the future of your young writer to any expression of opinion, not even to one spoken by me. Let her venture forth, and spontaneously develop herself. I know from experience that the best meant counsels may delay a move forward, and be the cause of turning individuality from its right path. It is easy to find excellent that which one greatly wishes to look upon as such, and I might perhaps be less severe toward her than she will be to herself. Others than myself may exercise an-

other kind of fatal influence over her, and discourage her by seeking to substitute their way of looking at things for her own. She can write, she weighs things well, and she is fully able to do good critical work. It is plain to see that she is well equipped and that she has sound judgment. With regard to imagination, if she lacks it, there is no advice that will endow her with it; while if she possesses it, advice might go so far as to stifle it. Tell her that so long as I consulted others I lacked inspiration, which came to me on the day that I trusted to my own wings.

I am glad to hear that the emperor understands you. If he wishes to do me a pleasure, he will leave the Pope under the sole and individual protection of M. Lamoricière.

Yours, with heartfelt feelings, my dear d'Aure. Maurice sends his kindest regards, and the engraver his affectionate compliments.

G. SAND.

"The engraver" was Alexandre Manceau, a talented artist, who for years dwelt at Nohant, whose self-styled librarian he was, and where he was, so to speak, one of the family. That hospitable mansion welcomed under its roof many faithful friends. Eugène Lambert, painter-in-ordinary to the feline kingdom, spent ten years there, when he had come originally for a season only.

In the month of May, 1862, I was at last to enjoy the honor of meeting George Sand in person. She had let us know that she would come to spend a day in Paris, and that she would expect us. It was on a Thursday afternoon, at about two o'clock, that I set my foot in the house at No. 3 Rue Racine, which she occupied on the occasions of her somewhat infrequent trips to Paris. The date has ever remained a memorable one for me. I can see once more the plain little staircase, the small apartment, the intelligent, sickly-looking, and bald head of Manceau, the engraver, who welcomed us at the very threshold, and then in a somewhat vast and oddly shaped drawing-room, composed as it was of two rooms made into one by the removal of a partition, that little stoutish woman with a smooth, olive-like complexion, with wavy hair sparsely streaked with silver threads, and whose exceedingly simple black toilet modestly disobeyed the latest edicts of fashion. She sprang up from the sofa whereon she was sitting, for the purpose of extending a welcome to my step-father and me.

Without taking into consideration the portrait of George Sand "fit for a Book of Beauty," wherein Charpentier has represented her as a "belle Italienne," with pomegranate flowers in her curls, there exist three faithful and truly characteristic counterfeit presentments of the woman so well described by Balzac in "Bea-

trix." One of these, by Calamatta, shows her as a slender person, with an almost hieratic head-gear, which emphasizes her Sphinx-like physiognomy. It was made in the days when one of her admirers said that she looked like a tiny creole, supple as a reed; while, on the other hand, one of her detractors contended that she was as thin as a lath, and as black as a mole. The second portrait—of all the most interesting—leaves one in doubt as to her sex, and exhibits a physiognomy than which one more pathetic, or more stamped with suffering, cannot be imagined. It would seem that Delacroix, having come unawares upon "Lélia" during one of her moments of despair, on the occasion of some great crisis of passion, sought to preserve her image in his master-sketch of that pale face which emerges from a masculine redingote and an unloosened cravat, as the very expression—the most striking expression, the never-to-be-forgotten expression—of the feverish times of the romantic period. Couture was to follow, and to immortalize the epoch of calmness corresponding with the ripe age of Mme. Sand. He has shown her to us full of dignity: her powerful forehead is shadowed with deep thought; her look reveals deep and serene melancholy; her hair, of which she always possessed a mass, reaches in heavy bands down to her cheeks, and acts as a frame for her long oval face. The relaxation consequent upon age is shown at the corners of her mouth, which droops somewhat; all the other features have kept their noble regularity.

When I saw her the first time, Mme. Sand looked like Couture's picture of her. But I did not there and then notice this. I merely experienced the feeling of the affectionate gentleness which detached itself from her as she put out her two hands to me and kissed me, with a word of welcome spoken in an intonation deeper and more sonorous than that which is generally characteristic of the French voice.

The conversation took a cordial and cheerful turn, and was free from any attempt at wit. Mme. Sand was not witty. The scope of our talk was confined to the newly married couple, Maurice Sand and his wife, who were spending their honeymoon at Nohant, driving about with a little team selected by M. d'Aure.

In the course of our call, Mme. Viardot dropped in with one of her daughters, the god-child of Mme. Sand, and so I was privileged to see otherwise than on the stage that sister of Malibran, the sublime interpreter of Gluck, whom I already knew to be one of the most intellectual and remarkable of women, quite apart from her talent as a singer. I still remember a thought that came to my mind upon seeing George Sand and the incomparable *Orphée* together, a thought which has recurred

to me since, when seeing the portraits of George Eliot. It would seem that faculties of the highest order are, in the case of women, oftentimes to be found in what is styled a horse's head—one somewhat out of proportion with the body, the face very long, and the features rather masculine than feminine. Such a physiognomy usually lacks flexibility, however full of expression it may become when swept by strong emotions.

LATER, many affectionate messages of invitation from Mme. Sand sought me out, and one day in the autumn of 1862 I found myself on the way to Nohant.

Arriving at night at Châteauroux, I discovered a little diligence, and sank comfortably into the warm straw. In spite of all the deep ruts of the road, it seemed to be that I was being wheeled away into very fairy-land. There arose to my mind the childhood of George Sand, as told by herself, the dreamy childhood which so revealed her future—the childhood of the poet and of the little peasant which she spent in the family residence I was about to visit.

My mind was filled with visions borrowed from what I had read of the country of "Jeanne," of the "Champi," of "Simon," and of the "Meunier d'Angibault." The night was so dark that I could not see the surrounding country, but I experienced the feeling that I was passing through the picturesque sites of the Vallée Noire, so often, so admirably, described by the author of "Valentine." I could imagine the shady *traines*, the hedges covered in summer with honeysuckle, the heather with its delicate purplish tint, the woods in which one loses oneself, around the Mare au diable. And so dreaming, we covered eight leagues.

The gleam of a lantern on the edge of the road told me that we were close to Nohant. I was soon down in front of a little garden gate, and, walking under big trees by the light of a lantern, I was conducted to the great dining-room, where, at the corner of the table, was laid my supper. At that table sat Mme. Sand and her daughter-in-law, the latter a young woman, very short-sighted, and thoroughly Italian in type. Although born in Paris, she could claim Italy as her country, for several reasons: the nationality of her father, the celebrated engraver Calamatta, her residence in a country which she was very fond of calling her own, and her professed adoration of Garibaldi. She could, moreover, boast of a glorious French ancestry, for she was the grandchild of Houdon, the sculptor. Her mother-in-law could not have loved her more had she been her actual mother, and in the oft-repeated words, "Lina mia," there was an indescribable tenderness. Supper over, I quickly withdrew to the room pre-

pared for me on the first floor, which was reached by a broad staircase with heavy banisters.

The first person who entered my room on the following morning was a young woman, who seemed to me to have sprung from the pages of Mme. Sand's novels. I had already heard a good deal concerning Marie Caillaud. Very tall, very fragile, with a gentle and grave physiognomy, Marie wore that clear muslin *cornette* which is one of the prettiest examples of headgear left by the middle ages to our country people. Under her peasant's dress of a finer material than that generally met with in a village, she was the type of girlish modesty. Mme. Sand had gradually raised her from menial rank to a position which was half way between that of a lady's maid and of a lady's companion. Marie waited upon her at meals, after which she would sit down at table to eat by herself, quite apart from the other servants. Although without education, she knew the works of her mistress, and in the evenings, when some one of us began to read aloud, she would frequently come into the drawing-room and sit at the end of the table, where she silently stitched together the prescribed number of sheets which constituted those little copy-books which George Sand was wont to fill nightly with her bold hand, erasing nothing that she had written. While Marie was lighting the fire and raising the blinds, I took a look at her, remembering meanwhile the pretty answer she had made to Prince Napoleon, who had some time before spent a few days at Nohant. Having at the moment of leave-taking slipped some gold pieces into the hand of "la grande Marie," he had drawn down upon himself this proud rejoinder: "Monseigneur, thank you for grasping my hand, but please take back what you left in it?"

Marie informed me that the breakfast hour was eleven o'clock, and that Mme. Sand never came down until toward the end of the meal, because she seldom enjoyed any sleep until after four o'clock, at which hour she had finished her daily task, which she began when those under her roof were retiring to bed.

So it was that I found at the family table only Maurice and his wife, Manceau, and Edouard Cadol, a friend of the family, who was preparing himself to write for the stage under the auspices of George Sand, previous to reaping the prolonged and popular favor which he enjoyed from his comedy, "Les Inutiles." There was also present a young doctor of the neighborhood, who, in the course of his morning visits to his patients, was a sort of impromptu habitué at the Nohant breakfast-table.

I was struck by Maurice Sand's likeness to his mother, a resemblance as to features only, for he was tall and slender. We spoke of his

trip to America, which he had made during the foregoing summer with Prince Napoleon, and from which he had brought back, besides a series of papers published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," under the head of "Six mille lieues à toute vapeur," numerous entomological specimens. Plants and insects failing him in the lateness of the season, he would fall back on geology, which, however, did not prevent him from drawing, writing, and from giving much of his time to a marionette theater, of which I shall speak hereafter.

Mme. Sand and her son devoted themselves fervently to the study of nature; one made this study the basis of scientific works, the other put the same ideas into shape in her novels. "Le Pavé," which was performed at the Gymnase, had its origin in an oölitic block found on a highway of the Berri, while *Antonia* is only a member of the lily family which came to bloom in one of the hothouses of Nohant. It is to this technical acquaintance with nature that Mme. Sand owed one of the great merits of her novels, her accuracy of description. If in certain occurrences she allowed herself to be carried away on the wings of fantasy, she was ever scrupulously exact when describing any particular locality. Her landscapes were not painted with a scene-painter's brush. She was cognizant of what underlay them. "The poet whose song is of the bee will lose nothing by knowing all the details of her organism and her existence," she would most appropriately say, "provided of course that he does not wander into an arid technology. . . . Still, a microscopic examination is the key to the whole." This increasing study, carried on by reading, by exploration, by classifying, etc., took up all her afternoons, with the exception of the time she would scrupulously devote to her mass of correspondence. She answered all letters at once, not only with extreme courtesy, but, in those cases where she was asked to render service or give advice, at length. With difficulty she found time for walking and gardening. It was thus that only the night was left for imaginative work.

This breakfast-table was, at all times, well and abundantly laden, so that guests could drop in unexpectedly. Mme. Sand's whole luxury consisted in boundless hospitality. She herself was rather fond of good eating, and made no secret of it. Seated in the midst of us, clothed in a loose house-dress, which, from the cut of its sleeves, resembled a peplum, she ate heartily, speaking but little. Her silence, her absorbed appearance, the torpor of her look, which did not seem to concentrate itself on anything visible, would at times be a source of anxiety to those who did not know her. In the novel of "Beatrix,"

wherein Beatrix is the portrait of the Comtesse d'Agoult, who wrote under the name of Daniel Stern, and Camille Maupin, that of George Sand, Balzac says of the latter character: "She frightens one by her silence, and by her deep introspective look, with its profound fixity." It is well known that Théophile Gautier, whom a friend had introduced to the hostess of Nohant, was so much oppressed by her continuous silence, from the moment of his arrival, that he decided to return to Paris. It seemed to him that he was an unwelcome guest. "Great heavens!" exclaimed George Sand, in distress, when speaking to the common friend who informed her of her guest's resolution, "you must have forgotten to tell him that I am stupid."

Personally, I was not struck with her reserve to so great an extent as others; on several occasions she waxed truly eloquent in my presence. I can recall a certain outburst of hers against the middle ages, in connection with "La Sorcière" of Michelet, which she was reading at that time. It is true that these flashes, as if of lightning, were of rare occurrence. Most of the time she spoke but little, remaining a kindly listener, and occasionally putting in a few words full of good sense, but without any attempt at brilliancy. She detested discussions. "I fly from an argument," she would say; "for I always get the worst of it, though I be a thousand times in the right." Joking (*blague* as she styled it in student phraseology) was odious to her serious nature. She did not permit anything *risqué* in the conversation, but she would laugh heartily at those jovial little stories, which in France we classify as *plaisanteries de curé*. One wonders what her attitude could have been when present at those wonderful dinners given by the artist world at Magny's. In the salon of Mme. Emile de Girardin ("Delphine Gay"), whither she went occasionally in her younger days, she did not breathe a word, apparently stunned by the profusion of wit around her. The unreal and superficial relations, the conventionalities of which society is so exacting, did not appeal to her, and, at times, she would awkwardly assume rude and unpleasant ways, which were at variance with her remarkable *bonhomie*. To Mme. Charles Reybaud, an amiable writer, who was lavishly praising her novels, she replied with brutal frankness, "I am sorry I cannot return the compliment, madame, for I have never read any of your books."

But how we have traveled from my first breakfast at Nohant, and from the promenade through the grounds that followed it!

Before starting out the hostess donned a pair of heavy overshoes. Usually she was most daintily shod, as a remembrance, doubtless, of

what had been said in times gone by, that of all women in Paris she had the greatest mind and the smallest foot. Her extremely plain gowns were made at home, but her boots were sent to her by a well known bootmaker of the Rue de la Paix. A cloak and a felt hat made up the rest of her costume, and we then went for a stroll under the cedars, whose heavy branches of somber green spread out close to the château, in perfect harmony with the gray tone of its old stones. The façade, with its high roof and gables, detaching its massive form against the leaden sky, did not present a seigniorial appearance, in spite of the name of château given in the heart of France to all residences of a certain importance. The park was really only a garden filled with beautiful trees. Adjoining it was a kitchen-garden, while in the rear of the house was a yard surrounded by out-buildings, and farther off were the woods and fields which then formed part of the estate.

After feeding the birds, which would come to eat out of her very hand, Mme. Sand did the honors of her little hothouse filled with orchids. She was as fond of flowers as of animals. She did not disdain planting and weeding, willingly putting her hands to the soil, her faithful source of inspiration.

After our outdoor inspection, we made an indoor tour. I went over the big house from the attic to the kitchen, where Mme. Sand, who was an expert in the putting up of preserves and in concocting dainty dishes, would sometimes put her skill to the test. I can still see that immense kitchen, which suggested a pretty scene of home life. The servants had just finished their meal, and the several women who, to the exclusion of men, constituted the household at Nohant resembled, with their white *cornettes* and their body-aprons, into which was tucked a fichu, a body of some religious order. On the ground-floor, there was, besides the vestibule, the dining-room, and the capacious private apartments of the young married couple, an immense salon, on entering which one immediately noticed the length of the table which has given its name to the collection of critical essays "Autour de la Table," the outcome of the reading in common which took place around it. Almost every evening during my visit the reading went on, some of us busying ourselves with drawing, others with needlework, each one taking the book in turn. At each end of the room was a piano, one an upright, the other a grand. Mme. Sand, her day over, used to sit down at twilight to one of these instruments, and play the popular melodies of the Berri, fragments of Mozart's or Chopin's compositions, etc. She had talent for all the arts, having, as is well known, sought to earn her livelihood by drawing before she took

to writing as a profession. With her needle she was deft as a fairy. With regard to tapestry and embroidery, a favorite opinion of hers was that there is genius in taste, and that taste represents perhaps the sum total of woman's genius. How many times have I watched the beautiful hands of George Sand actively engaged in stitching together marvelous costumes for her marionettes! All in all, it was a fine country-house drawing-room, light and roomy, its high windows admitting a glimpse of the park. The walls bore some interesting pictures, chiefly a portrait of Aurore von Koenigsmark, George Sand's own great-grandmother; another of her father, Maurice Dupin, in military uniform, and her children by Delacroix.

Everything about Nohant bore a well-to-do appearance, which was not spoiled by any attempt at luxury. The château, with its old furniture, had remained such as it had doubtless been in the days of Mme. Dupin; in many ways George Sand kept alive the traditions of that revered ancestress.¹

Mme. Sand remained in the drawing-room to play "patience" and to smoke cigarettes, while Mme. Maurice took me through her husband's beautiful studio, showing me the closets set apart for his collections of geological specimens, coleoptera, butterflies, and then into attic-rooms, wherein was put away in an orderly fashion all the scenery of the theater which constituted the principal source of amusement at Nohant; then into the marionettes' chamber, where these dolls carved out of wood, painted and dressed by artists' hands, and consequently superior to any known marionettes, were hanging up side by side, to the number of about one hundred, perhaps exchanging those reflections which George Sand has gathered from their lips, and preserved in that pretty fantasy of hers, "*Le Diable aux champs*." Among these personages, Balandard, the star of the company, attracted attention, even in his suspended position, by the most amusing physiognomy; but one had to see him perform to get an idea of his importance. The marionettes, as well as the actors in the flesh, had store-rooms for their costumes and their properties. All this occupied much of the space at Nohant, as it does in her novels, "*Le Château des désertes*," "*L'Homme de neige*," "*Pierre qui roule*," etc., wherein is reflected that passionate fondness for the stage so characteristic of the manners and habits of the Nohant people.

Manceau plied his graving-tool on the first story, where five or six guests' rooms opened out into a long corridor, as is usually the case in old châteaux. The suite of Mme. Sand was composed of several rooms; the big blue room, in which she slept, was filled with mementos of her travels, and with portraits, landscapes, and tokens of friendship. I can recall, looking as a living thing in the midst of all these inanimate objects, a mass of hair under a glass cover, the thick tresses of her who had in part inspired "*Lucrezia Floriani*," Mme. Dorval. The study, which was always highly impregnated with the fragrance of Oriental tobacco, was encumbered with papers and books, all, however, kept in the best of order. The principal article of furniture was a very large oaken writing-table, to which George Sand sat down every night to accomplish an amount of writing determined upon beforehand to the very last page, force of habit having, in her case, rendered inspiration subservient to will. Besides, one could easily comprehend her method of working, when one noticed how she lived absorbed in a thought which did not cease revolving in her mind—a thought which would flow at a given moment. It was sufficient, in order to conceive this, to be a spectator of the perpetual reverie of that thoughtful forehead and of those eyes, whose whole fire seemed introspective, while her ever-active fingers rolled a cigarette, or transposed the cards in a game of "patience." She would surrender herself freely to her family, to her friends, to the incidents of every-day life, but she never ceased to produce. She was constantly ruminating over the material which she gathered in all directions with marvelous intuition and adaptation.

Winter, which barred outdoor excursions, was, more than any other season, consecrated at Nohant to the pleasures of reading and of the stage. We spent the evenings together reading by lamplight the works of Pushkin, and the first stories, already attracting much attention, of a naval officer, poor Henri Rivière, who later was to be killed out in Tonquin under the most tragic circumstances. A discussion arose one day about the latest work of a singularly vapid and dull writer, who had, I know not how, gained the privilege of being introduced to the attentive audience gathered together "*autour de la table*."

"There is no doubt," remarked Mme. Sand, "that all of it is not good to the same degree, but it contains at least a description of Venice

¹Mme. Dupin was the natural daughter of Marshal de Saxe, and married first Count de Horn, and next the fermier-général, Dupin de Francueil, whose father and mother were remarkable for their talents, their wit, and their literary friendships; he had himself been the pupil of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Mme. Sand had

learned from her grandmother many interesting facts concerning that man of genius. She asserted that in his "*Confessions*" Rousseau had falsely accused himself of a theft, a puerile one at the worst, committed in the home of the Dupins.

which pleases me greatly." Several of us agreed with her, albeit we were under the impression that we had already met with this descriptive piece somewhere.

"Egad, I know where!" suddenly exclaimed her son, and off he rushed to the bookshelves to get "*La dernière Aldini*," where, with a feeling of indignation at the plagiarist, we found the very description, which had been copied almost word for word.

"What, is this by me?" Mme. Sand repeated, astounded and startled. "I had no idea of it. After all, it is really not so bad."

She never read her earlier works a second time, unless compelled to, and she had almost forgotten them all, for as fast as she finished one of her books, she gave herself up entirely to the production of the next. Every ten or fifteen years she would renew her acquaintance with them, and, as a rule, they did not afford her any great satisfaction. Never was any modesty more sincere than hers; no human being was ever less self-conscious. She was naively sensitive to encomium, because she felt the need of sympathy, but the only value she set upon the gift of the creative faculty, of the inexhaustible fecundity which was hers in a special manner, was that it constituted a precious way by which she could as she said "*sortir d'elle-même*" (wander out of herself). From time to time she would roughly outline the features of a play, the scenes of which were just indicated in order to leave a fair and open field to the caprices of the actors.

I was very soon invited to applaud Balandard in one of his great parts. A parody of a romantic drama, "*Gaspardo le pêcheur*," was improvised by the marionettes of Nohant, with musical accompaniment, songs, and even dancing. A certain ballet at the court of Ferrara performed by these legless individuals, who were set a-going by the insertion of a finger in the head and one in each of the arms, made Mme. Sand go into convulsions of laughter. She most enjoyed this sort of childish fun. Maurice and Cadol acted as stage-managers of the little company, and, on the evening in question, they discovered some bright sayings and never-before-heard-of incidents for benefit of the little actors. Balandard was several times recalled to bow his thanks to the audience, and he wound up his performance with his standing joke, "I am the tailor who has brought you his little bill." This part of a tailor had, in a certain play, marked the acme of his success, and so he took care to remind you of it on every opportunity. But one was not content, during my stay, with the mere repertory of the marionettes. The great theater at Nohant, whose stage had been honored by Mme. Arnould-Plessy, Bocage,

Thiron, and many other famous actors, gave for my special amusement a rustic comedy, which later on was produced at the Vaudeville under the name of "*Les Don Juans de village*," and which was then known as "*Jean le Rebâteux*." Friends from La Châtre, and the countryfolk from the neighborhood, received invitations. I played leading lady, and I must in all humility confess that I alone did badly, while all the other actors were excellent. These actors, most of them experienced ones, were: Maurice Sand, Alexandre Manceau, Edouard Cadol, and a young comic actor named Clerh, who had just come to Nohant on a visit, and who was to achieve distinction later on the boards of the Odéon. Mme. Maurice played with captivating grace the part of a country lass. Marie Caillaud seemed to live hers, for she had only to be herself. A young carpenter from the village gave me my cues in a scene, which seemed to me a very difficult one, and in which he played a hundred times better than I did.

THE house at Nohant, during the time of my sojourn there, was an industrious beehive. Mme. Sand was engaged in writing "*Mlle. La Quintinie*," a philosophical retort to the catholic "*Histoire de Sibylle*," which Octave Feuillet had just given to the world. Her son was putting the finishing touches to a narrative of adventure wherein fact and fiction were blended, "*Raoul de La Châtre*." Edouard Cadol was revising his comedy of "*Germaine*," in which he made his theatrical début with Mlle. Pierson, then in all the splendor of her beauty, as interpreter of the title-rôle. As for me, I wrote four or five hours a day, and it seemed to me that the novel of which I had brought with me the opening pages was progressing admirably in the midst of such favorable surroundings. Later on, Mme. Sand perused it, and her criticisms of it are still fresh in my memory. She said to me concerning this novel, which appeared many years later under the title of "*Le veuvage d'Aline*," in so remodeled a form as to be unrecognizable:

I find a great many good qualities in it, and it shows especially that you have a future before you, if you devote your mind to a broad way of your own in looking at things, if you stock your mind with many ideas and different subjects of knowledge, without losing your individuality. I do not say to you, and I never will say to you: Think and see with me. I say to you: See things from your own point of view, but be sure to know well how you see them, and then fall in with that way of seeing as long as you remain of opinion that it is the best. Individuality is what is lacking in most productions of the mind, whether of a literary or of a critical nature. Your age has its individuality just as mine has, with this difference,

that at your age one does not know one's self sufficiently well to express in words the process of one's thoughts. I can feel this inevitable wavering throughout your narrative. Your characters revolve before you impregnated with the magic attraction which they have in your imagination, and you have not sufficiently resolved to disapprove such and such a one, nor to become the apologist of others. For lack of a determined line of action, and of an opinion grounded in your innermost conclusion, you are in consequence running counter to your goal, and you are not logical enough in the treatment of your subject. I beg you will pay heed that I am not outlining any theory for you to follow, and that if I find things so, I fully recognize your right to see them in a different light. But it is absolutely necessary that the *in spite of* and the *wherefore* be clearly deduced from any and every subject. One may be fond of such or such a character, *in spite of* or *because*, but it needs must be the one or the other, from the beginning to the very end. What an amount of pedantic talk with regard to a thing of the imagination! Nevertheless, I venture to say to you, that the more there is of caprice in art, the more does logic become necessary. I have doubtless often neglected following this precept; but do as I preach, and not as I do, for the precept may prove to be an absolute truth, while the example is only relatively true.

I feel sure that I am not altering a word of this advice, for I find it again and again in the correspondence which was to pass between us later on. She writes to me:

Do not allow yourself to be persuaded by the opinion of certain flighty critics that one is not in need of a belief and of an opinion of one's own in order to write, and that it is sufficient to reflect facts and forms in mirror-like fashion. No, this is contrary to truth; the reader becomes attached only to the writer who has an *individuality*; whether this individuality is agreeable or antagonistic to him, he feels that he has to reckon with a person and not with an instrument. . . . In the author himself must be the justice and the moral sentiment which permeate his narrative.

Theories like the above are far removed from that impersonality wherein the writers of naturalistic novels glory; but those even who find them out of date will be considerably struck, I believe, with the perfect good faith of Mme. Sand.

In a letter which she wrote to me on March 6, 1863, she recurs to the matter.

Read me understandingly, and, as says a character in Cadol's play, *do not tell me that I say what I do not say*. I have strongly dwelt on the point that it is not sufficient to play the mirror's part, but that it is necessary one should be the steady hand which holds it; and I have shown to you the disadvantage of separating from the narrative one's own judgment, one's own notions.

Elsewhere I find her saying to me:

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You ask me to make a list for you of such books as you ought to read. Were I concerned, I would boldly begin the study of history from its very beginning, for the proper study of man is the history of mankind.

Richly endowed as was George Sand, she had read a great deal, and from her readings she had acquired an extensive knowledge which in no way detracted from her originality; for, as she expressed herself, things did not remain with her in the distinct form in which she had received them, but had taken fresh shape while revolving in her mind. Nothing would so excite her indignation as the *laissez aller* of those would-be geniuses who trust to their own inspiration alone—she would have shrugged her shoulders with contempt at the *intuitivisme* of the present day. She would say over and over again that art is not a gift which dispenses with culture; that the lack of solid worth which is characteristic of so many productions of the pen is due to defective studies; that a mind will never be rightly molded if it has not triumphed over the difficulties of all kinds of labor which exact a tension of the will; in other words, that one should be thoroughly familiar with the art of fencing before taking hold of a sword. Hence her advice was to delve into history, natural sciences, and philosophy, and much more before one trusted one's self to the resources of imagination.

It will, perhaps, surprise those who recall the kind of priest-hatred to which she has given vent in her earlier writings to learn that she entertained a deep feeling of respect for the religious convictions of others. On the occasion of her counseling me to read the "*Histoire de France*," by Henri Martin, she wrote to me:

This work has been written from an elevated and advanced standpoint, but from a wise one, and one which will not upset your beliefs whatever they may be; it will merely cause you to look into them and to sound them, with the result of either preserving them untouched or modifying them. For, after all, if I have at times expressed before you somewhat outspoken views, I have perhaps been in the wrong. And you will see in the novel of "*Mlle. La Quintinie*," that I have tried to show a calmer attitude in my writing than in my speech. It is not well to pass too quickly from one belief to another. It has taken me thirty years to find again in philosophy the firm beliefs which I had formerly in dogmatic teachings, and I find myself much more religiously inclined than ever I was; but I have gone through the torture of fearful doubts, and I would not like to see you succumb to them; it is terrible suffering, and a terrible danger.

I do not see how it would be possible to spare in a more touching manner a young

soul liable to be easily impressed. Let us follow George Sand in this rôle of mentor, which for my benefit she played with so much delicacy and with such scrupulous care.

While staying with us, you read "Jane Gray," by M. Dargaud. Toward the end of the work there is an admirable chapter on philosophy in general. It is somewhat superfluous, but the author felt the want of making his declaration of faith.¹ Well, then, this declaration of faith will serve for my own and for that of many other people who have wrestled with these questions all their lives. The chapter is a beautiful one, and sums it all up in some twenty pages, which I urge upon you to peruse; then ask of yourself whether it seems to you truth or otherwise. You will already have taken thus a footstep toward reflection. If it be true, then it furnishes a ruling principle for the mind, one with which everything will be in accord, thoughts, studies, the study of the soul, and consequently that of the human heart, and consequently also the work of fiction, which is nothing but philosophy placed within everybody's reach, and demonstrated by facts. If from your point of view it be not true, you must go elsewhere in quest of your faith, but you must not suffer your soul to remain void of a faith, for talent is not developed in an empty soul. Talent may for a while agitate itself feverishly in such a soul, but it will perforce take its flight from it or die out. . . .

Still counseling the necessity of creating for one's self an inner physiognomy, Mme. Sand went on to say:

You have only to will it. I will with all my heart help you in your search after your own self, but without any desire to inflict my way of seeing things, if you of yourself do not view them in the same light. I thoroughly believe that on certain points we are thus far greatly in accord: God, a God who knows us, whom we can love, to whom we can pray, and who, while being all things, is also himself, and wishes to see us be ourselves. An active, honest, courageous and unselfish life; the duty of enlightening and of elevating our soul, which of course is immortal, and which will survive us with the consciousness of itself. No hell! Infinite mercy in the necessary law of progres-

¹ The declaration is one of ardent spiritualism.

sion. Expiatory punishments for the souls which have failed to recognize their own divinity; a more rapid progression toward God for those who have greatly striven after good. I do not think that I have so far given offense to anything essentially Christian.

My long correspondence with George Sand was a source from which I drew courage for a number of years. The death of my step-father inspired her with an exquisite page of farewell, to be found in that portion of the "Nouvelles lettres d'un voyageur" devoted to "the friends that have passed away." At this time, conveying to me the offer of introductions to Girardin, Buloz, Hetzel, and Sainte-Beuve, she says:

It is a difficult and even a terrible thing, my poor child, these beginnings in the literary field, for a woman; . . . yet I have faith in your future. At the age of twenty I could certainly not have produced what you are doing. My ideas were in so chaotic a state that I could never have gotten them into shape. Hence do I tell you to have courage, even if you have to wait several years for your day of victory.

Every production of my pen would call forth from her a letter which, at times, showed a too marked partiality in the judgment she passed on the work, although she made pretense of speaking to me unreservedly, and without heeding my feelings; while again, an observation pregnant with suggestion, a mere interrogation, would constitute the most judicious criticism, by which I hope to have profited. She caused me to look forward to success with a confidence that was sincere and contagious; again and again did she overwhelm me with friendly introductions to publishers and to newspapers — introductions "which are of no value" (so she would say herself), "but which keep your hopes from dying out, and which are a help to a timid beginner." And so it is that she will forever be numbered by me among the good genii who watched over the birth of my literary career — the career of a writer of idealistic fiction, a pupil, so to speak, of her teaching.

Th. Bentzon.



GUITTONE D'AREZZO.

"THE COLUMBUS OF THE SONNET."

HIS was a little bark for happy seas,
A graceful shallop fit for Love's fair freight,
Not burdened by a sorrow's lightest weight,
And sailed with pennons flying in the breeze.
He dreamed not of the brave ones who should please
To take his craft, and sail beyond the gate
Of his bright bay, out on the main to fate,
'Neath wild and wintry Northern skies; for these
Guittone knew not. He was wise in lore
Learned by the Arno, by the ebb and flow
Of little waves upon a tideless shore.
Gay was his song as summer winds that blow,
And free his music as the sweep of oar
Only the laughing Tuscan boatmen know.

Minna Smith.

THE PAST.

O YE that pine for the vanished years, as pined
Odysseus for one glimpse of Hellas more;
That toward them lean, as toward their fading shore
Poor exiles unto earth's far ends consigned —
Lean to reclaim some echo which, confined,
Bird-like shall sing in memory's mournful door,—
Know this: life's earlier land lies on before —
Not over widening seasons far behind!
And we shall find it in the great To Be.
It lapses not away, as to our eyes
Doth seem, but swiftly and forever nears!
As brave Magellan who sailed the uncharted sea,
Full circling earth, saw his home shores arise,
So shall we come again on our lost, happy years!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

AT GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

H ERE was the ancient strand, the utmost reach,
Of the great Northern ice-wave; hitherto
With its last pulse it mounted, then withdrew,
Leaving its fringe of wreckage on the beach:
Boulder and pebble and sand-matrix—each
From crag or valley ravished; scanty clue
To its old site affording in its new,
Yet real, as the men of science teach.
Life hath not less its terminal moraine:
Look how on that discharged from melting snows
Another rears itself, the spoil of plain
And mountain also, marked by stones in rows,
With legend meet for such promiscuous pain:
Hier rests—Hier ruhet—or Ici repose.

Wendell P. Garrison.

MILITARY INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

AN OPEN LETTER BY EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.



RESOLUTIONS were adopted on August 4, 1893, by Lafayette Post (New York) of the Grand Army of the Republic, in which ground was taken in favor of military instruction in public and private schools. A committee consisting of Messrs. E. L. Zalinski, Floyd Clarkson, and Joseph J. Little suggested that resolutions be submitted to the Twenty-seventh Annual Encampment of the Grand Army in behalf of the Post. This was done, and these resolutions were adopted by the Grand Army as follows:

WHEREAS, The policy of the United States in maintaining a small standing army leaves the defense of the country in time of war to rest upon hasty levies of volunteers; and

WHEREAS, The rapidity with which wars progress in modern times has reduced the time available for the instruction of such levies to a very brief period; and

WHEREAS, The Grand Army of the Republic recognizes the importance of making adequate provision for the formation of an effective force which will, after its members have passed away, fill the places which they once occupied in the ranks of the defenders of our country; and

WHEREAS, This force, under the peculiar institutions of this country, can best be obtained by giving to the youths at school a preliminary military training which they will carry through life, and which will be of substantial benefit to them, physically and mentally, in the pursuits of peace; and it is therefore desirable that all American youths should receive military instruction at the earliest practicable age; and

WHEREAS, The Grand Army of the Republic has been foremost in the patriotic work of inculcating a spirit of loyalty and devotion to our flag and country; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the members of the Grand Army of the Republic cordially indorse the language of Comrade Benjamin Harrison, addressed to the National Association of Teachers, that "the strength and defense of our institutions, not only in peace but in war, is to be found in the young of the land who have received from the lips of patriotic teachers the story of the sacrifice which our fathers made to establish our civil institutions, and which their sons have repeated on hundreds of battle-fields. The organized army of the United States, even if we include the militia of the States, is of insignificant proportions when put in contrast with the armies of the other great powers of the world. Our strength is not in these: it is in the great reserve to be found in the instructed young of our land, who come to its defense in time of peril."

RESOLVED, That this Twenty-seventh Annual National Encampment is of the opinion that the Grand Army of the Republic takes a deep interest in all efforts to provide for the future defense of the country, and that it recommends an organized effort to impress upon the various Municipal, State, and National authorities the advisability of the adoption of a system by which scholars attending the public and private schools, as well as the high schools and colleges, shall receive instruction in military matters, and to impress upon the rising generation of the country the fact that, as American citizens, it is their duty to bring to the defense of their country, in its need, the education which they may have received in this particular in their youthful days.

RESOLVED, That it is the recommendation of this National Encampment that the Department Commanders give especial attention to the accomplishment of this object through a staff officer, and that the Posts in the various cities, towns, and villages, by committees, public meetings, and other means, give their earnest coöperation and support in securing necessary legislative, municipal, and school-board action, as well as to obtain, where required, national aid by provision of arms, equipments, and instructors.

On account of the above reference to ex-President Harrison, the Editor of THE CENTURY communicated with Mr. Harrison, and asked him whether he had anything to say further, publicly, as to the expediency of the proposed plan; and in reply the following communication has been received for publication:



YOU ask my opinion of the suggestion of Lafayette Post, G. A. R., of New York city, that military instruction and drill be used in all schools for boys. It is good in every aspect of it—good for the boys, good for the schools, and good for the country. A free, erect, graceful carriage of the body is an acquisition and a delight. It has a value in commerce, as well as in war. Arms and legs are distressing appendages to a boy under observation, until he has been taught the use of them in repose. The chin is too neighborly with the chest, and the eyes find the floor too soon; they need to have the fifteen paces marked off. The sluggish need to be quickened, and the quick taught to stand, the wilful to have no will, and all to observe fast. The disputatious need to learn that there are conditions where debate is inadmissible; the power and beauty there is in a company—moved by one man and as one man. Athletic sports have their due, perhaps undue, attention in most of the colleges and high schools; but in the graded schools, within my observation, exercise is casual and undirected. None of these exercises or sports is, however, a substitute for military drill; and some of them create a new need for it. A good oarsman need not be erect or graceful; a good arm and plenty of wind meet his needs. The champion "cyclist" is not apt to have square shoulders. The foot-ball captain is so padded that a safe judgment can hardly be formed as to his natural "lines"; but a good leg and momentum seem to me—a non-expert—to be his distinctive marks. In base-ball the pitcher seems, to an occasional observer, to have parted with all his natural grace to endow the curved ball.

A military drill develops the whole man, head, chest, arms, and legs, proportionately; and so promotes symmetry, and corrects the excesses of other forms of exercise. It teaches quickness of eye and ear, hand and foot; qualifies men to step and act in unison; teaches subordination; and, best of all, qualifies a man to serve his country. The flag now generally floats above the school-house; and what more appropriate than that the boys should be instructed in the defense of it? It will not lower

their grade-marks in their book recitations, I am sure. If rightly used, it will wake them up, make them more healthy, develop their pride, and promote school order. In the Centennial parades in New York, in April, 1889, the best marching I saw was that of some of your school children. The alignment of the company front was better than that of the regulars or of the Seventh Regiment.

If all the school-boys of the North had, from 1830 on, been instructed in the schools of the soldier and of the company, and in the manual of arms, how much precious time would have been saved in organizing the Union army in 1861. We were in a very low state, as a people, in military knowledge and training when the great civil war broke out. Volunteers in plenty, but few soldiers. I very well remember how hard it was for me to learn which was the right of the company, and to understand why it continued to be the right when the right about had made it the left; and how we had, in 1862, to send to a distant city to find a drill-master competent to instruct the company officers, not one of whom could go through the manual of arms; and how the regiment, after a few half-learned lessons in the company drill, was sent to the seat of war with guns which they had never loaded or fired. Fortunately, the men had the American adaptability and quickness, and our adversary only a little better preparation. It will not be safe to allow war to come upon us again in that state, for war's pace has greatly quickened, and the arms of precision now in use call for a trained soldier. Under our system we will never have a large standing army, and our strength and safety are in a general dissemination of military knowledge and training among the people. What the man and citizen ought to know in order to the full discharge of his duty to his country should be imparted to the boy. Nothing will so much aid to enlarge our State militia, and to give it efficiency and character, as the plan proposed. The military taste and training acquired in the school will carry our best young men into the militia organizations, and make those organizations reliable conservators of public order, and ready and competent defenders of the national honor.

Benjamin Harrison.



November 3, 1893.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The New "Abolition."

IF the spoils system is not good enough for any part of the army, or the navy, or the life-saving service, it is not good enough for any part of the consular service, or the postal service, or the treasury service, or the civil service in general. The spoils system makes the "boodler" and the "boss"; it creates the "ring" and the corrupt and blackmailing "machine," elegantly termed by itself the "organization." It is illogical, undemocratic, feudal, cruel. It makes corrupt officials, tempts good men to their ruin, degrades our politics, interferes with the proper performance of the public business, in the form of "patronage" disturbs and defeats parties, and is a constant menace to free institutions.

The spoils system is actively and clamorously sustained by only a fraction of the population — with some exceptions the least disinterested and useful members of society. It is despised by the most patriotic citizens, and is unequivocally condemned by the conscience of the country. It is being gradually limited by executive action and by legislation. All who are sensitive to the currents of opinion are aware of the fact that the legal limitation proceeds much too slowly to keep pace with the best sentiment of the community. The country is ripe for the complete reform than some of our public men believe. The Abolition is bound to come; those who bring it will be honored; those who delay it will be condemned. Parties and statesmen can make no more fatal mistake than to underestimate the force of an aroused public conscience.

Some national administration, in the near future, may be willing to distinguish itself, and render a signal and everlasting service to the cause of good government, by carrying the reform to the utmost possible limit. The deed once done, it would be accepted as no less inevitable, humane, and just — as scarcely less an incident of human progress — than the emancipation of the slaves by Abraham Lincoln. It would, indeed, be a new and almost universally welcomed emancipation.

But whether or not the power of the executive shall thus be exerted in this direction, the abolition of the spoils system will soon be imperatively demanded by the people of the United States. For the evils fostered by it have become too heavy to be borne, and there are not wanting signs that the honest citizens of the country are becoming impatient and determined in their demand for this new and most necessary Abolition.

A movement has just been initiated by the National Civil Service Reform League which is intended to make effective the general sentiment of the country against the spoils system, by means of a gigantic popular association, extending over the entire Union. The new movement is designed to hold up the hands of all those in office who truly believe in and support the reform, and to extend the benefits of the merit system throughout our Federal, State, and municipal offices. Every disinterested citizen and lover of good government will wish this new crusade God-speed.

The Other Side of the Silver Question.

IN accordance with its controlling desire to be fair to all, and to give a hearing to both sides of a contro-

versy, THE CENTURY devotes a good amount of space in its "Open Letters" for this month to a spokesman of the Colorado side of the silver question. We shall enter upon no systematic reply to this spokesman, Mr. C. S. Thomas, not because his arguments are unworthy of such consideration, but because most of them will be undergoing the test of experience by the time this magazine reaches the public.

We are truly surprised at the contention that we must have dropped to the silver standard because for more than three years past the Government has not had sufficient gold with which to redeem its silver certificates, has not had since it resumed specie payments sufficient gold to give in exchange for its silver dollars. Does the writer mean to assert that a redemption fund, or a reserve fund, must be equal in amount, dollar for dollar, to the outstanding circulation in order to be of use in preserving the standard of value? That can hardly be possible. The use of a reserve is to enable the Government to pay gold for silver, silver certificates, and other forms of currency on demand. It is never presumed that all the outstanding circulation will be presented for redemption at once. As a matter of fact, so long as the credit of the Government remains unshaken, nobody demands gold for silver and notes except for use in foreign trade, and for other inconsiderable purposes. The great mass of the people are content with paper money, like it better, indeed, than coin, and have no wish to exchange it for gold.

No government or banking institution could be conducted on the basis of being able at all times to redeem in gold all its circulating medium. It carries a redemption fund only for use in emergencies, and bases the greater part of its circulating medium upon its credit. The reason why the United States government was able to keep \$813,000,000 in circulation on a gold basis with only \$100,000,000 for a redemption fund was because the people believed, not that it had a gold dollar in the Treasury for every silver dollar or silver note outside, or needed to have it, but that the Government had the ability and the resources with which to redeem every dollar with gold in case it were put to the necessity of doing so. If we had reached the point, which we were approaching, where the gold reserve got so low that the demands for gold in foreign trade could not be met, then we should have passed to the silver basis at once, and gold would have gone to a premium.

When the reserve fund of \$100,000,000 was authorized, about fifteen years ago, it was accumulated as a guarantee for the redemption of about \$350,000,000 in greenbacks. This was a proportion of only about 30 per cent. of reserve to circulation, and it was not claimed by anybody that the gold basis was endangered by that fact. At the present writing the proportion has been reduced to only ten per cent., but it has been sufficient to keep the country on the gold basis because of the people's faith in the credit of the Government.

We are not disposed to continue with Mr. Thomas the debate as to the interpretation of the law about the redemption of silver coin or certificates in gold. The decisions of President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle on that point not only became the policy of the Government, but saved the country from the threatened descent to the silver standard. Upon that point there is no difference of opinion in the financial and commer-

cial world. Neither are we disposed to continue the discussion, fully treated by us on former occasions, as to the alleged appreciation in value of gold, and as to the supply of gold in the world being sufficient for the transaction of business. The repeal of the silver purchase law has taken these questions out of the field of speculative inquiry, and put them into the field of actual experience. The whole world will know before long whether or not gold has so appreciated in value as to be undesirable as a standard and as a medium of exchange, and it will soon find out also whether the supply is adequate or not. It is sufficient to say now, at the outset of the experiment of conducting the business of the world on the gold standard, that the leading nations of the world have entered upon it, one after another, by a great law of evolution, each reaching the conclusion by itself that no other standard so well meets the demands of trade and commerce. If in coming to this conclusion the leading nations of the world have been individually and collectively wrong in the deductions which they have drawn from their own experience, while the few opponents of those deductions in this and other countries alone are right, then a wonderful thing has happened in the history of the human race. If there has been arranged and carried out a "conspiracy" of the whole world to "degrade silver," and to adopt a monetary system which is foredoomed to failure because adopted either through ignorance or malice, the event is more wonderful still. Never before did the whole world unite in a conspiracy against its own welfare.

The Army and the Forest Reserves.

So much has been written of recent years to warn the country of the rapid inroads made upon the public forests by the natural demands of commerce, aggravated by greed and ignorance, that it would seem needless iteration to call attention to the fact that, in the opinion of our own best authorities, and of foreign experts who have recently revisited us, there is more than a danger—there is almost a certainty—of a national timber famine, unless it be avoided by prompt and vigorous measures. In February last a first step toward a wise policy was taken by President Harrison and Secretary Noble, in reserving from private entry large tracts of non-agricultural forest lands of high altitude in the West—in all some ten millions of acres—with the triple object of preserving great scenery, of defending important forests against private encroachment and destruction, and of conserving the sources of water supply. The hearty and general approval which this policy has met from Californians is sufficient proof of its wisdom and timeliness, and indicates that whatever objections may be urged by those who profit by present opportunities for private gain at public expense, the people may be relied upon to support the most vigorous measures that may be adopted to meet the requirements of the situation.

Meantime the immediate duty devolves upon Congress to devise some permanent system of timber-preservation and of timber-culture. The bill of Mr. McRae of Arkansas, chairman of the Public Lands Committee of the House of Representatives, is a step in this direction. Its object is to establish a more efficient control of the forest reservations, and to provide funds for

their defense from the sale, to the highest bidder, of timber-cutting permits, now to be obtained without cost by the favor of the Secretary of the Interior. One clause of the bill authorizes the Secretary of War to make such detail of troops for the purpose of protecting these reservations as the Secretary of the Interior may require. The whole measure is understood to have the support of the Interior Department.

But this measure, however useful it may be in itself, and in awakening the torpid sentiment of Congress and the public, is very far from a complete solution of the problem. What is needed at the earliest possible moment is a settled, intelligent, far-reaching, scientific system looking to the management of all the public forests in the public interest. First of all, instead of waiting for the proposal of separate forest reserves, the Administration should lose no time in considering what lands are left that may properly and profitably be so included. The great scenery should all be reserved for the people, and not left to fall into the hands of individuals. Any one who has observed how the Ohio and Mississippi valleys have suffered from forest denudation will not think this proposition premature. The next consideration should be how to guard and cultivate what shall thus be reserved. In a recent conversation of half a dozen persons who have given much attention to the subject, it was unanimously taken for granted that, in some way or other, effective control would be likely to be reached only through military supervision. This conviction is confirmed by the admirable management of the Yellowstone and Yosemite National Parks, which are in charge of officers of the army and patrolled by United States soldiers—in contrast to the conduct of the smaller Yosemite reservation by Boards of State Commissioners, which has not only been for years and is now a local scandal, but has awakened the official protest of no fewer than three special agents of the Land Office, as shown by Secretary Noble's report of December 29, 1892, to the Senate.

Professor Charles S. Sargent, the well-known authority on American forests, has made an interesting suggestion, in "Garden and Forest," of a permanent system which may well employ the attention of legislators. It comprises substantially the following features:

1. Forestry instruction at West Point: The establishment of a chair of forestry at the United States Military Academy, to be supplemented by practical study in the woods and by personal inspection of foreign systems of forestry.
2. An experimental forest reservation: the purchase on the Highlands near West Point (or elsewhere) of a small territory for the use of the proposed new branch of instruction.
3. Control by educated officers: the assignment of the best educated of these officers to the supervision of the forest reservations.
4. The enlistment of a forest guard: a body of local foresters, to be specially enlisted for the purpose of carrying out the principles of forestry thus taught.

In our opinion there is much to commend in this plan. The permanence, fidelity, and independence of the army; the need of more avenues of activity for graduates of West Point; the honorable and useful character of the work; the demonstrated failure of local control of national reservations, and the pressing need of scientific instruction as a *sine quid non* of success—these

considerations all argue strongly for this plan. It rests upon those who would reject the suggestion to show wherein it would be bettered, either by the transference of the territory to the Agricultural Department, as has been proposed, or by its retention in the present dual control of the Interior and War departments—a plan which, though temporarily advantageous, is likely to break down before the first considerable demand for military forces for other service.

Bible Exploration, Past and to Come.

THE significant feature of modern Bible study and biblical research is the independence of the several divisions of which it consists. Professor Moulton has recently shown how distinct the literary study of the Bible is from biblical exegesis in the common acceptance of the term. Equally distinct are the historical and archaeological phases; though it is to be noted that the study of the political and social conditions prevailing at the various periods of ancient Palestinian history follows closely in the wake of the advance that has been achieved through the researches of modern scholars in our knowledge of the manner in which the books comprising the Old and New Testaments assumed their present shape.

Travels in the East, and explorations conducted during the past decades, have imparted a fresh stimulus to what may comprehensively be termed biblical archaeology. Through the activity of the Palestine exploration societies of England and of Germany many a site prominent in biblical times has been definitely identified, and a much clearer grasp has been obtained of the physical geography—that indispensable factor in the solution of the many problems that confound the historian. The position of Palestine, wedged in the great area of ancient culture, accounts for the abundance of light that has also been shed upon the customs, traditions, and events of her past by the recovery of ancient records and monuments exhumed from the soil of Mesopotamia, Egypt, and Syria. Palestine paid the penalty for her position by being constantly menaced in her political independence. Hebrew supremacy in Palestine is comprised within a period of five hundred years, at either end of which lies a rivalry for control between Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, and the principalities of Syria. On the other hand, the close contact into which the inhabitants of Palestine were brought with surrounding states proved fertile, and it is especially in the case of the Hebrew people that the traces of foreign influence extending into the domain of religious ideas and rites have been clearly brought out through the extension of our knowledge of the ancient world.

There are several reasons why the bearings of the Assyrian and Babylonian monuments on the Old Testament occupy the first place in respect to prominence and importance. The article published in this number of *THE CENTURY* sets forth the more significant phases of these bearings. Egypt, too, has contributed many an interesting chapter to biblical archaeology. True, of the sojourn of Hebrew clans in Egypt only the faintest traces have as yet been met with—so faint as to remain for the present outside of the pale of popular exposition; but for an earlier period a recent find made in Egypt has furnished material of a most re-

markable character. By the merest accident, some peasants, while rummaging the ruins at El-Amarna, about 100 miles to the south of Cairo, struck upon several hundred clay tablets inscribed in the cuneiform characters of Babylonia. El-Amarna stands on the site of a city founded by Amenophis IV. in the fifteenth century before this era, and the tablets comprise, among other things, the reports and communications of this monarch's officials stationed along the coast of Phenicia and in the interior, or Palestine proper. The whole district was at that time tributary to Egypt, having been wrested after a long struggle out of the hands of Babylonian rulers, who had exercised a certain measure of control over it for several centuries previous. Through these archives a remarkable picture is obtained of the political and social conditions prevailing in Palestine before the Exodus. Many of the places that afterward were closely bound up with the fortunes of the Hebrew people are already in existence. Sidon is there, and also Tyre and Gaza, Lachish in the interior, and, strangest of all, Jerusalem appears, 500 years before King David, as a center of political activity with its garrison and its governor.

Following El-Amarna comes the account of excavations at a mound in northern Syria, which, besides affording a view of one of the numerous principalities that divided the region in the eighth century B. C., contribute largely to our knowledge of biblical days, though chiefly in illustration of the language and script of the Hebrews. In Palestine itself, beginnings have been made toward securing the treasures of the past that the soil unquestionably holds. Besides some sporadic efforts, systematic excavations have been conducted during the past two years at Tel-el-Hesi, the site of the ancient Lachish, and the finding of a tablet there dating, like those of El-Amarna, from the fifteenth century B. C., may be regarded as an index of what may be expected when once the lowest stratum of the towns of Palestine shall be thoroughly explored. Lachish is only a few miles distant from Jerusalem. Will it ever be possible for the explorer to attack the most interesting of all ancient sites? The amicable relations existing between this country and Turkey place us in a favorable position for the successful issue of negotiations conducted with this end in view. In such a case the discoveries of the past bid fair to be eclipsed by those of the future.

Now for Free Art!

THIS is the moment when every art institution and association in the country, every enlightened journal, and every person who appreciates and loves art, should urge Congress, through the nearest congressman, to strike from our tariff laws the barbarity of a tax upon the introduction of art into America. That the newest of the great nations, the one least equipped artistically, the one most needing the example and culture of art in its homes, schools, and manufactures, should be the one to stand at the ports of entry with a club in its hand to beat back the very thing we most require, is a reproach to American intelligence and a disgrace to our legislators. The lesson of the World's Fair will have been in great part lost unless it teaches our lawmakers the necessity of removing a tax which is an ignorant and brutal clog upon national progress.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Silver Side of the Question.¹

AT a crisis in the affairs of ancient Athens, one of her greatest citizens consented to be struck provided he might also be heard. The sincerity of his motive was demonstrated by such a proposition, and without imposing the condition, his aggressive adversary became at once an earnest auditor. To listen was to be persuaded, and the wisdom of Themistocles prevailed.

Within the year *THE CENTURY* has on more than one occasion very ably attacked what is commonly called "the silver question." Its editorials have commanded applause and attention. Their influence is justly extensive, and we, whose faith in the virtues of bimetalism imposes upon us the duty of defending it, may be pardoned if we ask to be heard, even though we may not be able to convince. A great problem can be properly solved only after exhaustive investigation; and if those who are opposed to the financial views of *THE CENTURY* are in error, nothing will reveal the fact more clearly than discussion.

With permission, then, I shall call attention as briefly as I can to some of the assertions contained in the May and September editorials, entitled respectively "Two Values of the Silver Dollar," and "A Word Further as to Gold and Silver."

The first assumes to be an answer to this proposition: "Why, if a 66-cent dollar will buy only 66 cents, worth of goods, can we go into any store in the land, and, laying down five silver dollars, as readily get five dollars' worth of goods as if we had offered a five-dollar gold piece?" Stated concisely, the answer which *THE CENTURY* gives to this query is that the country is on the gold standard, that the credit of the Government is behind every silver dollar, that it will exchange gold dollars for them upon demand, and that it is the knowledge of its ability to do this which keeps silver coin of equal value with gold. But this, says *THE CENTURY*, the Government is able to do only so long as the silver coinage is limited, or the supply of gold is sufficient to meet all demands upon it. When it can no longer exchange silver for gold dollars, "the drop to the silver standard must come with astounding suddenness," and that, of course, would mean the circulation of our coined silver at its commodity value.

If this answer, and the reasons for it, are correctly given, it must follow that we have already "dropped to the silver standard"; for the Government has not, and since the resumption of specie payments never has had, sufficient gold to give in exchange for its silver dollars, silver certificates, and other legal tenders. For more than three years past it has not had sufficient gold with which to redeem its silver certificates alone.

On June 30, 1890, the Government's stock of gold coin and bullion, less gold certificates outstanding, was \$190,232,404; on June 30, 1891, \$117,667,723; on June 30, 1892, \$114,342,367; on January 1, 1893, \$121,266,663. Against these sums stood, 1890, silver coin and bullion, \$49,504,543, plus certificates, \$297,210,043; 1891, silver coin and bullion, \$91,997,826,

plus certificates, \$307,364,148, plus Treasury notes, \$40,462,165; 1892, silver coin and bullion, \$121,202,313, plus certificates, \$326,880,803, plus Treasury notes, \$98,051,657; 1893, silver coin and bullion, \$140,334,507, plus certificates, \$322,035,011, plus Treasury notes, \$122,039,656.

The figures for gold as given above of course include the \$100,000,000 reserve, said to be kept on hand exclusively for the redemption of \$346,000,000 of greenbacks (the retirement of which is prohibited by law), and the depletion of which reserve is regarded with such horror by all "sound" financiers. The small margin between that sum and the totals given is all that has been available for use since June 30, 1890 (without going back further), in exchange for hundreds of millions of silver dollars and certificates. Indeed, it affirmatively appears in the May editorial that the Government has outstanding "legal tenders and promises amounting to \$813,000,000, for which there is a redemption fund of only \$100,000,000" in gold. In the face of these facts it seems difficult to understand how the Government can be able, or how the public can imagine it to be able, to exchange our silver coin and silver certificates, or either of them, for gold. It could not do so if it would; and yet we have not "dropped to a silver standard with astounding suddenness" (or otherwise), "at the very first whisper that the Government could no longer exchange silver dollars for gold dollars." It follows that the reason assigned for the existence of the conditions suggested by the query is unsound.

The country is not on the gold standard, nor has it been since February 21, 1878. The Bland-Allison Act expressly declares that the silver dollars as coined thereunder "shall be a legal tender at their nominal value for all debts and dues public and private except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract." The Sherman Act makes similar provision for the Treasury notes issued thereunder for the purchase of silver bullion. It is this legal-tender function with which silver coin and Treasury notes are endowed that keeps every silver dollar, silver certificate, and Treasury note at par with gold; and until that function is destroyed, the parity between the different kinds of money will continue. The privilege given by the statutes to stipulate by contract for payment in gold alone has been freely exercised by creditors, whose discrimination against silver in any form has been one of the active causes of what seems to me to be the totally unfounded fear that we are threatened with "a silver standard." No money of this Government was ever discredited save when the Government itself set the example or gave others the right to do so.

The error into which *THE CENTURY* has fallen is, I regret to say, a common one. Some months ago an influential weekly periodical of New York city gave currency to the same statement, overlooking or disregarding the fact that there is no law permitting the redemption of silver coin or certificates in gold. It attracted the attention of Senator Teller, who inclosed the statement in a letter of inquiry to the Hon. E. H. Nebeker, then

¹ See "Topics of the Time."

Treasurer of the United States. A prompt reply was sent him to the effect that it never had been done, nor had any of the sub-Treasury officers ever been authorized to do so. The senator afterward addressed a similar inquiry to Secretary Foster, who, on December 7, 1892, made this reply: "I beg to inform you that silver dollars are not in law or in practice exchanged for gold or for paper that calls for gold." These replies were communicated to the paper which made the assertion; but, if I am correctly informed, it never gave them any public notice.

It is true that on April 23 the President, and again, on June 13 last, the Secretary of the Treasury, announced that the policy of the present administration would be "to preserve the parity between gold and silver, and between all financial obligations of the Government," and that all the powers conferred by law would be exercised "in order to keep the Government in a condition to redeem its obligations in such coin as may be demanded, and to prevent the depreciation of either as compared with the other." This, however, was merely to declare that the financial policy of President Harrison should be continued; and since the law confers no power on the Secretary to redeem silver coin and certificates in gold, we cannot assume that he would dare to exercise it.

On the fourth day of the present month Mr. Teller said in debate that he had inquired of the Treasurer now in office whether he had redeemed any silver certificates in gold, and was told that nothing of the kind had been done under the present administration. At the same time he asked Senator Sherman whether silver certificates could be so redeemed, and received a negative answer. Senator Sherman further said that "they can be changed into ordinary currency. As they are maintained as legal tender at par with each other, there is no difficulty at any time for any person having a silver certificate to get it exchanged for other forms of money" [but not by the Government], "unless there should be an effort made to make a run on the Government, or something of that kind."

This "effort" at explanation can be logically construed to mean that because a man can exchange a gold dollar for a silver certificate, which the Government will redeem with a silver dollar, it follows that the Government is redeeming gold with silver—a conclusion fully as sound as its opposite.

The commodity value of uncoined silver is practically the same everywhere. The value of silver coins in Europe is maintained at the ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 of gold. If the reason you assign for the "gold value" of our silver dollar be the true one, it must be just as effective there. The Herschell Committee Report informs us that Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, Austria, etc., experience no difficulty in maintaining the parity of their silver coin and notes with gold, and for the very excellent reason that they are an unlimited legal tender. No pretense is there made that they are or will be redeemed in gold. In these countries the

Government not only reserves but exercises the right to pay the public creditor in gold or silver at its option, yet we hear no complaint there either of repudiation or of the forced circulation of "a dishonest dollar." In the United States, however, where every public obligation save gold certificates is expressly and in terms payable in coin of the standard value of July 14, 1870,¹ the option has been transferred by the Government to the creditor, who not only demands payment in gold, but loudly clamors for the total demonetization of silver. To say that for redemption purposes our millions of silver coin and bullion are of no use whatever, is to say that the laws of the United States are meaningless, and that redemption in money of the contract is repudiation. During last winter and spring Secretaries Foster and Carlisle had full power to pay out silver in redemption of legal-tender notes under the act of 1890, and to coin such additional bullion as might become necessary for that purpose. If they had done so, no holder of such notes would have been wronged or could have complained; the white metal would have risen in value, and the efflux of gold from the Treasury for export or other purposes would have been checked. Silver was of value for redemption purposes in July last, when the people were clamoring for it from every section of the country, when the Secretary exchanged \$780,000 in silver for Government obligations, and then announced his inability to pay more because every remaining silver dollar was covered by an outstanding certificate. He coolly disregarded the law which commands him in such an exigency to coin more of them, doubtless because the continuing demand for them would roughly jostle the assumption that those already in existence were menacing the business interests of the nation.

If the depletion of the sacred gold reserve of \$100,000,000 tends to fill the country with apprehension, and is regarded as a premonition of financial disaster, it can easily be kept intact by resorting to silver for the payment of the public creditor. Germany, France, and Holland guard their gold from export by that means, a practice which neither injures their credit nor creates any fear of their "descending to a silver standard." Strange that the mere possibility of such a policy by the United States should throw "the financial world" into a cold perspiration. I am aware that gold is paid out in exchange for Treasury notes, upon the theory that such a policy is necessary to preserve parity between the two dollars; but the Sherman Act makes no provision for establishing parity between the dollars. That is assumed to exist, and, as a matter of fact, has always existed. There never was a time in our history, except from 1873 to 1878, when the gold dollar and the silver dollar were not of equal purchasing and debt-paying power. The declared purpose of the Sherman law is to establish the parity of the two metals upon a given ratio, and I venture to suggest that the persistent use of one metal for the redemption of notes payable in either at the option

¹ The remark that our bonds are payable in gold is true. It is equally true to say that they are payable in silver. Either silver dollars or gold dollars can be presented in payment of bonds. So, literally, it is true either way. Probably if the Secretary had known that his language was going to be commented upon by a very narrow construction he would have said "silver or gold," because in fact both gold and silver are used exactly at a parity with each other in all the transactions of the Government of the United

States. There is no case that I can conceive of now under the laws of the United States, except as to gold certificates, where the silver dollar cannot be paid just as well as the gold dollar.

No portion of the public debt, except probably the infinitesimal fraction of two per cent., is payable in gold.—SENATOR SHERMAN, July 9, 1890.

of the debtor, instead of establishing or so maintaining, would destroy, such parity, although each had access on equal terms to the public mints: for so long as gold or silver remains a money metal, its value must be quoted in its own coin. The manner in which the Sherman law has been administered has done more to force the country toward a gold standard, and to de-grade the white metal by denying to it the power to redeem the notes issued for its purchase, than all other governmental and private influences combined. Both it and the Bland Act are opposed to the most elementary principles of monetary science, and the enemies of silver have reason to rejoice that its friends were ever deluded into accepting either as a substitute for free coinage. These laws have fortunately prevented a contraction of the currency by their monthly contributions to its volume, and by relieving the pressure on gold have enabled us to acquire nearly six times as much of that metal as we possessed in 1878; but at the same time they have served to create a wide-spread and deep-seated conviction that free and unlimited coinage is synonymous with the compulsory purchase by the Government of all the uncoined silver of the world. That conviction, in my judgment, is the basis of the popular prejudice against silver, and prejudice is the most implacable adversary with which reason ever contends. Should such a calamity as gold monometallism become our future portion, the people will have cause to rejoice that before its adoption was possible they had amassed a considerable store of legal-tender silver coin, the existence of which will mitigate, though it cannot avert, "the evils of a scanty circulation." When the United States and British India shall have entered the lists and joined in the scramble for gold, when every nation is struggling to retain that which it has, and to secure as much more as it can, then will values shrink and shrivel into nothingness, and gold become "the object of commerce instead of its beneficent instrument." I must take issue both with *THE CENTURY* and "the highest authorities who have no doubt that there is an ample supply for the business of the world." Such is not the testimony of Giffen or of Gibbs, of Goschen or of Leech. The latter says:

Passing by the great question of the fall in the gold price of commodities, so far as such fall is due to monetary causes, I find that one of the most serious dangers which confronts us is the insufficiency of the supply of gold as a basis of the present and prospective business of the commercial world, and the consequent disturbances attending its accumulation and movement. The struggle for gold, with its consequent disturbances, is well under way. If gold is to be the sole money of the world, not only will the extension of business and of foreign investments be seriously crippled, but the immense fabric of credit, already top-heavy, is liable to totter. Where is the gold to come from when the states of Europe now having a paper standard resume specie payments?

The British Royal Commission of 1887-88 unanimously reported that the appreciation of gold was evident, and resulted both from an increased demand and a decreased supply. The "accursed fall of prices" since 1873, which, in the language of Mr. Balfour, is "the most deadening and benumbing influence that can touch the enterprise of a nation," is the unerring index to the appreciation of gold consequent upon the general tendency of civilized nations to a gold basis, and upon the inadequacy of its supply for their monetary

needs. The recent effort of Mr. David A. Wells to attribute this fall to other causes is exceedingly ingenious, but it cannot overcome the evidence given by economists like Sauerbeck, Soetbeer, and Palgrave, the investigations of monetary commissions, and of men like Professors Foxwell and Nicholson, or the reluctant admissions of Mr. Giffen. Dana Horton declares that "the appreciation of gold since 1873 is an historical fact." Sir Guilford Molesworth, speaking of the efforts of certain British publicists to explain away this inexorable fact, says:

It has been necessary to invent a theory that progress in manufactures, in improved transport, inventions, and banking, has caused a species of economic revolution which has created a new state in the conditions of trade and commerce, differing from that which previously existed. But they overlook the fact that the alleged causes have been in active operation during the greater part of the century. It is obvious, therefore, that such a revolution, if it existed, should have arisen at an earlier period, and that it should have developed gradually instead of setting in suddenly at the exact moment when the link was broken between gold and silver. Moreover, this theory involves another irreconcilable position. It is absurd to suppose that a revolution of this character could have affected gold prices so seriously, and yet should have left silver prices unaffected.

As I write, the report of Consul-General Jamieson to Lord Rosebery is made public, in which the effect of the recent fall of silver on gold prices in China is thus described:

The purchasing power of gold has steadily advanced with every successive fall in the sale of exchange in London, till now 4 shillings will purchase what formerly required 6 shillings 6 pence, or 60 pounds will now do what used to require 100 pounds.

Not a dollar leaves our shores for Europe, or comes westward from the Old World, without arousing solicitude or causing a chill of apprehension. Not a day passes but the Government is urged to issue bonds for the purchase of gold with which to strengthen our reserve, and not a man but knows that such a policy will serve further to enhance its value. The gold coinage for the years 1889, 1890, and 1891 exceeded by \$67,194,098 the aggregate of the world's product for the same period, while the demand for its use in the arts has certainly undergone no diminution.

According to Director of the Mint Preston, the world's stock of gold is \$3,582,600,000, of which France has \$800,000,000, the United States \$604,000,000, Germany \$600,000,000, Great Britain \$550,000,000, and Russia \$250,000,000. We cannot hope permanently to increase our holding by depleting their stocks, and there are only \$778,605,000 to be divided between the remaining nations. What we have is not more than half sufficient for the payment of one year's interest upon our aggregate debt of \$19,700,000,000, and yet we are urged to repudiate one half our metallic money and invite general bankruptcy by giving to the creditor the option of determining the sort of money he will receive in satisfaction of his claim. It is the number of units of money in circulation which must determine the value of the mass, and as their number diminishes, their value must increase.

It is true that the amount of specie actually used in commercial transactions is becoming less and less; but since it is, and must be, the measure of values, all

credits must rest upon it, and their soundness will be proportioned to the breadth or narrowness of the metallic base. The notes and obligations of an individual are valuable only when confined to the area of his ability to meet them, and are worthless when that limit is known to have been passed. So with the credit of a community or of a nation. That which measures values, and which alone is legal tender, is money; and in its final analysis credit is gaged by the sum of the units which constitute that measure.

Not only is gold "not exempt from value fluctuations," but it fluctuates more violently perhaps than any other article of human desire. The only true method of testing its value is by measuring it with commodities or with labor; and when so measured it will be seen that it never at any two times or at any two places possesses the same value. Chevalier and Cobden thirty-five years ago sought to dissuade the civilized world from its further monetary use because of its instability. Smith, Ricardo, Locke, Walker, McLeod, and Jevons, not to mention others, testify to its unstable character. Smith declared labor to be the only unvarying measure of value, and Jevons says gold is less satisfactory in that respect than corn. To deny to it the fault of fluctuation would be to exempt it from the universal law of supply and demand. Measured indeed in commodities, it is far less stable or reliable than the despised white metal. This is apparent from any respectable table of index numbers. The London "Statist," a gold-standard periodical, speaking, on November 5 last, of the possible introduction of that standard in India, said that the value of silver during the past twenty years has been far more stable than that of gold, and such is the admission of nearly every economist of standing who has given the subject serious consideration.

The truth is that no medium of exchange can approach stability whose coinage is confined to one metal. So said Baron Rothschild to Edwards Pierrepont on March 4, 1877; so said Mr. Leech in June, 1892. It appears from the researches of the English Commission of 1888, it may be read in the history of the last twenty years, and it finds full demonstration in the experience of France from 1803 to 1873. Fluctuation, instability, panic, and disaster will be our portion till bimetalism is restored. Silver is not "the victim of the laws of nature"; it is the victim of man's conspiracy. Not until it was denied access to the mint on equal terms with gold did its mint and market value appreciably vary. Its condition since 1873 has vividly illustrated the soundness of the economic proposition that the precious metals owe almost the whole of their value to the fact that they can be converted into and used as money, and justifies the assertion that had gold, in 1858, been selected as the victim, it would have been similarly degraded, and to-day the unvarying character and natural monetary qualities of silver would have been the theme of monometallists. No nation save our own, the greatest producer in the world of both the precious metals, would have deliberately demonetized one of them, and thus destroyed by one half the values of all products which come in competition with those of silver-using countries. At their present gold prices it requires as much wheat, or corn, or cotton, to pay what remains of our national debt as would have paid the whole of it in 1873. When our

congressional Samson pulled down one of the pillars of our financial fabric, must he not have known that the edifice which it supported would be shaken to its foundation, if not destroyed?

The correct answer to the query propounded in the May editorial is that there is no 66-cent dollar in circulation. The divergence between its coin and commodity value arises from the limitation imposed by law upon the use of silver as money. The coined silver dollar is worth 100 cents in greenbacks or in gold, because, like them, it is made by statute an unlimited legal tender; and the purchasing power of all our dollars has been enormously increased, because, first, there is an inadequate supply of them for the ever-increasing needs of business, and, second, the menace of their further contraction by the total demonetization of silver threatens soon to become a reality.

C. S. Thomas.

DENVER, COLORADO, October 25, 1893.

A Suggestion as to Popular Amusements.

ANY ONE who makes a study of the lower-class theaters and resorts in our large cities must be convinced of the need of more wholesome popular amusement. He must recognize that it is perfectly natural for the wage-worker after ten hours of drudgery to wish for an hour of exciting diversion, and after six days of toil to long for one day of complete freedom and relaxation, and he must see that it is inevitable that the workman should seek to satisfy this craving in the cheapest and quickest way at such resorts as are most accessible and attractive. In these the chief elements of popular pleasure are eating, drinking, smoking, society of the other sex, with dancing, music of a noisy and lively character, spectacular shows, and athletic exhibitions. In fact, we may define the "masses" as those whose sole delight is in these things. Any one who shows a permanent taste for higher pleasures ceases, *ipso facto*, to belong to the "masses." In every city there is a large body of people whose enjoyment lies wholly in these lower channels, and for whom it is comparatively useless to open libraries, art-galleries, and museums.

Now, I take it that the problem is not how to elevate the tastes of this class,—a wholly useless endeavor,—but how to keep their sensuous pleasures from becoming sensual. Is it wise or philanthropic to leave the purveying of the lower forms of entertainment so entirely to virtually irresponsible saloon-keepers and managers of variety theaters, whose chief concern is to make money at all hazards? Is it not worth while to try thoroughly, and on a large scale, an amusement palace which shall directly compete with the lowest kind of resorts? The average workman will always go where he can get the most pleasure for the least money, and if he is to be kept from degrading resorts it must be by some institution which shall give substantially the same pleasures in a more attractive way and at less cost. Such an institution should consist of a large restaurant, with a number of private rooms; also a bar on each side of the entrance for hot and cold non-intoxicating drinks; a theater which should furnish spectacles, dancing, and music without lewdness, and athletic exhibitions without brutality. There should be a hall for dances, and rooms for cards, billiards, and other games; and also I think it would be worth while to try a few

private parlors, which could be rented to workmen and workwomen desirous of passing a social evening. Such parlors should be furnished attractively, and should contain musical instruments, cards, and games, and all kinds of proper diversions, and refreshments should be served if desired. As subsidiary features a gymnasium, baths, bowling-alley, shooting-gallery, reading-room, library, picture-gallery, and panorama might be added. I would suggest also a room where popular works of art, photographs, photogravures, lithographs, statuettes, bric-à-brac, etc., and also musical instruments and music-sheets, might be rented with the privilege of purchase. I do not see why the circulation of works of art on the same plan that public libraries circulate books should not be successful. The masses do not appreciate books, but certain kinds of pictures appeal to them strongly. By some such arrangements a poor working-girl might at a nominal cost beautify her room anew every month, and make the humblest lodging attractive and interesting.

The furnishings and decorations throughout the whole establishment should be florid enough to outdo the gin-palace. Refreshments should be served in all parts at request. The tariff of charges should be under ordinary rates, but the proprietor should look to the number of customers to make up for low prices. Self-respecting wage-workers would form the first support. To be attractive, such an institution should come to them not in the guise of charity, or as a method of doing them good, but as an establishment soliciting their patronage. In fact, it should be kept a profound secret from the public that anything else than money-making is aimed at. To be made a paying venture it must from the first be managed by a keen business man who thoroughly understands his constituency, and its financial success must be recognized as a gage of its moral success, for men will expend their hard-earned money only for what they thoroughly appreciate.

LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS.

Hiram M. Stanley.

The Diana of the Tower.

It would be very interesting, were it possible, to know the nature and degree of the impression made by Mr. St. Gaudens's "Diana," surmounting the tower of the Madison Square Garden, upon the minds of the thousands who see it daily. With the exception of the Bartholdi statue of "Liberty,"—which is only in part an exception,—it is the first work of art, of purely ideal beauty, that has been presented to the daily gaze of any great number of the people of New York.

In contrast with the "Liberty," it has this distinction, that happily it symbolizes nothing. It is the emblem of no patriotic or social sentiment. It commemorates nothing. It is not *éclairant le monde*, and it has nothing in particular to say of any event in history, or of any "cause," past, present, or to come. Poised airily on the heaven-kissing tower, her radiant brow and straight-aimed arrow always meeting the shifting wind, the chaste and noble divinity is *à laisser ou à prendre*. The ant-like crowd of human beings that far below crawl to and fro about their "business and desire, such as it is," what do they think of her? Do they seriously think of her at all? Amid the little or great interests,—stocks, politics, shopping, letters, pleasure, grief, sin, society, or the simple slaying of time,—

how often, and how much and what, do those who look up at her think or feel about her? I suppose no one can form much of an idea.

I have invested, to my satisfaction if not to my profit, sundry quarter-hours in loitering in the vicinity of the tower, and I have watched the behavior of my fellow-creatures, and have even been guilty of listening to their comments with reference to this novel spectacle. I do not pretend that the result is at all complete, and I certainly hope that it is not, for what seems chiefly to impress the "average" mind are the facts, which it has somewhere absorbed, of Diana's size and weight. This, apart from the current of "pretty's" and "splendid's" from the unbearded lips, is about the sum of the report I am able to make. I recall the fact that in Seville, on the Giralda tower, a like figure glistens in the dry and burning Spanish sun. That, according to tradition, was intended to represent Faith, and it is, perhaps, not inappropriate to the latter half of the sixteenth century, when it was erected, that the figure should have been devoted to the changeful function of a weather-vane. But from even that period, and still more from the far earlier when Punic colonists worshipped the golden image of Venus Salammô in the streets of Seville, to the present, when the superb form of the divine huntress turns with the wind above an American amusement hall, the change is great and suggestive.

Whether it be gain or loss, no sanctity attaches to this lovely form. It is its own excuse for being, if any it has or needs. Its real significance, I should say, lies in the fact I have already noted, that it is the first generous tribute to pure beauty erected within the careless sight of busy New York. I would not underrate the value of such works as Mr. St. Gaudens's Faragut in the square below, commemorating the priceless service of a noble man. I never look at that deep broad chest and calmly intent face that I do not think of Lowell's line:

With heart that beat a charge.

But from those of us for whom the brightness of the Diana is of

The light that never was, on sea or land,

I think there is a peculiar debt of gratitude due to Mr. St. Gaudens, and to those who have made possible a fitting place for his creation.

Edward Cary.

An Anecdote of Webster.

THE interesting sketch of Daniel Webster in the September CENTURY took me vividly back to a scene in Philadelphia in 1831 or 1832 in which that remarkable man and orator played a prominent part. The occasion was a gathering of many merchants and other business men to protest against the "removal of the deposits" from the Bank of the United States to a custody more pleasing to the administration. The meeting had been preceded by a vigorous collection of signatures to a petition to Congress deploring such a transfer; and when the lists of names, fastened end to end, were gathered and hung in festoons upon the walls of the place of meeting, they presented a unique and striking decoration. Mr. Webster, then on his way to Washington, had been requested to make a speech, and to take charge of the protest formally, and to advocate it

in the Senate. The meeting took place in the afternoon in Musical Fund Hall, in Locust street near Eighth, and never before had there been a larger audience in that well-known building. I was then about fourteen years old, and, having been directed by my employer, a prominent merchant, to solicit signatures, in which I was very successful, I was rewarded for my efforts by permission to go to the "Hall," which I gladly did, and, boy-like, chose a position near to, and in front of, the stand from which the address was to be made. Quite early in that wonderful speech, with a grace and

dignity natural to him, after denouncing the financial change and its chief author, the President; Mr. Webster, pointing to the documents fluttering about him, exclaimed in that matchless voice of his, "And he shall see the hand-writing on the wall," to which *instantly* some one in the crowd in clear and distinct words replied, "Yes; and a Daniel will interpret it to him." During the applause which followed, and which continued long and loud, the great senator stood as erect and imperturbable as a statue of New England granite.

A Seventy-niner.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

CAPTAIN JERRY.

(THE LAST OF THE WAR PAPERS.)

By the Author of "Two Runaways."

I.

IT was just before the battle of Chickamauga that Jerry Thomas tendered his services as a soldier and commander to the Southern Confederacy. His black face shone with military ardor as he stated his proposition to the colonel commanding the Twenty-fourth South Carolina.

"You see, Marse Alec, hyah es thirty-two niggers waitin' on folks in dis hyah camp, holdin' hosses, cleanin' brasses, and cookin'; an' hit don't look right fer dese lazy rascals ter be er-settin' roun' while fightin' 's goin' on, an' dey bosses out yonner somewhar reskin' dey lives ter keep 'em f'om bein' stole an' runned off by dem Yankees. I be'n er-drillin' an' er-speechin' ter de crowd tell dey all says ef Jerry 'll lead de way dey 'll go anywhar ter he'p dey white folks. An', Marse Alec, ef you 'll des gimme de guns an' tell Jerry whar you want de nex' fightin' done, you goin' ter hyah good news f'om dat crowd. Dey means business, sho!"

"Do you think you could hold them together, Jerry?" asked the colonel, lazily, as he refilled his pipe. "My observation has been that the boys are not fond of the smell of powder."

"Hol' 'em tergedder! Who, me? Huh! Dey don't need no holdin'! White folks don't put much faith in er nigger when hit come ter fightin', but dere 's where dey es wrong. Course er nigger don't want too much crowdin', an' all you got ter do es ter gi' him elbow-room an' he 'll stay 'long wid de bes' white man in de yarmy. An' dem niggers back yonner ain' no common stock; dey es all quality, an' seen heap er 'speriance, an' ain' nair one of 'em goin' ter run off an' leave Jerry. I 'd kill de fus rascal dat turn es back. Des you gimme guns ter go roun', an' about five loads ter de man; dat 's all you got ter do."

The colonel said he would see about it, and went off laughing. But that evening the matter was mentioned at headquarters, and received favorable notice. Much to the delight of Jerry, he received his guns and thirty rounds of ammunition.

"What all dat powdah an' shot fer?" he asked dubiously, as the ammunition was being distributed.

"For your men, of course," said the colonel. "You don't expect to go into battle without ammunition, do you?"

"No, sah; but hit 'll tek er long time ter shoot all dat

up, Marse Alec; an' ef you got any use fer hit down de line, I reck'n erbout five loads all roun' will do fer my crowd. Er nigger loads mighty slow when he gits de 'citement on 'in." But the protest was unavailing.

For a week Jerry was in his glory. A second-hand uniform from a general's tent, a battered cap with a feather in it, a pair of cavalry boots much worn and a saber, completed his outfit, with the exception of a huge horse-pistol, which he wore in his belt. The uniforms of his command consisted of whatever could be begged about the camp. For side-arms a few carried pistols, and more than one had hatchets. Just how many razors there were, it is easy to guess, as most of the command were accustomed to shave their masters.

Jerry's drilling of this motley crowd was unique, and for several days afforded the soldiers no end of fun. Day by day he grew in importance, and by the morning of the battle he was a bigger man than General Bragg in the estimation of himself and his dusky followers.

When that eventful day dawned, Jerry got his men together, and awaited near the wagon-train for the orders which were to place him in the path of glory. He endeavored to explain military tactics to his command by drawing lines of battle in the sand, and indicating with the end of his scabbard the probable position of the two armies, and how movements would be effected, but with little or no success, for reasons not difficult to conceive. It was while thus engaged that a mounted officer rode up and ordered him to advance with his company, and to take position on the right of the Twenty-fourth South Carolina.

"Hurry forward," said the officer; "the fight has begun."

"I knowed dat 'fo' you come," said Jerry; "dem nail-kegs I been flyin' 'roun' hyah thick es bees 'bout er hive. Which way you say we mus' go, boss?"

The officer pointed to the line again, urging the new commander to hurry. Smoke was rolling upward in the direction indicated, and the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry at that moment grew thunderous and deafening.

"Yes, sah," said Jerry, reflectively; "you wants me ter tek dis hyah comp'ny, an' go up yonner by the Twenty-fourth? Did Gen'l Bragg send fer me hisse'f?" The officer, struggling to quiet his excited horse, divided

¹ Large shells.

his maledictions between the animal and the anxious negro.

"Dat 's all right, boss; dat 's all right! Hit won't do ter git in dar, an' nobody 'sponsible. I ain't er-holdin' back 'cept ter hit de right place at de right time. Is dere anybody up dere to 'splain de battle ter we alls?"

"You won't need any explanations, man! Load and fire upon the enemy, just as everybody else is doing. You must n't waste time here. Get your men under way!"

"Yes, sah; dat 's what I 'm goin' ter do. Boss, when we gets dere an' goes ter fightin', es hit 'g'inst de rules ter tek res' an' shoot? Some er dese niggers can't hit er mountin' ercross er hog-pen 'less 'n dey teks res'. Ef dey can't tek res', spec' er heap er Gen'l Bragg's powdah an' shot be wasted right dere dis mornin'."

"Confound your rest!" shouted the exasperated officer. "Get your men in line, and obey orders, or General Bragg will have the last one of you shot!"

"Yes, sah; dat 's what I 'm goin' ter do right dis minute. Fer Gord sake, niggers, why n't yer git inter line, an' don't keep dis hyah white gemman talkin' es-sef'er deaf? Boss, es we got ter cross dat new groun' I ovah dere? Spec' ef you lemme tek 'em roun' frough dem woods, I could sorter hol' 'em tergedder." But the officer had left in despair.

"Take them straight across to that big pine," he yelled back.

Jerry looked sadly after the vanishing form, and felt exceedingly lonesome. Suddenly, however, he drew his great saber, and the fires of war blazed in his eyes.

"Tention, soldiers! You Pomp, git back in line, an' let dat hammer down! You goin' ter keep projeckin' roun' hyah tell you shoot somebody yet! Now des look at dat yaller nigger down yonner—done lef es ramrod en es gun! Nigger, ain' you got sense 'nough to know you can't get dat ramrod back after hit 's be'n shot? You think you goin' ter have time ter run out 'mongst dem dead Yankees an' hunt dat ramrod? Talk ter me now; I 'm er-askin' you er plain question erbout de man'l of arms. An' dere 's Buck done got es hat on hind part befo', wid de fedder p'intin' back like he already done started out er de fight! Now y' all listen ter me while I talk sense. We got ter go inter dis hyah fight sho, an' dere ain' no back down en me. Berry Bowles es de bigges' an' de fus man en de line, an' he mus' lead de way, an' y' all des foller right er-long en es tracks. Berry, you mek fer dat pine ovah yonner on de ridge, an' I 'm comin' long berhine de las' man; an' de fus nigger what brek ranks es got me ter run over 'fo' he leave. I done gi' y' all fair warnin'; an' ef anybody git dis sword stuck frough 'im, ain' my fune'l march!"

Jerry's command had not reached a point a hundred yards away when, back by the wagon-train, a caisson blew up. There is no telling what would have been the result so far as the reserves were concerned; but as they wavered, Jerry picked up his sword, which had dropped to the ground, and shouted, "Halt!" The line steadied, to find the captain on his knees.

"Come down! come down!" he cried. And there upon the margin of that bloody battle-field he lifted up his voice in thankfulness for their escape from a horrible death, and in appeals for a continuance of divine watchfulness. Gradually as he prayed the bodies of

¹ Newly cleared ground.

the negroes began to sway, and their voices to blend in a wild chant. Soon the meeting developed into a mighty revival, and the plantation hymns rolled forth to the strangest accompaniment ever known to African worship—the shrill fife-notes of the minie ball and the deep diapason of the flaming cannon. The end came when the same officer dashed into the midst of them, pistol in hand, and, in a tone of voice that showed parleying would be fatal, ordered the company to advance. It advanced.

II.

THE broken regiments of the Confederacy were in camp a few evenings after this eventful hour in the life of Jerry Thomas, and a number of officers were discussing the situation, when Jerry, coming around a tent with an armful of wood, found himself in their presence. The colonel watched him busying himself about the fire and preparations for the evening meal, and with a motion to his companions, as the darky was moving away, asked carelessly:

"Where is your uniform, captain?"

Jerry pretended not to hear, but presently, when the question was repeated, looked up.

"Me?" he asked.

"Yes, you. That is Captain Jerry, I believe, is it?"

"Hit sholy es me," said Jerry, simply.

"Well, captain, I did n't see much of you in the fight. How did the boys behave?"

"Po'ly, Marse Alec, po'ly. Dey behave po'ly."

"Did you get up on the right of the Twenty-fourth? I sent you orders twice."

"Well, not eszackly, Marse Alec; not eszackly."

"Go on!"

Jerry looked around the circle of laughing faces, and straightened up slowly.

"You see, Marse Alec, hit all come of dat new groun'. Ef dey had lemme go roun' frough dem woods, hit 'd er be'n diff'unt." He looked about for some way to illustrate his position, and his eye fell upon the head of a little negro girl who stood by with her empty biscuit-basket on her arm, her hair divided into little sections and plaited. "Come hyah, sissy, whar de white gemmens c'n see yo' putty head. Right up dere," he said, passing his finger along one of the shining division lines on her head, "es whar de paf run 'cross de new groun', an' hyah es de woods out hyah on dis side." Straightening up one of the little kinks, he continued: "Dis es de pine-tree whar we was aimin' ter git; an' ef we had er come roun' frough dem woods, nobody could n't seen us. Out hyah was de Twenty-fourf whar dey ought er be'n, an' des berhine dis patch er hair was de Yankees. Well, sah, de break come right hyah en the new groun'. Berry Bowles was er-leadin' de way, an' I was er-headin' off stragglers berhine, when bang! an' one er dem nail-kegs hit erbout seven foot 'om Jerry, an' plowed er furrer right down 'side er de whole line, des like hit was er-beddin' up fer cotton, an' hit flung dirt on ev'ybody. Dere war n't no holdin' dem niggers den. Dey runned ober me, an' 'fo' I knowed what my name was, de groun' was full er guns an' tracks. I got on top er stump an' hollered loud as I could holler, an', 'fo' Gord, de onliest nigger en sight was Berry, what done fell over er log, an' was des layin' dere prayin' fer somebody ter tell es Marse George ter sen' de doctor quick. I knowed dere war n't no use er my stan'in' up dere fer fo' thousand

Yankees ter be shootin' at, an' I got down an' went 'long back, sorter singin' ter merse'f ter let folks know I war n't anxious ter leave. I called ter Berry when I lef', speakin' cheerful like ter calm him. Says I, 'Come on, Berry; hit 'pears like we ain' no manner ercount out hyah, an' we es back yonner. Better step back wid me an' cook supper.' But Berry was des dat pleuralized wid fear he can't hear nothin'. So I tell him I send de doctor ef I see 'im, an' I step back by merse'f ter find my niggers. Yes, sah; I found 'em. Dey was all down by de waggins whar dey come f'om, an' ev'y man tellin' er speshul lie. Well, sah, I ordered an' I begged an' I prayed ter de crowd, but war n't no use. An' den hit come ter me dat ev'y nigger dere was worf er thousand dollahs, an' some er dey marsters was po' white men, an' could n't 'ford ter lose er nigger. So I said I reck'n Gen'l Bragg an' Marse Alec done look atter dat little bunch er Yankees out en front, an' I better stay back dere an' keep dem' niggers an' waggins f'om bein' runned off. An' dat 's what I did. De white folks dey loss er pow'ful sight er stuff dat day, but dey did n't loss nair nigger, an' dey did n't loss nair waggins. Yes, sah; if y' all des set right whar yer settin', de coffee be 'bout right, time I come back wid de cups. An', sissy, you run 'long home an' tell yo' mammy dere 's be'n er battle took place on top yo' head."

And the man who saved thirty-two thousand dollars' worth of negroes and a wagon-train at Chickamauga disappeared under a tent, and pretended that he did not hear the laughter on the outside.

Harry Stilwell Edwards.

Outlines.

A MAN sat reading a book. What he thought that he read was this: Two quantities which constantly tend toward equality while the hypothesis approaches its ultimate form, and of which the difference, in the course of approach, becomes less than any finite magnitude, are ultimately equal.

But what he really read was this: Seraphina—Seraphina—Seraphina—Seraphina.

A MOUSE saw his shadow on the wall. Said he, "I am larger than an elephant; I will go forth and conquer the world." At that moment he espied a cat. In the next he had slipped through a hole in the wall.

EVERY day, from the time he was a boy, a man walked alone in a quiet place, and thought. And he doubted not it was the same man who had walked there for so many years. But at length he came to know that the same man had not walked there twice.

DEATH came to a door, and knocked. Seeing it was Death, they barred the door. But Death broke down the bars, and entered, taking away whom he would.

Death came to another door, and knocked. Seeing it was Death, they opened wide the door, and welcomed him. At this Death turned his back and went, saying, "Who desires me, I desire not."

Two plowed in a field. One plowed straight, keeping his eyes upon the ground. No weeds grew, and he gathered great stores of corn. When he died, his son inherited much land. He lived in comfort, and plowed in his father's fields.

The other's furrows were not straight. At times he

stopped to listen to the lark, or to admire a flower that grew upon a weed. He knew the names of the plants, and their times of flowering. He knew the names of the stars, also. He died, owning no goods or lands. His son inherited his father's poverty.

The son inherited also his father's love of nature. And he became a great artist, whose name and fame spread over two continents.

Berry Benson.

At Fontainebleau.

1870-1890.

At Fontainebleau,—a day in spring,—
Forgotten frost, forgotten care;
Each bough its nesting birdlings held,
Each leafy nook its loving pair.
A little feast before us spread,
We two, from envious eyes secure,
From tiny crystals shyly sipped
"Parfait Amour."

The roses on your dainty hat
Looked pale beside the tender glow
Of your sweet face, where shadows fell
And lingered, as if loth to go.
Our only gold was in your hair,
We both were young, we both were poor,
And yet we dared to love and dream,
Parfait amour!

In doubtful time your little foot
Followed the music's throb divine,
And 'neath the table's snowy spread
Your fingers trembled into mine.
Of fame and gold we dared to dream;
Hope spread for us a dazzling lure!
Yet, failing these, we still had left
Parfait amour.

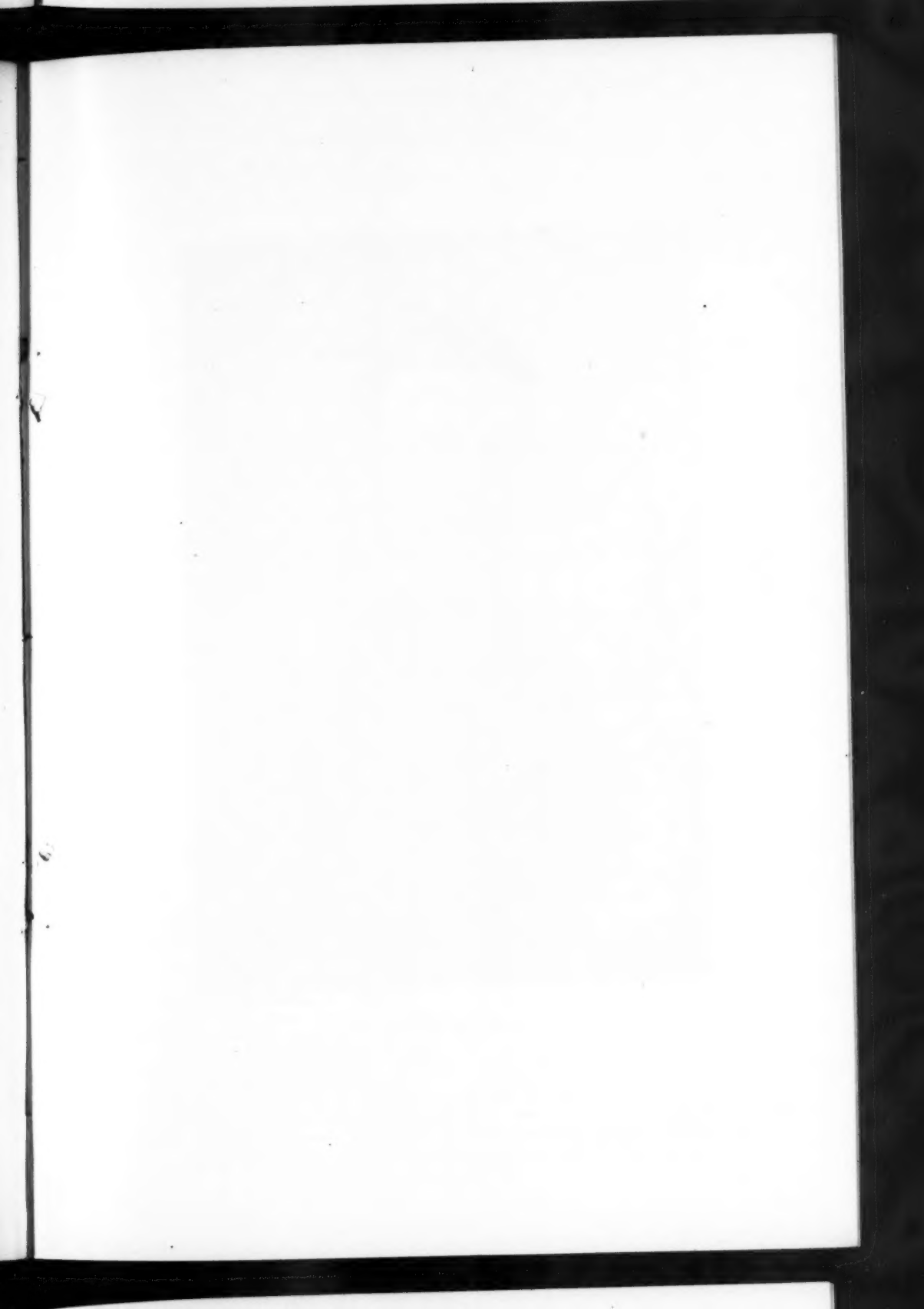
A score of years have fled, and fame,
Still in enchanted distance fair,
With cruel spite ignores my name—
Still all our gold is in your hair!
A score of years! Ah, well! What then,
Since life, and hope, and friends, endure;
Since in our hearts still glows undimmed
Parfait amour?

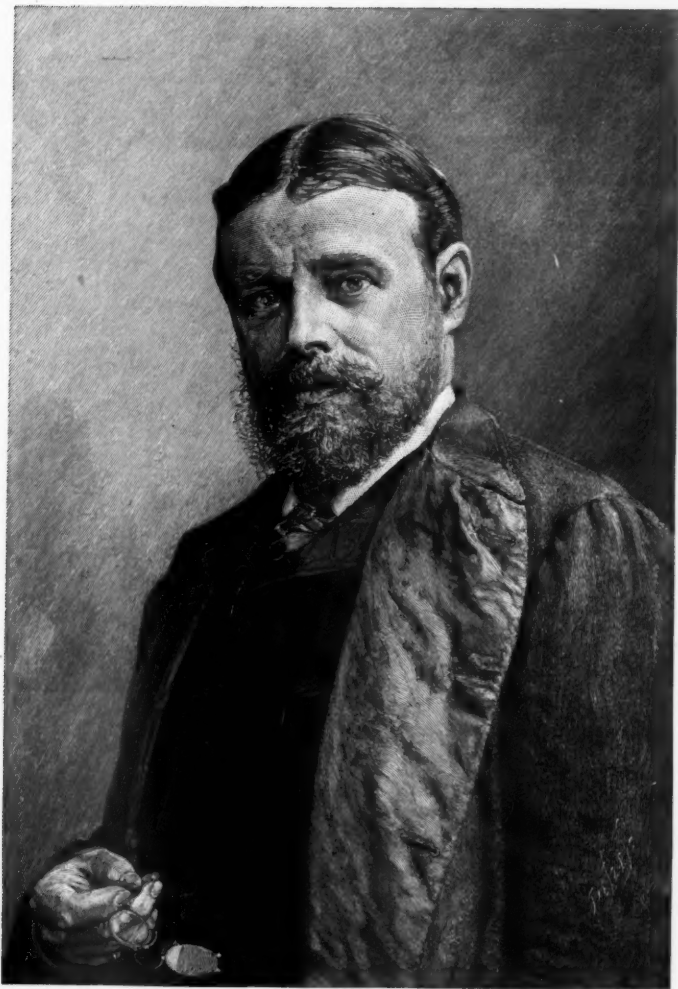
Julia Schayer.

Molly, Let the Boys Alone.

THE lads o' old Limerick
Are the plague o' me life.
They 're always a-tasin'
T' make me their wife;
They 're always a-tasin',
An' sure I will go
Far over the say,
If they kape t'asin' so.
I prayed t' me mither,
T' send them away,
And she sang an ol' song—
'T was all she would say:
"Molly, let the boys alone,
Molly, let the boys alone,
Molly, let the boys alone,
An' they will let ye be."

Jennie E. T. Dove.





ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

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L. ALMA-TADEMA.